

# PHOTOPLAY

N. S. E.

JUNE

25 CENTS

30 cents in Canada



BETTE  
DAVIS

CAN

## Hollywood "TAKE IT"?





Only a  
quarter of 6  
again . . . .

ANOTHER day's work over. Another empty evening ahead. Would it always be like this? For other girls, the day was just beginning. It was cocktail time, or the hour to dress for dinner and dancing. But for her—it was only a quarter of six again . . . She could not understand it. Plenty of attractive men came her way. Why did they never ask her out—or at least not more than once? If she only knew! . . . If only someone would tell her! . . . But of course no one did.

\* \* \*

Actual tragedy can enter a girl's life through halitosis (unpleasant breath)—and *without her ever suspecting she has it*. That is the insidious thing about it. You cannot know, yourself, when the breath

is offensive, and your most intimate friends won't tell you. Yet it is a scientific fact that practically *everyone* has halitosis now and again.

You cannot avoid it. But you *can* correct it—by gargling and rinsing the mouth with Listerine. Every morning. Every evening. And between times before every social engagement.

Listerine immediately stops fermentation in the mouth—the cause of 90% of all cases of unpleasant breath. Listerine overcomes the odors *at once*. There is absolutely nothing like it for the purpose. Clinical tests have shown that Listerine *instantly* conquers mouth odors that ordinary mouth washes cannot hide in 12 hours! Begin this very day with Listerine. It is refreshing. It cannot harm teeth or gums. It is the *safe* antiseptic with the *pleasant* taste. And it ends the awful risk of halitosis! Lambert Pharmacal Co.

... HOW'S YOUR BREATH TODAY?



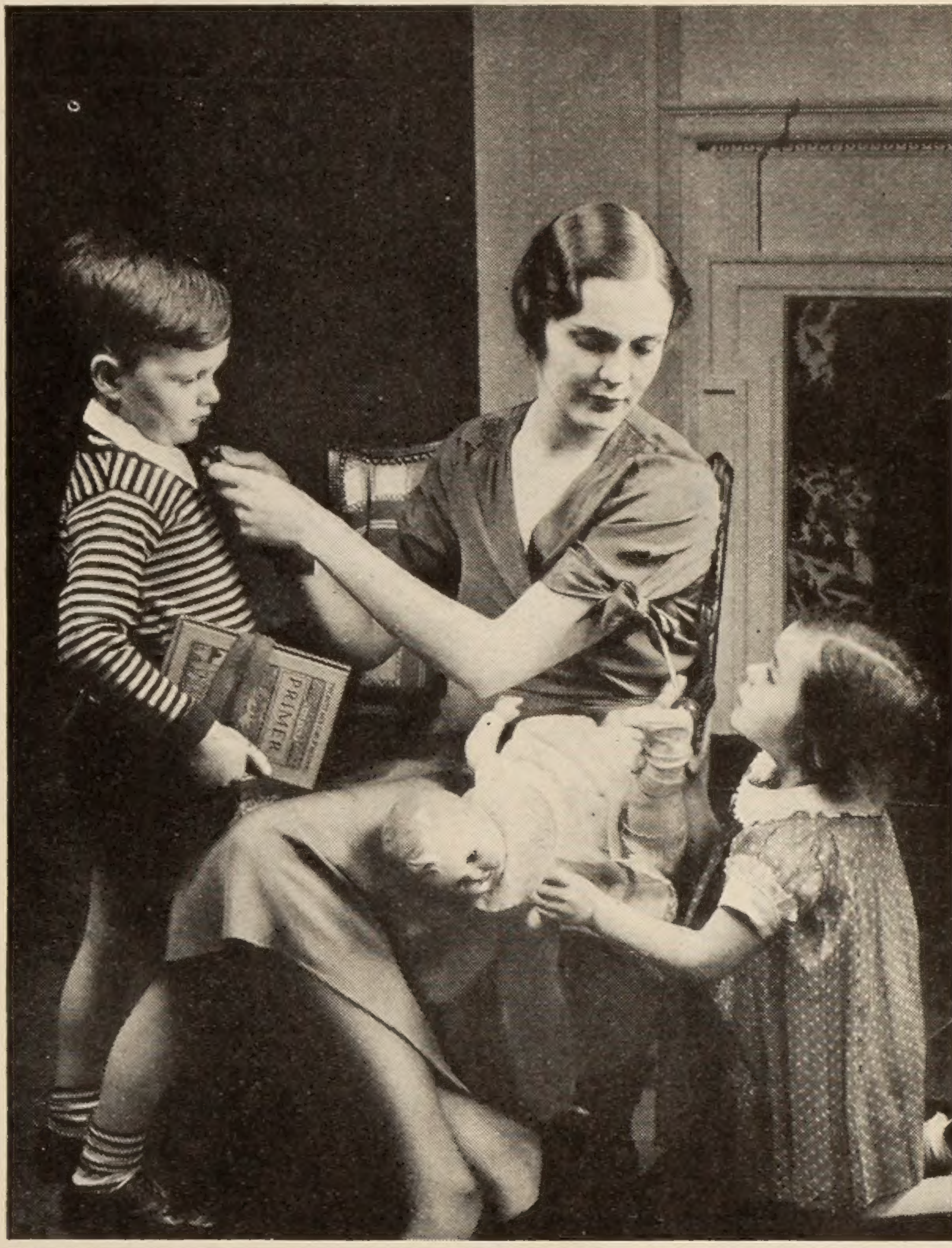
## She—FLIES TO NEWPORT

No hardships for her! And certainly no harsh foods. Her gums are inactive, tender—and the "pink" on her tooth brush signals danger.



## She—LONGS FOR A HOLIDAY

She may be tired from too much activity. But her gums are unhealthy from too little activity. They need Ipana and massage.



# You aren't safe from "Pink Tooth Brush," either!

AS a child, you had firm gums. Nature saw to that.

But whether you were fed from a silver service or an earthenware bowl—whether a trained nurse supervised your diet, or an over-worked mother prepared your food with her own hands—you ate the softest of foods. You have continued to eat soft foods.

Crusts, crunchy grains, tough meats, and other harsh foods have practically disappeared from the American diet. Delicious indeed are the creamy soups, the tender cuts of meat, the well-cooked vege-

tables and light desserts of today's table.

But these foods do not exercise the gums. So your gums first become lazy and sluggish. Soon they are weak-walled and tender. They deteriorate until you find a trace of "pink" upon your tooth brush.

This condition is called "pink tooth brush." It is serious. It may be the forerunner of gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and even the feared (though infrequent) pyorrhea. It may even endanger sound teeth.

To regain their healthy firmness, your gums need assistance. Your dentist will

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Use Ipana with massage regularly, and your teeth will be beautifully clean and bright. Your gums will improve rapidly. Before long you will not need to give a thought to "pink tooth brush."

# Ipana

TOOTH PASTE

*A Good Tooth Paste, like a  
Good Dentist, is never a luxury*



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73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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Street.....

City..... State.....



OTIS  
SHEPARD

METRO

GOLDWYN

MAYER



M-G-M is proud of John Barrymore! "Reunion in Vienna" is his new picture and Diana Wynyard is the girl! One night of reckless romance, risking capture to recapture the love of his mad days in the Imperial Court... Gayest of this year's Broadway romantic hits "Reunion in Vienna" from Robert E. Sherwood's play, produced by the Theatre Guild, becomes another Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer delight! Directed by Sidney Franklin.

★ The reproduction above of an original painting of John Barrymore by Otis Shepard is the second of a series of caricatures by famous artists of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars.





# PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

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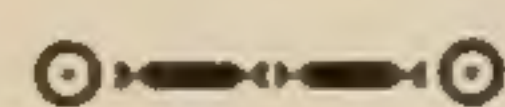
KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Publisher*

June, 1933



Winners of Photoplay  
Magazine Gold Medal for  
the best picture of the year

1920  
"HUMORESQUE"  
1921  
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"  
1922  
"ROBIN HOOD"  
1923  
"THE COVERED WAGON"  
1924  
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"  
1925  
"THE BIG PARADE"  
1926  
"BEAU GESTE"  
1927  
"7th HEAVEN"  
1928  
"FOUR SONS"  
1929  
"DISRAELI"  
1930  
"ALL QUIET ON THE  
WESTERN FRONT"  
1931  
"CIMARRON"



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On the cover—Bette Davis—Painted by Earl Christy

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# The Audience Talks Back



In "42nd Street," Ruby Keeler, who heads this line under George Stone's coaching, plays a chorus girl who crashes through to fame in one show. "42nd Street" was Ruby's first film—and what a hit! She went over those movie barriers like the British fliers over Mt. Everest

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—\$25, \$10 and \$5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We must reserve the right to cut letters to fit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

## HAIL, "42ND STREET"!

"42nd Street" with its abundance of entertaining glamour, fairly picked me up out of my seat and knocked me down for the "count."

I was so utterly thrilled with its beautiful settings and clever routines that I stayed to see it twice. After the picture came to a dramatic close for the second time, I was brought back to earth by the realization that there were gnawing pains of hunger inside. How happy I'd have been if I could have nibbled upon the top of the seat in front of me and then, appeased, lose myself in the glory of a third performance! Cheers for "42nd Street!" Let's have more like it.

ETHELDREDA McDONOUGH, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Just recently I saw "42nd Street" and did I enjoy it! There's a picture fast moving and entertaining. When you watched that chorus backstage you could readily see that those acting the parts had done some heavy rehearsing themselves. Warner Baxter made a director who will make some girls hesitate before they decide on being chorines. I never dreamed of how hard such a life could be. My eyes are opened now, thanks to Warner Bros.

IDA J. AUER, Chicago, Ill.

## THE \$25 LETTER

Why must motion pictures, newest and finest of the dramatic arts, rush each year to the boards of Broadway to select next season's films?

Pictures depend, not on reproducing the legitimate stage, but on creating an art vastly different and possibly superior. Color and artistic photography lie at the cinema producer's door alone. Possibilities for fantasy, spectacle, grand sets, clever lighting, travel are in his grasp. The world's best players are his instruments and he chooses to produce prosaic novels and stilted plays.

Only when the picture producers create can they be called artists. The actors have had to carry the burden too long. So here's to a new art and greater cinema world!

ROBERT DOWNING, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

## THE \$10 LETTER

The vitality of the movies must be boundless, else how could they stand up under the barrage of unfair criticism that is constantly being hurled in their direction?

Because little Mary Jones, aged seven, is somewhat jittery after seeing "Frankenstein," Mary's mother immediately writes a letter denouncing all movies as having an evil influence on children. The real trouble, of course, lies in Mrs. Jones, who should supervise Mary's movie consumption as carefully as she does her diet.

And so it goes, the movies bearing the blame for everything from Willie's bad manners to grandma's rheumatism.

In other phases of life we take the bad with the good without too much complaint. Why in the name of common sense can't we apply this philosophy to the movies, also?

LOUISE LATURA, Memphis, Tenn.

## THE \$5 LETTER

New faces! Glowing youth and beauty. I suppose we must have them for the younger generation, but somehow we miss our own favorites of former days—Lillian Gish, Norma Talmadge, Maurice Costello and the others. What a whale of a difference a few wrinkles make in this glorious, yet tragic profession!

It makes one realize what a good loser one has to be to enter the movie field. A few years of fame, success and the height of popularity—and then—what a terrible feeling it must be when fan mail drops off, when contracts are not renewed and one is lost in the fog of oblivion.

Personally, I'd much rather be a storekeeper or a minister, where Father Time is not so cruel in relieving one of his duties.

E. B. HILL, Hornell, N. Y.

SO "42nd Street" leaps to the front and heads the entire parade. And Ruby Keeler! Yum, yum, how they love that girl! From practically no letters last month, to leader in our mail this time—that is something! The Bouquets this month tell why.

"State Fair" has struck deep, with its message of contentment and peace in simple surroundings; while "Cavalcade" is running strong, and "Rasputin" is coming up. One writer asks about this film: "Is it possible to have too much star?" She means the three spectacular Barrymores!

Two of our recent articles—"Which Movie Star Dominates You?" and "Is the Garbo Rage Over?" still provoke extended discussion. "No man dominates me," one girl writes haughtily.

A new picture personality, a new star born and does she twinkle? Verily, from her scintillating eyes, to the tips of her dance mad feet—*she twinkles*. Ruby Keeler in "42nd Street." We don't wonder that Al Jolson sings *like that*, with Ruby for an inspiration. Hail Queen Ruby!

MRS. MARVIN M. GRAY, Palmyra, Mo.

## ABOUT THOSE DOMINATING STARS

Your article, "Which Movie Star Dominates You?" has more truth than poetry.

I married a rough, tough he-man. But I dominated him. I knew it, so did he. Now I am a divorcee. Yet the same type of man, to a certain extent, appeals to me. Johnny Weissmuller and Gary Cooper. I adore them.

Johnny has the most beautiful body in the movies. Maybe he makes us sex conscious, I don't know. But I get a thrill looking at him. And Gary Cooper has that "you can't win me" air that arouses a desire to show them. Yet neither is handsome.

I want a masterful man who is also romantic and an idealist, and yet I want to dominate. I want him to have Gary Cooper's indifference to all women but *me*, Johnny Weissmuller's body and Leslie Howard's culture and ideals. Is there such a man?

MRS. ALYCE BATEMAN, Zanesville, O.

You ask who of the screen dominates me. Most any of my friends, relatives or acquaintances could tell you as it has been the same person ever since his first appearance in the movies in "The White Sister." Why they put Clark Gable in the talkie version is beyond my comprehension.

No one has ever made me unfaithful to my

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 8 ]



# IT WILL MAKE "FRISCO JENNY" TURN PALE

Even Broadway blushed at this sensational stage play of a 1933-model Delilah who had a weakness for every "strong man" in her barnstorming medicine show . . . If you liked Ruth Chatterton in "Frisco Jenny", you'll like her even better as "Lilly Turner", most lovable "bad girl" the screen has ever shown! » » »



## RUTH CHATTERTON in "LILLY TURNER"

with

GEORGE BRENT  
Frank McHugh  
Ruth Donnelly  
Guy Kibbee

A First National Picture based on a play  
by Philip Dunning and George Abbott  
Directed by William A. Wellman

WARNER BROS. *again!*



# Here's Your Chance to Tell Others



From the day Lee Tracy first flashed across the screen, people have been talking about how *natural* he is, no matter what the rôle. From all signs, though, it seems that his work with Gloria Stuart in "Private Jones" will set talk going more than anything else he has so far done

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6 ]

first and only screen hero, none other than Ronald Colman. His pictures are too few and far apart to suit me. But what can I do about it?

ORA JANE HOLLMAN, Kansas City, Mo.

## "BACK TO THE FARM" WITH "STATE FAIR"

Hail to "State Fair." It's such a vivid painting of rural life that it's like a refreshing breath of clover-laden country air.

This colorful comedy-drama with Janet Gaynor and Will Rogers at their very best, obscured sky-scrappers and gangdom, undressed sirens and murderers, bank holidays and bare cupboards, and carried me back to thrilling State Fair days of my own youth.

With real vacations so few this summer, I'm for more pictures like "State Fair."

A. M. COMMENATOR, Detroit, Mich.

We, of the farms, have long hours of toil, very little money and few amusements. And so, in behalf of the farm people, allow me to express our appreciation for "State Fair."

A few days ago, I rode into town, sold my basket of eggs and wandered into a movie house. "State Fair" was being shown and it fully made up to me for my keen disappointment of last fall when I was unable to attend our own State Fair in Milwaukee. I thrilled with Miss Gaynor on the dizzy roller coaster. I enjoyed the side shows, I tasted the hot buttered pop corn and quenched my thirst with the ice cold pop, and all for the small sum of twenty-five cents or one dozen of eggs.

GRACE HERZOG, R.F.D., Kenosha, Wisc.

## GARBO'S ADMIRERS SPEAK UP

I was annoyed and frightened when I glimpsed "Is the Garbo Rage Over?" on your

April cover—annoyed because you referred to the public's appreciation of Miss Garbo as a rage, and frightened because if it were true we would be doomed to a bleak and dismal Garbo-less future. My resentment gave way to relief after I read the article, for I thought I recognized in you a sort of "kindred spirit."

In January our local morning newspaper printed an article in the editorial section entitled "We Want Garbo." Fort Wayne is the second city in Indiana and is widely known as a theatrical town. Only one other cinema celebrity has ever been paid a like tribute by this paper—that inimitable genius, Lionel Barrymore.

When Fort Wayne announces by way of an editorial (after all these months of Garbo's absence) that "We Want Garbo," now isn't that *something*, I ask you?

If that makes me a Garbo-maniac, bring on the padded cell.

GERALDINE FREDERICK, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The only way in which the Garbo rage can be over is that it has deepened from an hysterical hubbub over a movie actress meaning sex into a sincere and no less devout appreciation of an artist meaning genius. I go to Vanderbilt University.

It has been my observation that those people, whose intelligence and taste I think most of, deem Greta Garbo the greatest actress of the screen.

The more enlightened of the movie-going public demand that she come back.

P. N. B., Nashville, Tenn.

I bought the magazine this month to read "Is the Garbo Rage Over." Yes it is, as over and dead as Jimmy Walker. After she "ban go home" we received Helen Hayes.

Let Garbo stay home, and build up Hepburn, who is better looking and far and away a better actress.

MRS. CELESTE DAVEY, Coronado, Calif.

## WON'T THAT BE SOMETHING!

Well, well, well—and now it would seem the vogue is for animal pictures.

What a relief *that* is.

Wild animals instead of wild women.

Great apes instead of the genus *Homo adonis*. Thank heavens they haven't as yet dug up a wise-cracking hippopotamus or a sophisticated elephant.

But I suppose they will.

They gave *King Kong* a yen for a blonde—and it's only a question of Directorial Time before they inject the eternal triangle into the love-life of a couple of alligators.

HUGO E. JUNG, No. Hollywood, Calif.

## REVEALING THE ROMANOFFS

"Rasputin and the Empress" was actually a picture that helped to solve many problems concerning the days of Rasputin's reign. I am so proud to say it has cleared my mind on things which were always a mystery to me.

I have read many books on this particular subject, and although I have done so, I could never get a good idea of the meaning until I saw it on the screen.

The directors were most accurate in selecting the characters for such a noble picture. The Barrymores cannot be surpassed in this type of acting.

EVELYN WATT, Greensburg, Penna.



The queen sails to re-ascend her throne and her faithful subjects are all for her. Garbo was as mysterious in her sailing on an obscure steamer to California as she was as a spy in "Mata Hari." It is an occasion of rejoicing. We welcome home Your Majesty! Long live the Queen!



# What You Think of Pictures and Stars

## TOO MUCH STARLIGHT?

I wonder if anyone else found the same difficulty with the marvelous picture "Rasputin and the Empress" that I did. Keeping in mind the various members of the Romanoff family wouldn't have been so difficult except that I was so aware of that other royal family, the House of Barrymore.

Since the Barrymores are so well-known and as well established institutions as the 5 and 10 Stores, Babe Ruth and the Notre Dame football team, it is very hard to concentrate on the Imperial court as one ought. Instead one is bound to compare the voices and acting of the respective Barrymores.

The Barrymores forever, I say, but if it's all the same to Hollywood, let's have them one at a time.

MARSHALL MILLS, Boston, Mass.

## THEY LIKE "CAVALCADE"

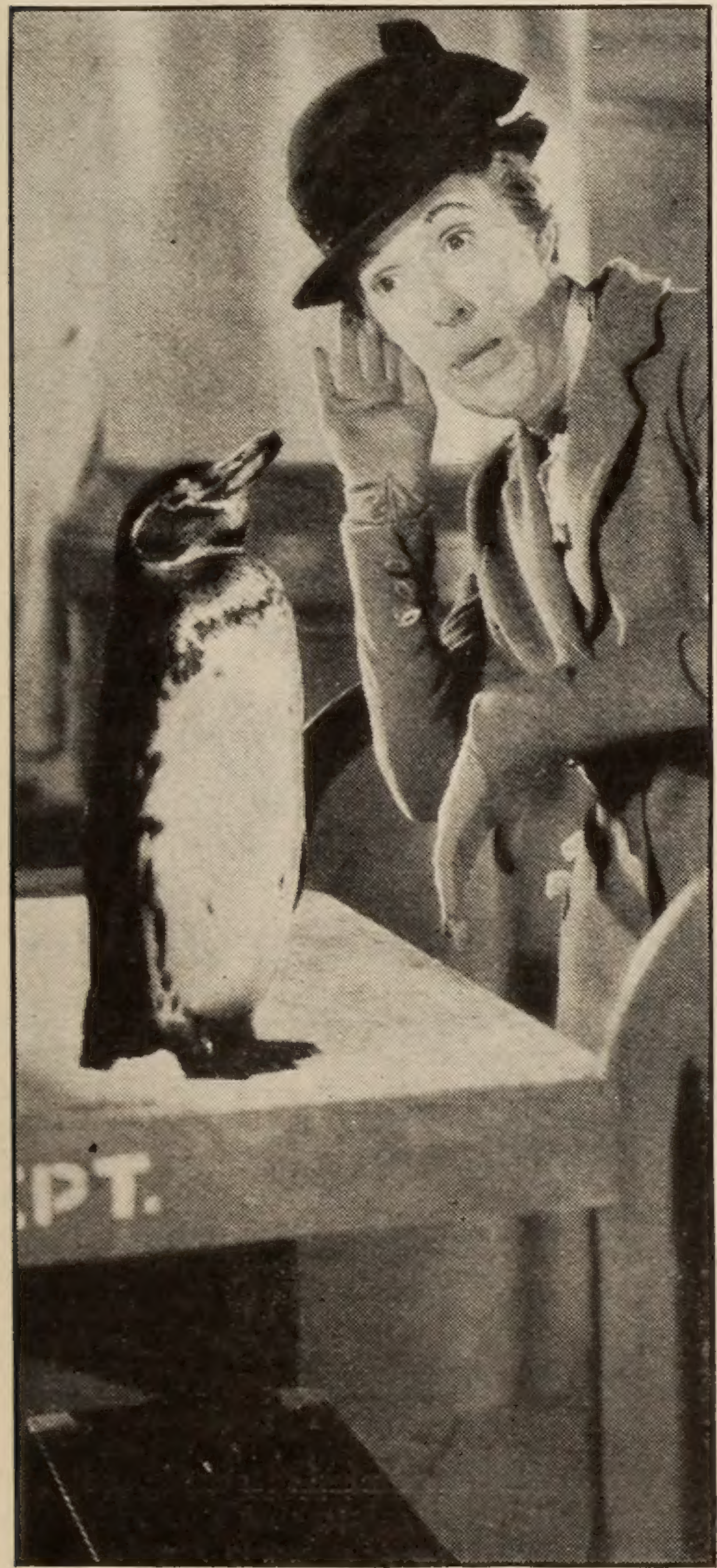
It was with considerable prejudice that I went to see "Cavalcade" at our local theater, since I find it extremely difficult as a rule, to understand or sympathize with British characters and situations.

After the first few moments, however, I found myself completely carried away by the production and sat enthralled, to the end.

"Cavalcade" is a picture which mirrors the hopes, aspirations, patriotism and human



Concerning some players, comment is varied—but George Arliss admirers agree on one thing. Everyone notes the finished artistry of his work, as here when shaking hands with Patricia Ellis in "The King's Vacation." One letter says it's joy even to see him open a cigarette case



Edna May Oliver holds a legion of admirers—but it seems that "The Penguin Pool Murder" had something which was particularly productive of comment. Many of our readers thought that she struck a high new note in the grand scale of mystery thriller productions

problems of *any* race and *any* time. Director, writers, cast and technicians together, have given us a production splendid in its epic quality, dramatic in its situations, intensely interesting in its problems, and—above all—human to the very core.

BARRY O'DELL, Oakland, Calif.

In these times when so many pictures are being produced ridiculing our National Government, it is surprising and astonishing to see such an excellent picture as "Cavalcade" upholding the British government. It is stupendous in its ability to show the loyalty of the English people to their country.

But believe you me, there is no more loyalty anywhere than that which we Americans have for our country. Why can't the producers do as well for our history as "Cavalcade"?

And here's a suggestion. Why not give us pictures depicting the family history of a family in each of the nations of the world? It would give us a better insight into the habits and customs of other lands.

ROBERT ALLEN, JR., Nashville, Tenn.

I hesitate to criticize the best pictures, but as a rule there are many details concerning marine settings which could be made much more convincing.

In artificial settings the action of the water at the side of the ship is seldom convincing. When a real ship is under weigh, foam and water are sliding by beyond the rail, and the bow wave is widening out, to meet with the other waves. While stateroom doors opening out on deck are usual on many coastwise vessels, they are seldom seen on ocean-going steamers, except in the movies. In "Cavalcade," where every attention was paid to detail, nevertheless the rolling of the "Titanic" was too rapid for a ship of her size, especially since the motion must have come from a long ocean swell, as the picture showed a calm sea.

MEREDITH A. SCOTT, Framingham, Mass.

## THAT'S PUTTING IT OVER, LEE!

In "Private Jones," Lee Tracy presents a typical American doughboy with the naturalness that makes the character a living person. To any of us who shouldered a gun in those distant days, *Private Jones* is a real buddy. We can almost feel the cooties crawling up our back again, as we join him in his hectic adventures. Good work, Lee!

J. B. SINCLAIR, San Francisco, Calif.

## A CHEER FOR ARLISS

If ever an actor was born and destined to be such, it is George Arliss, for to my mind, he is the most outstanding male personality on our American stage or screen today. Youthful movie followers may have their Gable, Cooper, Howard, Fairbanks, Jr., and their type, but I am one hundred per cent for George Arliss. His perfect English, his unaffected nonchalant air and stately bearing, fit him perfectly for playing the rôles that none other than he could enact with such charm and graciousness.

To watch intently his simple act of closing a cigarette case, instantly impresses one with the fact that he is an artist to his very fingertips. Who among our younger heroes of the screen will ever rise to his supreme heights?

MILLIE IRWIN, Harmon-On-Hudson, N. Y.

## "THE SIGN OF THE CROSS"

I am a minister of the gospel and a movie devotee, too, if you please. I studied about the reign of Nero in the seminary, but how much more vivid the story becomes after seeing "The Sign of the Cross"!

I have no patience with the clergy that condemn the whole industry because of a few pictures that may seem a little off-color.

CHARLES CONRAD, Captain Chaplain  
U. S. Army, (Res.)

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# What the Audience Thinks

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9 ]

Mother has been one of these "movie knockers." Several evenings ago we took her to see "The Sign of the Cross." She was agreeably surprised—both as to settings and players, whom she thought were marvelous. Now she is thoroughly convinced that movies are all right.

JUDITH WALLINE, Holdrege, Neb.

Claudette Colbert and Fredric March were wonderful lovers in "Tonight Is Ours." Their love was beautiful and fascinating!

Later, I saw them in "The Sign of the Cross." It was a great picture, but I was disappointed in the feeling between Fredric March and Claudette Colbert. Turning from a romantic lover in one picture to a disinterested male in another ruined the entire film for me.

Producers, please don't make the mistake again of having two lovers from one picture become enemies in another.

RUTH MAC NELLEY, Delmar, N. Y.

## HOW MANY AGREE?

Greta Garbo is exotic—Myrna Loy is seductive—Joan Crawford in provocative—Norma Shearer is delightful—and Edna May Oliver is delicious.

I hadn't been feeling my usual tip-top self—with all the depression and worries of this day—and quite absent-mindedly I bought a ticket for "The Penguin Pool Murder." Had I read the title I should never have entered the theater. But the glory of the movies! I heard a familiar voice say, "Well—ah—I'm accepting"—well, just to anticipate the beginning of the picture, knowing that the greatest comedienne of them all, Edna May Oliver, was the heroine—was enough to perk me up—and it did!

Here's to Oliver, the Queen of Fun!

MRS. HARRY GLUECK, Cincinnati, O.

## SALUTE TO TOM MIX

It is with deep regret that I read of Tom Mix's retirement from the screen. Never will I forget when Tom Mix came to our town with the circus. Just before his afternoon performance a little crippled boy who couldn't go to the circus received the biggest thrill of his life in a visit from Tom and Tony. I don't know what Tom said to him but there was a brighter, happier look on that kid's face from that time until he passed away a few months later.

Even at the last he would "buck up and laugh" because "his good friend Tom Mix" said that was the way to do.

A great man in a great industry, Tom Mix.  
CELESTE B. MARTIN, Clarksdale, Miss.

## FIRST AID FOR EDUCATORS

When the talkies first came to town, a great deal of fun was poked at the young screen actors for their mad scramble to learn perfect English. However, after all is said and done, I have noticed this—the young generation who attend the talkies nowadays speak far better English than they ever did before the advent of the talkies.

My young son and daughter, whose ruthless butchery of the English language has for years given me hot flashes and bitter regret, now correct my own speech with disdainful condescension, which I accept with silent delight. If the talkies have accomplished nothing else, they have given our young people a new understanding and appreciation of their mother tongue!

MRS. B. FAIR, San Diego, Calif.



Mary's following, of course, is delighted to have her back in "Secrets"—and one reader said it was too bad Mary's mother had not lived to see her really "grown up" in pictures. Leslie Howard, too, pleased, even if not quite as real a rancher as some seemed to want

Since Leslie Howard in "The Animal Kingdom" told Myrna Loy that she was "alluring," radio announcers and other actors have used the same word with the same enunciation; and now I've heard it in my own Southern town.

These foreigners have offered a challenge that isn't limited to actors and public speakers. I am an English teacher in a town where the youngsters have always dubbed as "sissy" any attempt at correct enunciation. This present younger set, however, all enthusiastic admirers of the foreign actors, speak better English than any set I have ever taught. Please, if only for the sake of the poor, struggling English teachers, don't let any legislation send our foreign born actors home.

ELISABETH MURPHY, Salisbury, N. C.

The talkies have driven me to my dictionary. Far too many times, since the advent of the talkies, I have been not a little surprised and embarrassed, by some player pronouncing a word differently from the way I had always pronounced it. And, on rushing home and looking up the word, I have found, without exception, that my dictionary agreed with the player.

My craving for an extensive vocabulary is almost an obsession. But, ah me, in my haste to garner more and more new *mots*, I failed to

take cognizance of the pretty little symbols that serve as guides to orthöpy. I high-hatted all phonetic letters and diacritical marks in a shameful manner. It remained for the talkies to make me seek an acquaintance with these afore-scorned characters.

IVAN G. BEDELL, Bloomington, Ind.

One curiously interesting effect of the movies on the life and culture of these times comes constantly to my notice. Teaching speech to groups of very average young people is never an easy task. And yet, lately, there has been a change—a gradual one to be sure, but increasingly noticeable.

Broad "a's" crop up astoundingly, and one or two healthy farm boys have even gotten around to "eyether!"

It is a good sign, and the movies are responsible for it. Only today a boy asked me if all Englishmen spoke like Leslie Howard, and a girl hesitatingly wanted to know if I couldn't teach her to talk like Helen Hayes! I had to say "no" to both of them—and they were very disappointed.

AGNES JOHNSTON, Urbana, Ill.

## ABOUT ANNOUNCING CASTS

This is the first time I have written to you or any other screen magazine, but one movie studio has conceived a very brilliant and inexpensive idea and I just had to tell you how fine I think it is.

The idea is that of repeating the cast at the end of a picture under the clever caption "A Good Cast is Worth Repeating."

The usual trend at the beginning of a picture is to note the first three or four names of the cast or to run the eyes through the whole list for familiar names. By this more brilliant method of announcing the casts twice, an unknown actor who does his part well is properly associated with his name at the end of the picture, becomes known and is on his way to success.

CARMEN K. PAYNE, Detroit, Mich.

About two months ago a picture was run at our neighborhood theater, which had a clever way of introducing the characters. In place of the usual list of players, a short section of the picture was run showing the player in character, the name of the character and the name of the player. This left absolutely no doubt as to who was who.

EARL J. KINGSLEY, Portland, Ore.

## THEY AGREE ON JOHN, ANYWAY

Have you seen "Topaze"? In spite of John Barrymore's other recent outstanding performances (you know what I mean) this seems to be the one that will make him more popular than ever—if that be possible. It's one of those few near-perfect pictures that contain both well directed cast and well written continuity; a combination that makes you sit back and really enjoy the complete performance. Keen, amusing with very clever little bits—What? All in one picture? Yes, it's "Topaze."

BEATRICE MACK, San Francisco, Calif.

Very much disappointed after taking in the film "Topaze." John Barrymore as usual was studiously good, in a scenario carefully arranged to please the American audience.

It carries very little resemblance to the play by Marcel Pagnol.

Give the public more "State Fairs," "If I Had A Million," things truly in the American atmosphere.

Leave foreign plays to those who understand and like the gentle art of philosophy.

CATHERINE LARUE, New York, N. Y.



# DANCING ON GLASS



## ILLUSION:

In India, the fakirs present a spectacle to tourists. Two lovely performers appear, throw jagged pieces of glass into a box already filled with broken glass. They step *barefooted* into the box and do an Oriental dance—uninjured.

## EXPLANATION:

Before appearing the performers toughen their feet in a solution of alum water and rub them with pulverized resin. They throw the sharp glass around the *edges* of the platform. The glass on which they actually do dance has the edges rounded off. They just *pretend* to dance on the *sharp* glass.

SOURCE: "Magic Stage Illusions and Scientific Diversions" by Albert A. Hopkins, Munn & Co., New York.



KEPT FRESH IN THE  
WELDED HUMIDOR PACK

## IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED ...IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

One of the tricks of cigarette advertising is to pretend that "Heat Treatment" is an exclusive process, making one cigarette better than any other.

**EXPLANATION:** *All* cigarette manufacturers use heat treatment. The first Camel cigarette ever made, and every one of the billions of Camels produced since, has received the necessary

heat treatment. Harsh, raw tobaccos require *intensive* processing under high temperatures. The more expensive tobaccos, which are naturally mild, call for only a moderate application of heat.

*It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.*

Try Camels. Judge them critically. Compare them with others for mildness, for throat-ease, for good taste. They'll win you!

NO TRICKS  
—JUST COSTLIER  
TOBACCOS

IN A MATCHLESS BLEND



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# Figure is half of smart appearance . . .



LAURA LA PLANTE, lovely motion-picture star, knows what the very newest fashions are all about. Metal cloth with precious fur for her evening ensemble (note the high neckline); flannel for sports; and on the beach, an utterly simple, white, hand-knitted maillot.

● EVERY gown in the shops today requires a gently rounded figure to achieve its best effect. Fortunately this figure of fashion is also the figure of health. So those who must reduce can gain both health and smartness. But unless the reducing diet is planned

with care, vitality and complexions are endangered. Meals should contain adequate "bulk" to prevent faulty elimination. Otherwise, skins may turn sallow. Eyes become dull. Wrinkles and pimples appear.

Searching laboratory tests prove that Kellogg's ALL-BRAN furnishes the required "bulk"—and also supplies vitamin B and iron. This "bulk" in ALL-BRAN is much like that found in leafy vegetables.

Enjoy ALL-BRAN as a tasty cereal with milk—or cook into fluffy bran muffins, breads, waffles, omelets, etc. Two tablespoonfuls daily are usually sufficient. How much better than taking patent medicines—so often habit-forming.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is not fattening. It helps satisfy hunger without adding many calories to the diet.

Recommended by dietitians. Sold by all grocers in the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

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Filled with valuable beauty-hints, and advice on charm and health. With special menus for reducing wisely. In addition, leading motion-picture actresses are shown in "fashion close-ups" wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Free upon request.



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# Appetizing Menu Novelties

## To Test Your Culinary Skill

**W**HEN next you are confronted by the problem, so common to housewives, of what to serve that is different from the usual routine, why not try "Pigs in Blanket," made according to Wera Engels' German recipe.

Two cups of mashed potatoes, seasoned with salt and pepper, should be mixed with cream and one beaten egg to a consistency that is not too thin. Scald small link sausages enough to cook them through. Separate the links and roll each single one in the mashed potato substance, shaping into a small patty. Then roll each one in crisp bread crumbs. Fry in butter, turning frequently, until a nice golden brown. Serve with hot apple sauce, or cold if you prefer. This quantity is sufficient for four. Excellent as a Sunday night supper dish.

The latest dessert of the film players is "Crepe Suzettes." They are served in the afternoon in place of delicate tea tidbits, at night as a final snack before retiring. And have even taken the place of toast and marmalade on the breakfast menu. This dish was introduced in Hollywood by Miss Engels who uses the same ingredients and method of preparation as Oscar, famous chef of the Waldorf in New York.

### CREPE SUZETTES

Beat together for five minutes, until thoroughly thickened, 4 ounces flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  ounce powdered sugar, 2 whole eggs, pinch of salt,  $\frac{3}{4}$  pint milk, 2 drops vanilla essence, 4 drops orange flavoring. Now pass through colander into another vessel and let stand for thirty minutes.

Slightly grease bottom of a small frying pan with melted butter and put into the pan two tablespoonsful of the batter for each pancake. Spread over the pan and do not turn until well browned. Cover hot plate with powdered sugar to prevent sticking, then turn cake onto it. Proceed to make number of pancakes required exactly the same way. Keep cakes warm in oven until all are done.

The sauce which is served with the pancakes is made by mixing well the following ingredients: 6 ounces butter;  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint orange juice; 6 pieces lump sugar wrapped in orange peel, to extricate the oil flavor; 1 ounce brandy; 1 ounce curacao, and 1 ounce kirsch. Now let the whole thing come to a slight boil, forming a foam on the surface which indicates the perfection of the sauce. Place your pancakes in



Here we see Wera Engels enjoying a portion of "Pigs in Blanket," one of her favorite dishes

sauce, roll like ordinary French pancakes, and let simmer in aforesaid preparation for about six minutes to absorb the flavor. Before serving, squeeze a little lemon juice over the pancakes.

Your friends will all be clamoring for the recipe of this truly Continental delicacy.

Miss Engels' long list of delectable foreign dainties also includes something quite well known to us Americans—though she prepares it a bit differently.

### SEVEN LAYER CAKE (Dobos Torte)

7 eggs, separated  
1 cup powdered sugar  
1 cup flour, well sifted

Beat yolks of eggs very well with sugar, add flour and fold in egg whites, beaten very stiff. Spread seven layers evenly on well buttered and floured shallow jelly tins. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375 degrees F., for eight minutes. Remove carefully from pans with spatula.

For filling:

3 eggs  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups sugar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. sweet chocolate  
3 tbs. cold water  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. butter  
1 ts. vanilla

Melt chocolate with water in double boiler. Mix eggs and sugar, add to chocolate, cook until thick, stirring constantly. Remove from stove, add butter, stir until melted. Then add vanilla. Beat until cool and just stiff enough to spread easily. Spread between layers, over top

and sides. To keep layers in place, put several toothpicks through top layers, until filling sets firmly. Serve after twenty-four hours.

The cake may be served this way or you may prefer it with a chocolate icing. Here is one that is made quickly and with very little trouble.

To eleven ounces of cold condensed milk, add three squares of unsweetened chocolate, cut in pieces. Place over low flame and cook until thickened. Stir constantly. Thin by adding water, a few drops at a time, until the icing is of right consistency to spread.

When you simply cannot think what to serve next, resort to one of these tempting novelties. They will lend a smart touch to your menu.

And if what you serve provokes flattering comment from your guests, it is indeed a satisfaction to know that you yourself are solely and directly responsible for the goodies you have put before them.

### PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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Be sure to write name and address plainly.  
You may send either stamps or coin.



Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review

**AIR HOSTESS**—Columbia.—Evalyn Knapp's wifely troubles, suffered while cheering timid airplane passengers. Mildly entertaining. (*April*)

★ **ANIMAL KINGDOM, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Leslie Howard and Ann Harding perfectly cast—the story subtle, human, with perfect dialogue. Ann as mistress wins out over the "nasty-nice" wife played by Myrna Loy. Be sure to see this. (*Feb.*)

**AS THE DEVIL COMMANDS**—Columbia.—Alan Dinehart pulls a "mercy murder," then tries to pin it on Neil Hamilton and make away with Mac Clarke. Involved, but reasonably entertaining. (*April*)

**BACHELOR MOTHER**—Goldsmith Prod.—Evalyn Knapp, James Murray and Margaret Seddon in a dull piece about a dear old soul who plays mother to placate a speed court. (*March*)

**BEHIND JURY DOORS**—Mayfair Pictures.—Buster Collier and cast lend some life to the old tale of the reporter who clears his sweetheart's father of murder. (*April*)

**BE MINE TONIGHT**—Gaumont British-Universal.—A gem of a musical, featuring Jan Kiepura, the Polish opera star. (*April*)

**BIG CAGE, THE**—Universal.—Clyde Beatty in thrilling acts training scores of lions and tigers. Some bits in bad taste. (*May*)

**BIG DRIVE, THE**—First Division.—Horribly gruesome, but absolutely authentic official pictures of the World War. (*April*)

**BILLION DOLLAR SCANDAL, THE**—Paramount.—An ex-rough (Robert Armstrong), exposes and tells all in a "Teapot Dome" melodrama. Not for children. (*March*)

★ **BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN, THE**—Columbia.—The *General* (Nils Asther) tries to convert a Christian (Barbara Stanwyck), losing his life. Shanghai battle background; slow but absorbing. Nils steals the show from Barbara. (*Feb.*)

**BLONDIE JOHNSON**—First National.—Well acted gangster stuff, with Joan Blondell and Chester Morris. (*April*)

**BROADWAY BAD**—Fox.—Joan Blondell suffers for mother love on Broadway; thin. (*May*)

★ **CAVALCADE**—Fox.—"Battling through" from the Boer War to the present, with two contrasting British families. Clive Brook, Diana Wynyard and others superb. Simply must be seen. (*March*)

**CHILD OF MANHATTAN**—Columbia.—Nancy Carroll and John Boles turn in a brightly done tale of a dance-hall Cinderella who marries the prince. (*March*)

**CHRISTOPHER STRONG**—RKO-Radio.—Katharine Hepburn superb in a poorly done piece in which she gives her life in a plane crash rather than continue an illicit love affair. (*May*)

★ **CLEAR ALL WIRES**—M-G-M.—A wow about a newspaper correspondent (Lee Tracy), who slips it over on Russia, his boss, and the world. (*April*)

**COHENS AND KELLYS IN TROUBLE**—Universal.—Charlie Murray and George Sidney try to escape Jobyna Howland and Maude Fulton in a tug boat. Good fun. (*May*)

**CONSTANT WOMAN, THE**—World Wide.—Claire Windsor deserts Conrad Nagel and the tent show, but he comes through. Acceptable. (*May*)

**CRASHIN' BROADWAY**—Monogram.—Rex Bell starts as a stage cowboy, and while on tour becomes a real one. Doris Hill, Charles King, also help. (*March*)

**CRIME OF THE CENTURY, THE**—Paramount.—Acceptable mystery, with Jean Hersholt and Wynne Gibson. (*April*)

**DANGEROUSLY YOURS**—Fox.—Thin as a crook tale, but Miriam Jordan, Warner Baxter and Herbert Mundin offer saving comedy. (*April*)

**DARING DAUGHTERS**—Tower Prod.—The greatest daring was in reviving such a mummy. (*April*)

## CASH FOR YOU!

\$1,500 in prize money will be awarded the winners in an unusually fascinating contest by PHOTOPLAY Magazine. You can use U. S. dollars today as well as the next person. So look for this great prize contest, which will start in the July issue of this magazine.

## REMEMBER THE JULY ISSUE

On sale at all newsstands June 5

**DAS SCHOENE ABENTEUER (ENCHANTED ESCAPE)**—UFA.—A bright little German comedy about a girl (Kaethe von Nagy) who flees her own wedding, only to strike plenty of comic trouble. (*Feb.*)

**DEATH KISS, THE**—World Wide.—A studio murder mystery, solved by a scenario writer (David Manners). Knockout cast, but Adrienne Ames has little to do. (*Feb.*)

**DECEPTION**—Columbia.—Slicker Leo Carrillo ropes Nat Pendleton into the fake wrestling game and Nat outlicks the slickers. Wooden tale, but has good action shots. (*March*)

**DER HAUPTMANN VON KOEPENICK (THE CAPTAIN OF KOEPENICK)**—Carl Zuckmayer Prod.—A downtrodden cobbler borrows a uniform and rules the roost for a day. (*April*)

★ **DESTINATION UNKNOWN**—Universal.—Unusual. Shows the Christ spirit rescuing rum-runners on a sinking ship. Pat O'Brien, Alan Hale, Ralph Bellamy. (*May*)

**DEVIL IS DRIVING, THE**—Paramount.—Edmund Lowe, James Gleason and Dickie Moore in a not-so-good gangster-garage thriller. (*Feb.*)

**ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT, THE**—Allied.—A great fortune, a secret marriage, arguments over a will. Ho-hum. (*May*)

**EMPLOYEES' ENTRANCE**—First National.—Warren William superb as the heartless department store manager who poisons life for his employees. Wally Ford and Loretta Young. Good entertainment. (*Feb.*)

**EX-LADY**—Warners.—Bette Davis is for unconventional love until a siren and a villain go after her boy friend. A scenic eyeful. (*April*)

**FACE IN THE SKY, THE**—Fox.—A good cast with Spencer Tracy and Marian Nixon can't make this a good picture. (*March*)

★ **FAREWELL TO ARMS, A**—Paramount.—Helen Hayes, Gary Cooper and Director Frank Borzage turn the Hemingway novel of the poignantly beautiful love affair between the lieutenant and the nurse into a triumph of screen artistry. Don't miss it. (*Feb.*)

**FAST LIFE**—M-G-M.—The younger generation does some speed-boating, with Madge Evans as love interest and Conrad Nagel attempting villainy. (*Feb.*)

**FAST WORKERS**—M-G-M.—Mae Clarke fine in a dull tale about a two-timing skyscraper riveter (Jack Gilbert). (*May*)

**FLAMING GUNS**—Universal.—Tom Mix subdues those cattle rustlers again—and wins Ruth Hall. (*Feb.*)

★ **FLESH**—M-G-M.—Wally Beery tries wrestling this time and almost achieves another "Champ." Poor dumb Wally, as a beer-garden waiter-grappler, is crossed by his wife (Karen Morley) and her lover (Ricardo Cortez). Splendidly done. (*Feb.*)

**FORTY-NINERS, THE**—Freuler Film.—Looks like reassembled stock film shot when "The Covered Wagon" was screened. Bustling, but not thrilling. (*Feb.*)

**42ND STREET**—Warners.—Almost an out-and-out musical, in which Ruby Keeler jumps from chorus to fame in a big way—in the story and as an actress. (*March*)

**FRIEDERIKE**—Pascal Prod.—An episode in the life of the German poet Johann Wolfgang Goethe; with music. (*May*)

**FRISCO JENNY**—First National.—Ruth Chatterton great in a variation of "Madame X." (*Feb.*)

★ **FROM HELL TO HEAVEN**—Paramount.—A great cast in a grand mix-up about people registering at a hotel, with life and death hanging on tomorrow's horse race. Jack Oakie's in it. (*April*)

**GAMBLING SEX**—Freuler Film.—Ruth Hall, an heiress who shoots the wad, and Grant Withers, in a drearily done race-track tale. (*March*)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16 ]





MONDAY.. TUESDAY  
WEDNESDAY.....

# Doomsday!

## IS "CALENDAR FEAR" UNDERMINING YOUR HEALTH?

With maddening slowness time drags on! . . . And woman waits! . . . Waits and worries over her upset health.

Seldom does she know that FEAR itself . . . FEAR of an imaginary crisis is the very thing that throws her delicate feminine mechanism out of gear . . . Seldom does she realize that this health-stealing FEAR is the direct outcome of either timid ignorance or gross neglect of proper marriage hygiene.

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## Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14 ]



Are  
you a trifle  
Taste-blind?

Pity the poor person whose tired taste never appreciates the better things in life. Taste Blindness robs you of the flavor, the zest, the "kick," that distinguishes the red-blooded male or female go-getter from the timid souls.

Stricken with Taste Blindness, the victim must content himself with pale, anaemic, ordinary tomato juices. Thank Heaven the rest of us can rely on our senses, enjoy our faculties to the utmost!

College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail is demanded by the red-blooded majority who rightly insist that their appetizer shall be full-bodied, full flavored, full of vitamins, vim and vigor.

Be careful to say College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail to the grocer man—it pays dividends in taste and fine flavor.

# College Inn

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**GHOST TRAIN, THE**—Gainsborough.—A spectral train is supposed to cause shivers, but the horror creaks badly. (May)

★ **GRAND SLAM**—Warners.—You needn't know bridge to enjoy this rollicking satire on bridge experts, done by a Russian waiter (Paul Lukas) and a hat-check girl (Loretta Young). (March)

★ **GREAT JASPER, THE**—RKO-Radio.—The life of an expansive Irishman (Richard Dix, giving a grand performance), who makes good at Atlantic City fortune-telling, and with Wera Engels as well as his wife (Florence Eldridge). (April)

★ **HALF-NAKED TRUTH, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Lee Tracy sells Lupe Velez to New York as an Indian princess dancer. A laugh every minute. (Feb.)

**HALLELUJAH, I'M A BUM**—United Artists.—A novel arrangement of words and song with Al Jolson entertaining. (March)

**HANDLE WITH CARE**—Fox.—Introducing Boots Mallory, abetted by Jimmie Dunn. Two "Peck's bad boys," Buster Phelps and George Ernest, steal what show there is. (March)

★ **HARD TO HANDLE**—Warners.—Not hard, however, to take. Jimmy Cagney rises, via jail, from a marathon dance manager to a big business man in real estate. (March)

**HEART PUNCH**—Mayfair Pictures.—Wheeler Oakman and Gordon De Main do well in a prize-fight story without much fight or other merit. (Feb.)

**HELLO, EVERYBODY!**—Paramount.—Strictly for Kate Smith fans. They'll vote it great. Kate's dancing is a riot. (March)

**HOT PEPPER**—Fox.—If rough humor suits you, here are *Sergeant Quirk* and *Cap'n Flagg* (Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen) tangling about Lupe Velez in a night club. (March)

**HYPNOTIZED**—World Wide.—Moran and Mack, Wally Ford, Maria Alba, Ernest Torrence do well in a yarn about a man hypnotized on his wedding eve; many spots rather thin. (Feb.)

**ICH WILL NICHT WISSEN WER DU BIST (DON'T TELL ME WHO YOU ARE)**—Interworld Prod.—A gay and tuneful German love story with English captions. (May)

**IHRE MAJESTAET DIE LIEBE (HER MAJESTY, LOVE)**—Warners-First National.—No English subtitles to this German tale of aristocracy (Francis Lederer) marrying beneath itself (Kaethe von Nagy). (April)

**INFERNAL MACHINE**—Fox.—Dull ship-board melodrama; over-sexy. (May)

**ISLAND OF LOST SOULS**—Paramount.—Charles Laughton as a mad scientist who turns animals into humans makes your hair stand on end. Kathleen Burke and Richard Arlen are subjects of gruesome tests. (Feb.)

**JUNGLE BRIDE**—Monogram.—After seeing good animal stuff, this is plain hooey. (April)

**KEYHOLE, THE**—Warners.—Even Kay Francis and George Brent can't help this one. (May)

★ **KING KONG**—RKO-Radio.—A smash thriller, with Fay Wray, Bruce Cabot and Robert Armstrong tangled with an ape fifty feet high. (May)

**KING OF THE JUNGLE**—Paramount.—Buster Crabbe's debut as the "Lion Man," tamed by Frances Dee. Interesting animal stuff. (May)

**KING OF THE WILD HORSES**—Columbia.—Thrilling animal stuff, featuring the stallion Rex and fellow equines. (April)

★ **KING'S VACATION, THE**—Warners.—George Arliss in a light but deft piece about a king freed by revolution and his wife to seek his first love. (April)

**KISS BEFORE THE MIRROR, THE**—Universal.—Paul Lukas murders a faithless wife, and Frank Morgan thinks of doing the same to his (Nancy Carroll), who seems miscast. Well done. (May)

**LADIES THEY TALK ABOUT**—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck, doing a prison stretch, reveals her inmost thoughts; then goes gunning for an ex-sweetheart turned reformer. Not for children. (March)

★ **LADY'S PROFESSION, A**—Paramount.—Not much plot, but you'll laugh too much to mind. Alison Skipworth and Roland Young as titled Britishers unwittingly running a speakeasy. (May)

**LAUGHTER IN HELL**—Universal.—A Jim Tully yarn on the chain-gang theme with horror piled on in great gobs. Pat O'Brien is interesting. (March)

**LAWYER MAN**—Warners.—Bill Powell as an East Side lawyer tangles with crooked politicians. Joan Blondell, David Landau and Helen Vinson splendid co-workers. Shaky law, but good cinema. (Feb.)

**LIFE OF JIMMY DOLAN, THE**—Warners.—Doug. Fairbanks, Jr., and Loretta Young in a sweet story with rubber stamp plot about a misled prize-fighter. (May)

**LUCKY DEVILS**—RKO-Radio.—Bill Boyd and brother stuntmen who put thrills in the movies in a fast moving tale with a punch. (March)

**LUXURY LINER**—Paramount.—About a doctor pursuing an erring wife onto an ocean liner. Good cast baffled by a weak story. (March)

**MADAME BUTTERFLY**—Paramount.—Sylvia Sydney's artistry and excellent settings breathe charm into this operatic favorite. (Feb.)

**MALAY NIGHTS**—Mayfair Pictures.—Hopelessly dull yarn of the Malay pearl beds with Johnny Mack Brown, Dorothy Burgess and others. (March)

**MAN AGAINST WOMAN**—Columbia.—Jack Holt plays a hard-boiled detective who wins the night-club singer (Lillian Miles) in spite of the gangsters. (Feb.)

**MAN HUNT**—RKO-Radio.—Junior Durkin, an amateur boy sleuth, makes good when a real mystery turns up. (April)

**MAN WHO WON, THE**—British International.—A playboy nobleman drags through tedious reels as a depression farmer. (May)

★ **MASQUERADER, THE**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Ronald Colman does superbly in the double rôle of English gentleman and dissolute cousin, whose identity he assumes. (May)

★ **MEN MUST FIGHT**—M-G-M.—Pacificism vs. patriotism, championed by Diana Wynyard and Lewis Stone, in a struggle for their son. Superbly acted. (April)

**MIDNIGHT WARNING**—Mayfair Pictures.—A horribly done horror picture; Claudia Dell, William Boyd and John Harron are unable to save it. (March)

**MIND READER, THE**—First National.—Warren William and Allen Jenkins work the mind-reading, crystal gazing racket on high society. (May)

**MUMMY, THE**—Universal.—Boris Karloff, as a revived mummy, finds his love reincarnated in an American girl, done by Zita Johann. (Feb.)

**MURDERS IN THE ZOO**—Paramount.—Lione Atwill kills with a serpent; feeds wife Kathleen Burke to the crocodiles. Fascinating horror. (May)

**MYSTERIOUS RIDER, THE**—Paramount.—Kent Taylor, Irving Pichel, Lona Andre and Warren Hymer achieve a well-done Western. (March)

**MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM, THE**—Warners.—A Technicolor shocker about a half-crazed wax museum proprietor (Lionel Atwill) who uses weird (and deadly) methods on Fay Wray to get exhibits. Don't take the kiddies. (March)

**NAGANA**—Universal.—Scientist Melvyn Douglas and Tala Birell seek to conquer sleeping sickness, but nearly succumb to African savages and crocodiles. Good atmosphere and animals, however. (March)

**NO LIVING WITNESS**—Mayfair Pictures.—A dull offering, with Barbara Kent accused of murdering the villain, Noah Beery. (Feb.)

★ **NO MAN OF HER OWN**—Paramount.—Clark Gable and Carole Lombard at their best in a near-naughty, thin but delectable story of a gentleman-crook reformed by love. (March)

**NO OTHER WOMAN**—RKO-Radio.—Irene Dunne splendid as the abused wife of a newly-rich steel-worker (Charles Bickford) who falls for a blonde (Gwili Andre). Eric Linden good. Not for children. (Feb.)



**OFFICER 13**—Allied.—What happens to a motorcycle cop (Monte Blue) in a politics-ridden force, when he tries to avenge a fellow officer killed by a politically powerful driver. Half hits the mark. (March)

**OLIVER TWIST**—Monogram.—A strong cast somehow misses the Dickens' flavor. (May)

**OUR BETTERS**—RKO-Radio.—Sophisticated (and raw) sexy doings in London high society by Connie Bennett and Violet Kemble-Cooper. (May)

**OUT ALL NIGHT**—Universal.—Can't you imagine the fun—Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts honeymooning, with mamma along? (May)

**PARACHUTE JUMPER**—Warners.—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Bette Davis, and Frank McHugh in crazy but enjoyable attempts at aero-rumrunning and tangles with gangsters (Leo Carrillo). (March)

**PAROLE GIRL**—Columbia.—An antique "revenge" plot, with Mae Clarke. (May)

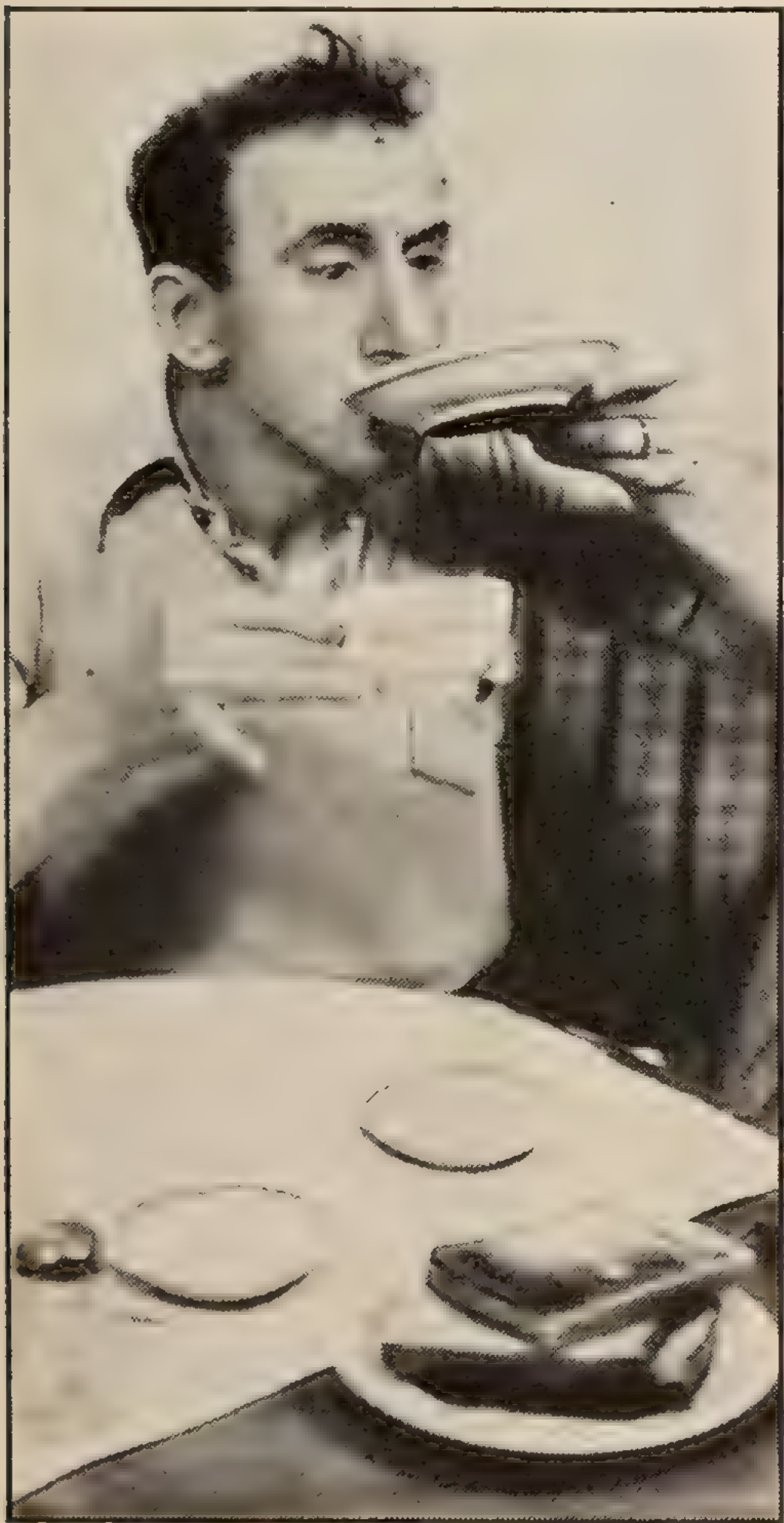
**PAST OF MARY HOLMES, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Helen MacKellar re-does Louise Dresser's "The Goose Woman," about a half-mad, gin-soaked ex-opera star involved in a murder mystery. An involved plot, nicely acted. (March)

**PENAL CODE, THE**—Freuler Film.—An ex-convict's problems are easier on Regis Toomey than this moth-eaten plot. (May)

**PERFECT UNDERSTANDING**—United Artists.—This talkie talks too much. Gloria Swanson finds she loves hubby in spite of his misdeeds. (May)

★ **PRIVATE JONES**—Universal.—Lee Tracy doesn't mind fighting, but sees no sense to war. Gloria Stuart is the heart interest. Red-blooded entertainment. (April)

**RACING STRAIN, THE**—Willis Kent Prod.—Wally Reid, Jr., makes an excellent screen debut in a fast-action story youngsters will love. (Feb.)  
[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 18 ]



"So I sez to Mi Lord, I sez, doncher know I 'as to 'ave me h'afternoon tea,"—but just for ole times sake, Jimmy filled his saucer with frothy beer and slipped it down the hatch—but, mind you, in very correct drawing-room manner, little finger and all. Leave it to Durante to be *poifect*

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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17 ]

★ **RASPUTIN AND THE EMPRESS**—M-G-M.—All three Barrymores in one film, plus Ralph Morgan and Diana Wynyard, provide a display of personal art rarely exceeded in pictures. Don't miss it. (March)

**ROBBERS' ROOST**—Fox.—A grand Western! George O'Brien and Maureen O'Sullivan in top form. (Feb.)

**ROME EXPRESS**—Gaumont British-Universal.—An excellently done train ride, with a leisurely melodrama thrown in. Fine cast; Conrad Veidt as the villain. (April)

**SAILOR BE GOOD**—RKO-Radio.—Barrelhouse humor features this appearance of Jack Oakie, as a bibulous gob. (March)

**SAILOR'S LUCK**—Fox.—Riotous "Jack ashore" stuff, but some of the sex is strong. Sally Eilers and Jimmie Dunn. (May)

**SCARLET RIVER**—RKO-Radio.—A so-so "low-down" on filming Westerns with Tom Keene, Dorothy Wilson, Creighton Chaney, Rosco Ates and Ed Kennedy. (March)

**SECOND HAND WIFE**—Fox.—A slow tempored Kathleen Norris tale; Helen Vinson the mercenary wife who tosses hubby Ralph Bellamy to the high-minded secretary, Sally Eilers. (March)

**SECRET OF MADAME BLANCHE, THE**—M-G-M.—Too bad the Madame X theme can't be given a well-earned rest. Jean Parker rather grabs the show from Irene Dunne. (March)

★ **SECRETS**—United Artists.—Poor little rich girl Mary Pickford flees her New England home for pioneer life in the West with Leslie Howard. Well worth seeing. (April)

**SECRETS OF WU SIN, THE**—Invincible.—An enjoyable tale of newspaper folks (Lois Wilson and Grant Withers) breaking a Chinaman-smuggling gang. (April)

**SELF-DEFENSE**—Monogram.—Pauline Frederick has her troubles running a Canadian saloon and gambling hall on the level. Interesting, thanks to Pauline. (Feb.)

★ **SHE DONE HIM WRONG**—Paramount.—First-class rough stuff about the gay Nineties on the Bowery, with Mae West, Cary Grant, Noah Beery and others. Not for tender minds. (March)

★ **SIGN OF THE CROSS, THE**—Paramount.—Charles Laughton's subtly satirical *Nero*, admirably supported by Claudette Colbert and Fredric March, make this De Mille spectacle of ancient Rome noteworthy. But don't take the children. (Feb.)

**SISTER TO JUDAS**—Mayfair Pictures.—Endless slow reels about a girl who tries to rise by being "lit'ry." (April)

**SLIGHTLY MARRIED**—Invincible.—Slightly entertaining, with Walter Byron and Evalyn Knapp. (Feb.)

**SOMEWHERE IN SONORA**—Warners.—Lovely scenery would make this a good travelogue. As a Western—ho-hum. (April)

★ **SON-DAUGHTER, THE**—M-G-M.—Helen Hayes, though loving Ramon Novarro (a prince in disguise) marries a repulsive fellow (Warner Oland) so her father (Lewis Stone) can have ammunition money; later strangles her husband with his own queue. (Feb.)

**SO THIS IS AFRICA**—Columbia.—Wheeler and Woolsey slip the loud and raucous razzberry to the animal pictures. (March)

**SOUS LA LUNE DU MAROC (MOON OVER MOROCCO)**—Vandal-Delac Prod.—Five Europeans under a grim Oriental spell. Slow, but great atmosphere. (April)

**SPEED DEMON**—Columbia.—Nothing unusual, but youngsters will like the speed-boat races. (Feb.)

★ **STATE FAIR**—Fox.—A homely tale of Will Rogers, Ma (Louise Dresser), their children (Janet Gaynor and Norman Foster), their lovers (Lew Ayres and Sally Eilers) and a prize hog. Delightful entertainment for everyone. (April)

**STATE TROOPER**—Columbia.—A breezy tale of an oil war in which trooper Regis Toomey wins the day and Evalyn Knapp. (May)

**STRICTLY PERSONAL**—Paramount.—None too exciting mystery stuff. Marjorie Rambeau, Dorothy Jordan and Eddie Quillan. (May)

★ **SWEEPINGS**—RKO-Radio.—A memorable portrayal by Lionel Barrymore of starting life with a pushcart and becoming a merchant prince—only to have no-good children spoil all. (May)

**TERROR TRAIL**—Universal.—Tom Mix foils a hypocritical leading citizen, some horse thieves, and rescues Naomi Judge in proper Mixonian style. (March)

**THAT'S MY BOY**—Columbia.—Richard Cromwell, with Dorothy Jordan, put zip into this football yarn. (Feb.)

**THERE GOES THE BRIDE**—Gainsborough.—English actors attempting French farce. (May)

**THEY JUST HAD TO GET MARRIED**—Universal.—Slim Summerville (a butler) and ZaSu Pitts (a maid) can't decide to be divorced. Weak story. (Feb.)

★ **TONIGHT IS OURS**—Paramount.—A deftly done bit of Graustarkian adventure and romance, with Claudette Colbert and Fredric March. (March)

★ **TOPAZE**—RKO-Radio.—John Barrymore hides his profile in the whiskers of a French schoolmaster, then outslicks life and the slickers. Superb. (April)

**UNDER-COVER MAN**—Paramount.—You'll forget any objections to George Raft while a gangster, after you see him tear into the hot-bond racket. Nancy Carroll also good. Not for children. (Feb.)

**UNDER THE TONTO RIM**—Paramount.—A fine, breezy Western with Stu Erwin. (May)

**UNWRITTEN LAW, THE**—Majestic Pictures.—The wronged man (Purnell Pratt) leaves it to his companions whether he shall slay the villain (Lew Cody). Mary Brian, Hedda Hopper, Greta Nissen also present. (Feb.)

**VAMPIRE BAT, THE**—Majestic Pictures.—"Dracula" horror stuff that creaks in the telling, although Lionel Atwill, Fay Wray and Melvyn Douglas lend considerable interest. (March)

**VIRGINS OF BALI, THE**—Principal.—Another "Goona Goona" glimpse of courtship and marriage in the East Indies. (Feb.)

**WEST OF SINGAPORE**—Monogram.—An incredibly dull story of oil in Malaysia. (April)

**WHAT! NO BEER?**—M-G-M.—And not as much fun, either, as Jimmy Durante and Buster Keaton should yield as brewers. (April)

**WHAT PRICE DECENCY?**—Equitable.—Don't bother; and keep the kiddies away. (May)

★ **WHISTLING IN THE DARK**—M-G-M.—Ernest Truex and Una Merkel are a riot in a tale about a crime writer made to invent a perfect crime for use by his captors. (March)

★ **WHITE SISTER, THE**—M-G-M.—Helen Hayes and Clark Gable do beautiful work in this story of a girl who, believing her officer lover is dead, becomes a nun. (May)

**WITH WILLIAMSON BENEATH THE SEA**—Principal.—A fascinating dip beneath the West Indian ocean, in the producer's glass studio. (Feb.)

**WOMAN ACCUSED, THE**—Paramount.—Co-operative authorship achieves a fumbling melodrama with Nancy Carroll and Cary Grant. (April)

**WOMEN WON'T TELL**—Chesterfield.—An abandoned child found on a city dump grows up into a great tennis star; rubber stamp plot thereafter. (March)

**YORCK**—UFA.—Werner Krauss as *General Yorck* fighting Russians in Napoleon's day, gives a splendid portrayal of a commander's mental anguish. (Feb.)

**YOUNG BLOOD**—Monogram.—A thin Robin-Hoodish Western with Bob Steele and Helen Foster. (Feb.)

## Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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# One real kiss gave her new ideas on life!

She could lick an army! Swear like a trooper! Drink any man down! What a man-eater she was! Until a *real* man came along and gave her new ideas on life. From then on things were certainly changed! . . . This is the "different" picture you've been longing for. So gay and merry you'll laugh yourself sick when you see it—and laugh a lot more every time you think about it. Ask the manager of your favorite theatre, now, when it is going to be shown.

## "THE WARRIOR'S HUSBAND"

A Jesse L. Lasky Production

with

**ELISSA LANDI**  
**MARJORIE RAMBEAU**  
**ERNEST TRUEX**  
**DAVID MANNERS**

Directed by Walter Lang

*A*

**FOX**  
PICTURE



In this picture it's  
the women who do  
the chasing—the  
men who are  
chaste!



# *O Maid . . .*

# *O Matron!*

is there any reason to pay more  
than 25¢ for Tooth Paste?



Now we offer you at a saving, a quicker, pleasanter means of keeping mouth and gums healthy and of beautifying teeth. A dentifrice that cleanses more thoroughly, gives enamel greater luster, and sweetens the breath. Listerine Tooth Paste is its name. Twenty-five cents is its price.

The promises made for this tooth paste sound exaggerated, do they not, when you consider the many splendid dentifrices in the field? But there is no exaggeration.

More than two million women know them to be true. Why otherwise would

they have rejected older and costlier favorites for Listerine Tooth Paste? The beauty-giving results of this product are so apparent they couldn't be overlooked or denied. They have demonstrated to millions the folly of paying more than 25¢ for a tooth paste.

If you haven't tried Listerine Tooth Paste, we urge you to do so now. Note how swiftly and how thoroughly it cleans teeth—permeates every crevice.

See how quickly it erases unsightly tartar, stains, and discolorations—particularly those due to smoking. Observe the flashing brilliance and

luster it gives to your teeth—modern polishing ingredients so gentle in action are responsible.

Look also for that wonderful feeling of mouth freshness and exhilaration that this tooth paste gives; the sensation you associate with the use of Listerine itself.

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## **Listerine TOOTH PASTE..25¢**





Eugene Robert Richee

**S**HE'S the little lady from way down South who proved to Hollywood skeptics that Southern belles could have talent as well as beauty. And sho' nuff, it's again true, as you'll agree when you see Miriam Hopkins opposite Jack La Rue in Paramount's picture, "The Story of Temple Drake." And Georgie Raft threw up the job. How could he?





**B**LONDE and blue-eyed and soulful of mien, Anita Louise was chosen the ideal type to portray one of the characters in RKO-Radio's "Little Women." Anita goes in for reading heavy, classic literature when she's not working at the studio, for she believes that one must have a thoroughly trained mind in order to become a really fine actress





Irving Lippman

**Y**OU'D never believe this pretty charmer could roll her tongue 'round those guttural Chinese words. But Sari Maritza was born in China, the daughter of an English officer and Austrian mother. Sari could get your laundered shirt *without* a ticket, she speaks Chinese that fluently. But Sari's education includes English, French and Italian also





WITH this piercing scrutiny Adolphe Menjou might make any crook turn up his heels and confess! And that's exactly what the versatile Menjou does in "The Circus Queen Murder"—he turns big-time detective and solves the murder of beautiful Greta Nissen. This is the second Anthony Abbot thriller in which Menjou has played



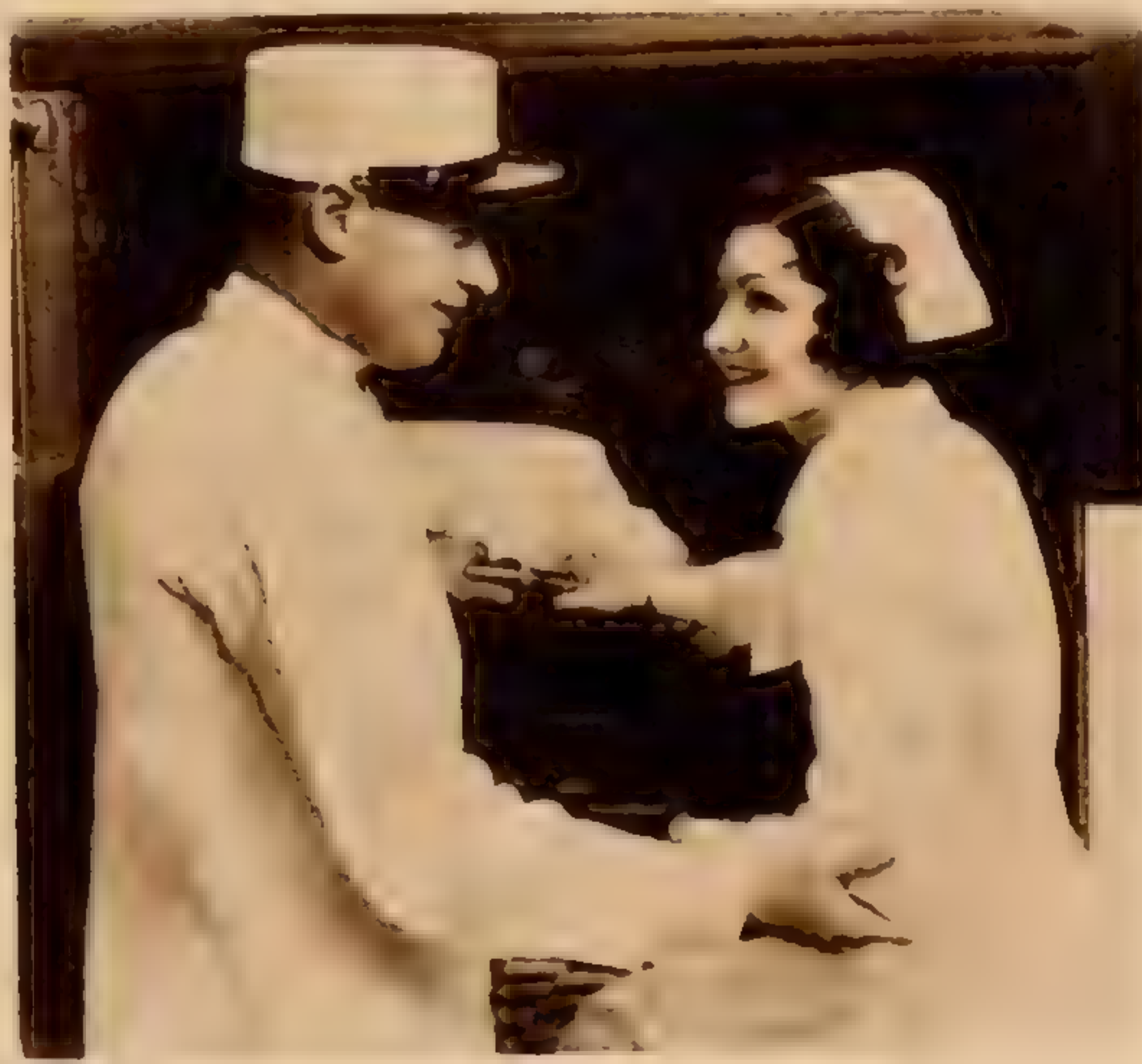
# “First to the Fire” *A Mobiloil Movie with*

## CLAUDETTE COLBERT & RICHARD ARLEN

*Miss Colbert, star of Paramount's "Disgraced" ★ ★ ★ Mr. Arlen, star of Paramount's "Song of the Eagle"*



**1** DOC: "Big fire downtown! Hurry up and get your emergency kit ready! We'll have to beat the Flagler's ambulance to this job!"



**2** DOC: "We'll have to step on it to get there first. Flagler Hospital has a new bus. This crate is four years old."



**3** DRIVER: "Don't you worry about Flagler's. They use cheap oil. Even if their bus is new, their engine's choked with carbon. We use Mobiloil."



**4** NURSE: "There's the Flagler outfit behind us now! Tramp on her, John. Here's a chance to prove that your engine really is alive!"



**5** DOC: "Some fire! But we're first through the lines! Even if our bus is four years old, I'll say John has certainly kept her engine in good shape."



**6** DOC: "Well, we're there with the speed! But John had better keep that Mobiloil a secret from Flagler's—or they might get to beating us."

With Double-Range Mobiloil your engine is safe at all speeds

Your car may not carry a shrieking ambulance siren. But—

Today—with high speeds more and more common—you can't be too careful in choosing your oil. Along the highways today you will find many "depression" oils. Made for a price, they were never made to take the punishment your engine gives them in fast driving.

With Mobiloil you can give your oil any kind of punishment. Mobiloil will

always stand up—no matter how hard, how far, or how fast you drive. Because Mobiloil is a unique *double-range* oil, it will not foul or "gum up" your engine at slow speeds. And at high speeds—unlike ordinary oils—it does not thin out dangerously. Its lubricating richness protects your engine *always*.

Save on gas—on oil—on repairs—and above all, save on car life. Drive in today where you see the Mobiloil sign and

ask for Mobiloil. Remember—double-range Mobiloil offers you the best engine protection at all speeds—fast or slow.

Tune in on the Socony-Vacuum radio program, "Inside Story of Names that Make the News," every Friday night at 8:30 Eastern Standard Time, Columbia Broadcasting System.

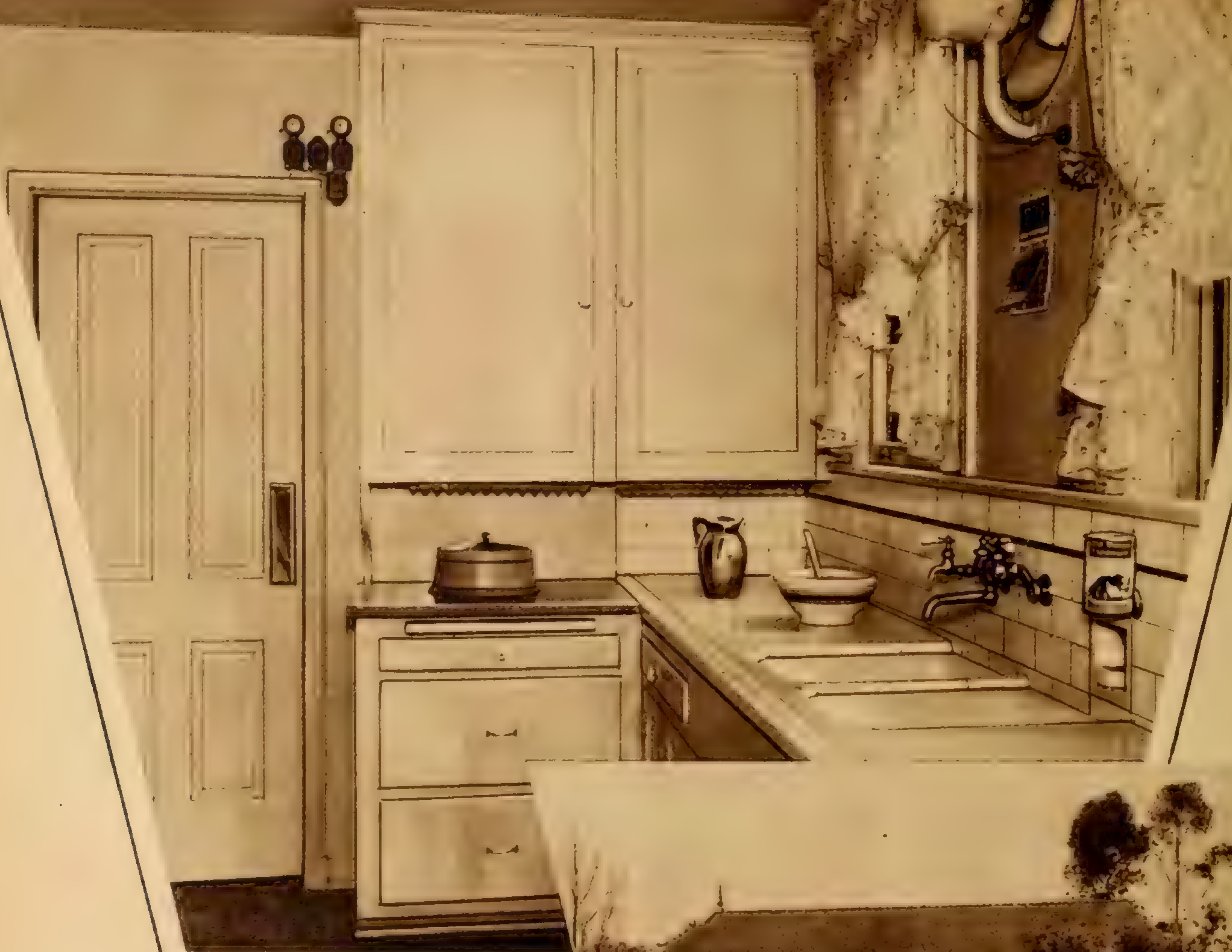
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MERGER OF STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF  
NEW YORK AND VACUUM OIL COMPANY

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Old Dutch Cleanser is used exclusively in Sue Carol's home as it is in millions of other American homes, because it has proved that it not only cleans quicker and cleans more things than anything else, but that it goes much further and does more actual cleaning per penny of cost.

Old Dutch is safe to use on fine things; yet effective for the heaviest scouring. Its flaky, flat-shaped particles get all the dirt quickly and easily, and without scratching because it contains none of the harsh, sandy grit found in ordinary cleansers. It doesn't injure the hands, doesn't clog drains, is odorless and removes odors. There is no substitute for the quality and economy of Old Dutch Cleanser.



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# PHOTOPLAY

## Close-Ups and Long-Shots

**H**OLLYWOOD has touched bottom and is now standing firmly on bedrock. Like dwellers on slightly elevated lands, it had watched the great wave of national depression sweep over the valleys, without being itself, apparently, affected.

But finally the mountain tidal wave inundated also that position of security. Hollywood emerged from the maelstrom bewildered and out of breath, but still very much alive. The worst of the storm seems to be over.

**T**HE harmony and unity shown by almost the entire personnel of the industry revealed an admirable spirit. Hollywood's fortitude in the face of the bank holiday, the cut in salaries and the earthquake has given the world something new to think about.

People who have been asking, "Can Hollywood 'Take It'?" will find, on page thirty-nine of this issue of PHOTOPLAY, a straight-from-the-shoulder answer to that question.

**H**ARD on Hollywood's calamities appeared George Bernard Shaw, famous playwright, dispensing wit that stunned but cheered. That is, cheered all but the immediate victims of his vitriol. If Hollywood had failed the gentle tradition of the ages—that one must be polite to guests—George would not have gotten away with it, for Hollywood has its own unmatched "ribbers." Vince Barnett has been, perhaps, champion of this sort of thing.

But everyone didn't take it lying down. For example, stage actress Alice Brady, now making a picture in Hollywood, is credited with telling him that his jokes were as old as his whiskers.

Hollywood breathed a sigh of relief when their unconventional guest departed, for when Shaw's around, you can no more disregard him than you can an epidemic of small-pox.

**R**EPORTS come in that movie attendance is decreasing among adult males; that there has been some falling off in feminine attendance; that there are new addicts among adolescents between the ages of fourteen and sixteen.

Men are credited with being a bit weary of sex on the screen, or with not knowing what new trends in

motion pictures are all about. A hardly plausible theory, that.

The front rows in girly shows in New York City are still filled with bald-headed men. And Mae West is bowling them over, not only throughout our broad land, but in good old Lunnon, too. It is easy to establish a seemingly profound theory, but it is much harder to prove that theory.

**M**AE WEST'S pictures are big box-office. So is "Cavalcade." So was "Smilin' Through." "State Fair"—with Will Rogers and Janet Gaynor—looks like another winner. "King Kong" has made everyone's eyes pop.

There you have it—sex and sweet romance; love, war and unhappiness; sentiment of the Middle West; and a monstrous, incredible nightmare. The public has responded to all.

Only a brash or irresponsible prophet would dare forecast what the public really wants.

**N**EVERTHELESS, it would be hard for producers not to succumb to a certain pattern that has achieved big box-office. "Grand Hotel," with its galaxy of stars, was probably the motivating force for such films as "Luxury Liner," and "Rome Express."

Probably the producers of these pictures did not expect to emulate the success of their prototype. Nor were their moderate hopes disappointed.

**"D**INNER at Eight," a success on the New York stage, bears in its construction and in certain psychological elements a resemblance to "Grand Hotel." New York City has applauded it. M-G-M is now screening it with an impressive cast, beyond the dreams of any stage producer.

Among the big names are Marie Dressler, Lionel Barrymore, John Barrymore, Jean Harlow, Lee Tracy, Karen Morley, Jean Hersholt, Madge Evans, Edmund Lowe, and such stage favorites as May Robson and Billie Burke.

Even though "Dinner at Eight" was a stage success, we cannot be sure what sort of picture it will be when it comes out of the cutting room. But with that cast it ought to be sure fire.

There are half a dozen names there that would carry any picture.



Here it's a case of the actors and not the play that's the thing. So it's pretty safe to prophesy.

AND while I am on the subject of plays, I suggest that every producer of revues see "42nd Street." There is much more to it than girls and music. And the presentation is done with a sparkle and dash from which the stage might get new inspiration.

Everyone knows by now how little Ruby Keeler stole the show with her nimble toes. You may look for many a day—and in vain—to find anything like her performance elsewhere.

And this advice is not only for stage producers. It is for the motion picture public, as well.

FOR once, Groucho Marx had nothing to say. Groucho has been in the habit of rising in the Brown Derby and, for no reason at all, making a speech to the amazed customers.

But one night they were ready for him. Groucho arose and very solemnly began. "Ladies and gentlemen—" when immediately everyone screamed, "We want Cantor. We want Cantor."

Abashed and overcome, Groucho sat down and finished his dinner in quiet.

How would Shaw have responded to that?

ONE picture recently released is going to make considerable stir, or I am badly mistaken. It is titled, "Gabriel Over the White House."

One critic who wished to damn it, unconsciously praised it, instead. Said he, "The world of 'Gabriel' is the infantile world of irresistible wishes." He has put his finger right on it. That is what the whole world is praying for.

"Gabriel Over the White House" is reviewed in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. Regarding its story, I will say here only that it shows what would happen if a president seized dictatorial power and went to the mat with old man Depression.

"Irresistible wishes!" That, in my belief, is the fundamental pull of Mickey Mouse. Mickey constantly does the physically impossible, and we love it.

It compensates for all our thwarted efforts. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., at his best, held us entranced for the same reason.

"GABRIEL" though in fantasy, solves our nation's economic and political problems. We get the same kick out of that as boys dreaming of how they will go back and give their schoolteacher a good licking, or even as an adult may dream of returning to his home-town a magnificent success to be gazed upon in wonder by his old associates.

"Gabriel Over the White House" gives us a new inspiration. And in so doing becomes a splendid picture.

A CASTING director sent out a call for men to play aviators of the Royal Flying Corps.

Five men responded at once.

"Why, these men won't do," the casting director said, looking at the graying heads.

"But," said one of them, "we were members of the Royal Flying Corps."

"Yes," the casting director replied, "but, you see, we want men who are like you were fifteen years ago. Young fellows like they had in the war."

Sadly and quietly the brave men who had faced death filed out.

INSTEAD of the half pay for eight weeks system inaugurated by the other studios, Fox employees agreed to work four weeks with no pay rather than have the studio shut down indefinitely. And as a gesture of appreciation, the studio gave everyone his luncheon at the studio commissary free.

And suddenly everyone went off that diet. With pie and ice cream for dessert.

Over at the RKO-Radio studio, lunch prices were slashed in half. As a result figures are being ruined both in Hollywood.

Page Sylvia, someone!

TALK has been bandied about during the past month that Hollywood, as a picture producing institution, might come trekking East.

The theory seemed to be that cloudy Long Island was just as good a locale for production as sunny Southern California, as kliegs do most of the lighting, anyway.

However, there is something like one hundred million dollars invested in land, buildings and equipment in the Coast studios. Nor can the recent earthquake have much effect one way or another on any such decision.

First of all, Hollywood was little damaged by the shocks. Then they come too infrequently to instigate a general exodus. San Francisco is nearly a century old.

And its one great upheaval of nearly thirty years ago is unknown—by actual experience—to the present generation.

No, it looks as though Hollywood will keep its motion picture trade-mark.

ENGLISH movies! Is this the reason they fall, in interest, behind the Hollywood product?

Esther Ralston, doing a picture for the Gaumont Studios in London, had a call the first day for nine o'clock.

She arrived at seven-thirty to make up, just as she would have done in Hollywood, but no one, not even the gateman, was down to work. Esther waited for more than an hour.

Good pictures aren't made that way.

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY





Harvey White

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER rose to fame on the strength of his handsome physique, and lovely ladies, the world over, have gambled with each other ever since for a permanent mortgage on the brawny, tawny *Tarzan*. First, 'twas Bobbe Arnst, who held claim, then Lupe Velez, and now who shall it be?



# The Unbeautiful



Meet "two-faced" Clara Bow!  
Two-faced, that is, in appearance

SO you think they're beautiful, do you—Joan Crawford and Garbo, Gaynor, Dietrich, Bow, Kay Francis, Connie Bennett, and the others?

You thrill at their glamour on the screen, and you read their secrets of loveliness—and like the rest of us, you too have gone along placidly believing that they truly *are* beauties.

But—here comes, now, a world-famed expert on feminine beauty, a man whose profession beauty is, a man who has made a career-long study of beauty. And in the heart of Hollywood, he has the effrontery and the courage to survey the ranking charmers of filmdom and flatly tell them and the world—

"No! They are not beautiful!"

And if you don't believe him, this man is ready to prove what he says, in black and white, with lines and demonstration. He'll do it right here.

His name is Pogany—Willy Pogany. You've heard it. His paintings of beautiful women and other subjects have been hung in famous art galleries throughout the world. He has memberships in Beaux Arts Institutes and Art Leagues; he has a collection of medals from all manner of exhibits, from World Fairs to Art Society shows, everywhere.

At present, he's in Hollywood, art director for various producers. All this is told not to bore you, but to assure you that instead of a know-nothing and a nonentity speaking, these criticisms of Hollywood's beauties' beauty come from a man who is conceded to know.

Also, for your particular interest, Pogany points out that in many of his criticisms will be found easy-to-heed hints that every woman can use, as do these "unbeautiful beauties," to outwit nature.



The artist says that art gives Ruth Chatterton her well-shaped mouth

Who would have thought Ann Harding lacked classic beauty? That's what the artist finds, though, as you see

Now let's go—let's see Pogany tear our beauties to pieces. The "Unbeautiful Thirteen" are these (printed as Pogany marked them):

Clara Bow, Ruth Chatterton, Janet Gaynor, Constance Bennett, Billie Dove, Kay Francis, Ann Harding, Katharine Hepburn, Marlene Dietrich, Sylvia Sidney, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo. Let's take them, one by one.

Clara Bow

"She's not beautiful, but she's *sexy*! If ever a face and figure cried 'Sex!' Clara's do. As for her face, taking it apart, we find not one face, but two halves of totally dissimilar faces.

"Look at the picture. At the line marked 'A,' Clara's face is divided. Above that line, her face-type is pure concave; below the line, it's the complete opposite—convex. Notice the opposing curves on the lines I've drawn to indicate the difference. To be technically perfect, her face would have to be entirely

of one type or the other. But then, it wouldn't be Clara Bow, and the face might be behind a department store counter selling ribbons instead of making thousands a week in Hollywood!

"If it weren't for that irregularity, Clara would have just another doll-face. Incidentally, the most striking asset of Clara's appearance does not show on the screen. It's her vivid coloring. It's a great pity she can't be photographed in natural colors!"

Ruth Chatterton

"Not beautiful—but beautifully serene. Want to see some tricks? Then look at the way I've marked the mouth on this picture. The distance 'B' is the *apparent* size of her





# Thirteen

Every one is a first-rank star. Yet Willy Pogany, noted artist, claims they lack true beauty

By Carl Vonnell

mouth. The truth is that Distance 'A' is the real Chatterton mouth-line. By lip make-up she has brought it down, achieved a spirituelle effect that the larger mouth would lose. Chatterton's eyes are her best feature, by far. They are really lovely—and they are spaced according to truly beautiful standards—one eye-width apart. That is, Distance 'C' is exactly the width of each of her eyes."

Ann Harding

"She is not quite beautiful, although she more nearly approaches academic beauty than most of the stars. Call her goddess-like. Her features are almost classic. It's her *good luck* that they are *not* perfect. One imperfection—her eyes are quite different in size. The left is smaller than the right. Notice how the lines I've drawn across their upper and lower limits should converge, if extended, instead of being parallel as they should be, in perfection?"

"This and other distortions achieve attractiveness whereas their lack would leave simply a cold, though perfectly beautiful, face. You might admire it, but you wouldn't want to love it."

Janet Gaynor

"She's *not* beautiful, but *is* 'wistfully charming.' That wistfulness, which is purely an expression, is the main key to her attractiveness. None of her features are bad, but none of them are at all above absolute average. On the street, you'd not notice her. But she knows the value of that wistfulness, and manages to keep it on her face."



Is Katharine Hepburn *elfin*? The artist shows why he says "Yes!"

Norma Shearer

"She's not beautiful, but she is certainly very *feminine*! Something as in the case of Clara Bow, Norma's face can be divided into two distinct types. Flick a line across the face, horizontally, at the nose-line, as I indicate in the picture. Below the line, her face is one of true beauty. But above that line, beauty gives way to a definite allure—a purely feminine characteristic. Cover each half, in turn, and you'll get what I mean. If you other girls want a tip, notice how she achieves that allure by the narrowing of her eyes. You can learn from her!"

Katharine Hepburn

"I'm glad she doesn't consider herself beautiful, because she certainly isn't. Call her 'elfin,' if anything. Oh, there's lots of character in the face. Know what it makes me think of? I'll show you.

"Look at what I've done to the brows. Now add a Pipe-of-Pan to her lips, and you've got what?—the face of a Puck, of a Satyr. That's exactly what Hepburn represents to me. It's extraordinary; it's *elfin*; it's exciting; it's challenging—but it certainly is *not beautiful*. And I think you'll agree that her work on the screen uses that challenge, instead of beauty, for its appeal.

Billie Dove

"More than any other in this group—of that I can think of in all Hollywood, for that matter!—does Billie ap-

Is Janet Gaynor's charm all in her expression? So the cold-hearted art critic reveals to us



So Norma Shearer is a woman with two personalities — each owning one-half of her face! You see it?







Billie Dove, in the artist's eye, comes nearest of all to being a classical beauty



Well, well! See how many lines it takes to show defects Garbo is said to have!



Triangles are old in plots but we're told Sylvia Sidney has 'em right in her face!

proach true beauty. It's quite fair that she's been called the 'most beautiful woman on the screen,' for she is that. But even here, we fall short of perfection—thank heaven! Fortunately, you see, her face is a little bit off axis; a bit crooked, in plain words.

"The left eye is a bit high, the nose slants ever so little.

"And what does this do? It destroys one hundred per cent perfection, but it leaves a human being who is so nearly beautiful that she needn't worry over the bit that isn't."

Greta Garbo

"Beautiful? No! Her face is utterly 'sad'—and also, utterly asymmetrical! That means it's entirely crooked, utterly askew.

"I mean merely that the lines are cock-eyed. I've marked them, so you can see. For instance, true symmetry would require that her face be half-and-half divided on each side of Line No. 1. But is it? No, the lower half goes off at a violent angle, as per Line 2.

"And her eyes are all askew, too. Besides the right one being smaller, it's quite a bit lower than the left.

"See how crookedly the eye-lines cross the central line? Why, there is *not one feature* of her face which isn't crooked in comparison with the others! And yet, there is in all this asymmetry a sadness and a tragedy which is 'beautiful' in the same way that a great tragedy of the stage is 'beautiful.' Yes, call her 'beautiful' even though she's by no means a 'beauty'!"

Sylvia Sidney

"She's a faceful of triangles! If you want to name her face, call it 'Oriental.' It has the strange lure of the Orient in its lines—the slanting eyes, the greater width than



Kay Francis, the artist finds, has the "Garbo defect," but in reverse direction



Marlene also shows a variation of the "Garbo defect." Can you see what it is?

height, the large mouth in the small face. And look at how the triangles run in the facial lines, will you? Triangles may be interesting symbolically or geometrically, but they can hardly be called 'beautiful.' And too, for pure beauty, the over-proportion of the face between the lines indicated by 'A' as contrasted with the tiny space marked 'B' is quite unacademic. There's sensuality and kindness combined in that face—just as in the Oriental female."

Kay Francis

"Second in crookedness only to Garbo's. See how askew the face is technically. Only it slants, at the bottom, in the other direction from the Garbo slant. And besides being off-center, the Francis face, like Sylvia Sidney's, has the upper part 'A' much too large in comparison with the distance 'B'. Now I don't mean that this is unattractive; I only mean that it's entirely irreconcilable with the artist's academic proportions of classic beauty. If you want true classic beauty, get yourself an ancient Greek statue, my readers, but don't try to fix things up with any of these Hollywood girls. Kay's is a very intelligent face. Call it definitely intriguing, though not at all beautiful."

Marlene Dietrich

"Not beautiful, but certainly interesting. Again we find here a face wherein the top and bottom are utterly disproportionate—even in greater contrast than in the cases of Kay and Sylvia. See the photo and the lines. See the great dissonance between the distance 1 to 2, and from 2 to 3. And then notice another odd little quirk about the Dietrich face—[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98 ]



# YOU Can't Bury Dead Love

in Hollywood—the  
one town that just  
won't let you forget



Ruth Selwyn found herself working under husband Edgar's direction in "Men Must Fight" — after they had begun divorce proceedings. Read what happened

**R**UTH SELWYN, the actress, and her husband, Edgar Selwyn, the director, decided, after many disagreements, that their marriage was an utter failure. Both were bitter. With complete finality, they separated.

Miss Selwyn began divorce proceedings.

A short time later Selwyn was told to start production on "Men Must Fight." His cast was assigned. One of the principals was his wife, Ruth.

There was nothing he could do about this. Although he and his wife had pledged that they were through forever and had asserted they would never see each other again, they were thrown together in a most intimate situation.

Production lasted for weeks. Their nerves were strained to breaking through a circumstance over which neither had the slightest control. There was no escape. At the end of the picture, Ruth went to a hospital suffering from a nervous breakdown and insomnia.

Her husband visited her.

They had a common sense talk.

"Hollywood's the one place in the world where, after love is dead, you can't give it a decent burial," Selwyn said. "We're bound together by ties we can't break. We can't escape from a lot of bitter memories. So let's try it again."

Ruth saw the logic of his argument and agreed. She knew from this one bitter experience that they might "part forever," only to find themselves working together in another picture.

In other towns and cities throughout the world two people may part and not see each other for years, if ever. One or the other is free to go to some other place and start life anew, far from the scene of unhappiness. Motion picture people

Virginia Bruce and Lupe Velez were at "outs" over one Jack Gilbert. And they had to meet while in "Kongo"

can't do this because there is just one place in the United States where pictures are made. That's Hollywood.

If work doesn't throw divorced couples and ex-sweethearts together, social life will. On every side, there are reminders of the love that is dead but won't stay buried.

Recently, Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldridge, gave a party. Among their friends there was a prominent director who had been divorced and remarried. Quite by an oversight, the first wife of this

director had been invited to the same party.

The ex-wife was the first to arrive.

When the present Mrs. Director appeared, she glanced over the assembled guests. Her eyes focused on the woman who had once been the wife of her husband. She became literally frozen with anger.

"Either that woman gets out of here or I do! I won't stay in the same room with her—the same house with her!"

With that pronouncement, she fled from the party, leaving host, hostess and guests dumfounded.

**T**HESE are the things which happen when human beings are chained and locked in a small circle, with fate holding the keys. Fate asks this bitter question:

"After love is dead, do you want to stay here and be famous, although haunted by the most unhappy memories—or do you want to go away, giving up home, career and friends?"

Either answer damns the unfortunate one.

Adolphe Menjou and Kathryn Carver recently decided that they would go their separate ways. They never wanted to see each other again. Immediately after the parting, Kathryn began divorce proceedings.

In the midst of the marital turmoil, wanting to [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101 ]

By Edward Churchill



# Earthquake

SHAKE 'em up and shake 'em down.

Hollywood has those Earthquake Blues. And brother, did we shake? Did we quiver and did we shimmy?

Hold 'em, Yale!

Out of a clear evening sky, and a calm tropical breeze, Hollywood heaved up in the middle like a Lionel Barrymore "burp" and where were we when the lights went out? Brother, can you spare a match?

Polly Moran sat beneath a permanent waver. Her hair in coils of electric wires. And then came the deluge. Pop! Crackle! Sizz! Polly danced the fandango in two-step time, with back kicks and splits, lost three new teeth, her step-ins and her sweet disposition. The curlers sizzed and Polly frizzed.

The old earth shimmied and Polly emerged five minutes later with bangs on the wrong place, egg shampoo, burned scalp, plucked eyebrows, three bald spots, one eye blacked, one left ear slightly broiled and no step-ins. All for the price of one permanent wave.

Ventura reports Polly passed there Saturday morning. Still running at sixty miles an hour.

Chevalier stood beside a pond on a Paramount sound stage. Singing a love song to two bedazzled swans. Heave-ho, and one swan went head first up Maurice's trouser leg, while the other rammed a huge foot in his French accent. While Maurice went whirling about, swan's foot in his mouth, yelling, "Gulb, bulb, ulb, vat ze 'ell."

Kay Francis slept. Peacefully through it all. Knowing nothing.

Al Jolson, his wife, Ruby Keeler, and her two sisters, sat in their twelfth floor apartment in The Town House.

Over she swayed and Ruby screamed. The sisters howled. Al jellied.

"Let's pray, Al," Ruby begged. "We'll go over with the next swing sure." The sisters kneeled at one window. Al at the other.

Suddenly the door burst open. In popped a friend, wild-eyed at Al on his knees. "My Gawd," he screamed, "an earthquake and he still sings 'Mammy.'"

Into the doorway of her dressing-room dashed Claudette Colbert. Suddenly from the balcony above, a figure fell. A woman. With no head. At Claudette's feet.

An earthquake, and baby Ruggles two blocks away! Mother Arline Judge, hubby Wesley, brother Charles, cook and gardener, the dog and three cats, tore home, past Lil Tashman's house





# Blues

By Sara Hamilton

ILLUSTRATED BY  
FRANK DOBIAS



One scream and Claudette passed out cold. While someone rushed forward and picked up a dress-maker's dummy, fully clothed, that had popped out of the fitting room above.

"Earthquake! Earthquake!"

Stan Laurel shouted to a bewildered Oliver Hardy. "Let's run to the doorway! Get into the doorway! It's safer!" So Ollie ran to the doorway and completely filled it. After the plump Hardy, there was no room for Laurel, who stood in the middle of the room, amidst

falling plaster, and wept, "You took my place, you big lummoX. No fair. You took all the room."

Kay Francis slept on.

Nils Asther had a cold and decided a Turkish bath was what he needed. Completely in the nude, Nils had just lain down on the table, when the lights went out. There was a jar. A shake. Nils landed squarely on the fat man on the next table.

The man on the other side landed on Nils. They rolled to the floor.

All in a mad confusion. Suddenly they spotted a tiny ray of light under the door and made for it.

A scream! A howl! A shriek! It was the ladies' room. One large woman, draped in a towel, stepped firmly on Nils' face trying to get out. While another sat on his tummy and wept. She'd lost her uppers.

Yes, everyone was blue, but old mother earth was green as she heaved and shook with landsickness

Nils isn't over it yet.

Ralph Morgan drove up the boulevard to his home. Anxious about his wife and daughter. Thankful that he was unharmed.

Up the driveway he tore, into the garage, and right through the back of it into the neighbor's clothes line in the next yard. They picked him out with a black eye, a bruised head, a sore thumb and the neighbor's chemise wrapped around his Adam's apple.

"I was so excited, I forgot to take my foot off the gas," he moaned.

Marion Davies was in the midst of a scene for "Peg O' My Heart." She was supposed to be ill in bed with a doctor peering down her throat.

Suddenly, the shake! Confusion! Turmoil! Screaming! With Marion still in bed, yelling.

After the excitement had died down they began the scene again.

*The throat instrument was gone!* There was a sudden silence. And then a howl from Marion.

"OH, my heavens!" she screamed, "I think I swallowed it in the earthquake!"

The X-rays were still searching when they finally located it under the bed.

Bob Montgomery and Harry Beaumont, his director, made for the sound stage door.

"You go first," Bob urged.

"Oh, no, you first," Beaumont said.

"Y—y—you go," Bob said, getting scareder and scareder.

"A—a—a—after you," Beaumont trembled.

"No, no," Bob insisted, laying his hands on Beaumont.

"You first," Beaumont said, seizing Bob. And instantly, in their tense excitement, they began to wrestle. Ten minutes later they were found still wrestling on the stage floor. *Neither had been able to shove the other out.*

Kay Francis still slept on!

Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone and Robert Young were in a recording room in pitch darkness. With no windows and only a small opening in the felt padding of the walls, for a door.

Suddenly in the inky darkness, came the tremble. Instantly the three long legged men made for under a small low davenport, which stood just a few inches off the floor.

When the sound men came in to find them, ten minutes later, there they were. Only their heads under cover, their long legs sticking out in all directions, and the davenport raised on their heads at least two feet off the floor.

Safe as an ostrich in a tornado.

Out at First National, Ernest Torrence came tearing out of his dressing-room. He stood in the middle of the lot and watched the water tower slosh on one side and then slosh on the other. Wait- [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100 ]



# "I'm Not Broke," says Gloria



"I've enjoyed everything that money can buy," says Gloria, "and it has taught me that *real* things are free"

YOU may recall those front page newspaper headlines which screamed to a nation recently the dire distress of Gloria Swanson.

They told how Gloria was so broke in Europe that she didn't have the price of a ticket back home. And they told it their way, without Gloria having the chance to tell her side of it at all.

But when I brought up the query on those newspaper stories she didn't wax indignant.

She merely shrugged her shoulders.

"That story was so ridiculous," she said, "so utterly unfair that I hate to give it the importance of a denial."

"But," she asked in turn, "why does everyone think being broke is such a horrible thing? Why does everyone put such high value on things which can so easily be swept away by one stroke of Fate?"

"I'm not really broke. How could I be?"

And no one would have doubted that statement if they could have peeped into her palatial suite at one of Park Avenue's swankiest hotels.

"But I have a few opinions on the subject," Gloria explained. "I've been living in Europe where people are on the mend after their financial disaster. They've already gone through it and it has been a wonderful experience to my foreign friends.

"People have learned the real values of life from this financial upheaval. Every last one of us has curtailed expenses, cut out extravagances, let ourselves think normally and sanely for the first time in years.

"You see, I know all about being poor. I was terribly poor while I was struggling for a place in filmdom. I know all about doing without things and wanting them terribly. But now that I have tasted the sweets of life, literally have en-

joyed everything money can buy, I know now that there is a relative value to both states. That's why if I were to go broke tomorrow, I could fill the gap of money artificiality with the real things of life which are free."

Gloria was wearing a simple little gown of chartreuse satin, a dainty bit of French finery which she admitted she had picked up at a bargain.

"Don't think I'd ever attempt to tell the world how to run itself. And I hope I don't give that impression. But really, you just can't ignore the simple beauty of living, once you've absorbed that spirit in Europe. Just to get up mornings and know that my baby will smile at me; just to walk to my window and know that the sun will be shining and that there will be flowers blooming in my garden is heavenly to me.

"I'VE never had that sort of thrill in my whole life before. I always thought, like millions of other people, that you had to keep going places and doing things to be really happy.

"And now that my life with Mike is so wonderfully happy I feel as if my real life has just begun. I had to go through so many disappointments, so many heartbreaking disillusionments in order to see what is before me now. I think that's how we learn to appreciate the finer beauties of life such as culture, and quiet contentment. These things cost so little in actual money

value; they seem to be earned by contrasts and experiences. And the best part is that when we once acquire this art—the art of living—we never can lose it no matter what financial disaster happens all around us."

And this brought us back to the original subject of whether Gloria was broke or not.

"I dislike terribly to discuss money," Gloria said, and she didn't say it in any high-hat manner, either. She really is [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 83 ]

And tells a few  
inside secrets  
why she is happy

By Virginia Maxwell



# Jackie Is Head Man

How would the average nine-year-old play a life rôle of family supporter?

*By Harry Lang*

TAKE an average, everyday American boy, nine or ten years old—

Give that boy, quite suddenly, such wealth as not one little boy in ten million might ever expect to possess. Make that boy "head of the house"—head, and sole wage-earner of a household which includes himself, his mother, his grandmother, his uncle, two servants. . . .

Imagine him "being made a fuss over" by famous people like Joan Crawford, Tallulah Bankhead, Wallace Beery, Richard Dix.

Imagine him seeing his own picture staring at him from billboards, newspapers, magazines.

What, do you suppose, would all this do to that child?

We have, in the making before our eyes today, precisely such a boy and such a situation.

The boy is Jackie Cooper. Incidentally, that is not his real name. He was christened Richard.

He was born in Los Angeles. His mother is a young woman whose professional name is Mabel Leonard. His father, a much older man, was known on the vaudeville stage and in cafes as Johnny Cooper, entertainer.

Jackie Cooper never knew his father. When Jackie was less than three years old, Johnny Cooper walked out of the picture—simply that. Whether he's alive or dead today, Mabel Leonard does not know. She assumes he's dead—because it seems natural that if he were alive, he'd turn up, now that his son is famous. But to date, he hasn't.

Naturally, as soon as Jackie grew old enough, he joined in the family struggle for living money. He either inherited or absorbed enough theatrical ability to qualify, eventually, for Hal Roach's "Our Gang" comedies. From Hal Roach, Jackie's salary was \$50 a week, when he worked.

That brings us to two years ago. They were living then in a pseudo-Spanish bungalow of stucco construction. Jackie's life was already deviating from the normal boy's. Even though he played with his gang—like the usual American boy—and had a thrown-together "club house" in his back yard, he didn't go to school with them.

California, because it has so many movie children, has



Looks like Master Cooper had a large problem on his mind! But what can we expect when he has his art, family and play to consider?

arranged that they need not go to school; their studio work interferes. These movie children may be educated at the studios, while they work, between scenes.

THE law is strict enough. A certain amount of time has to be given to education. Qualified, state-accepted teachers work with the children—between scenes, during those long waits between "takes." They teach the children the same things taught in public schools.

At home Jackie has his private teacher—a sweet, grayish-haired schoolma'am—who comes to the Cooper home at nine o'clock each morning, stays until noon. In those three hours, she tries to give nine-year-old Jackie Cooper the fundamentals of spelling, writing, arithmetic, such elementary studies. It's not easy, because Jackie manages to find repeated more-or-less legitimate excuses for temporary escapes. But that's normal, certainly.

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# CAN



Photomontage By Cushing-Klepser

They have the *esprit de corps* of our overseas doughboys—that great army of the motion picture personnel—from script girl to star and director they march on, undismayed, certain of victory. That is their challenge to “Depression”



# Hollywood "TAKE IT"?

**H**OLLYWOOD has at last discovered that there is a law of compensation. Just as in bonanza days the motion picture industry enjoyed a super-prosperity, so, in depression days, it is suffering an aggravated adversity. For Hollywood has always been the abode of extremes.

Since the inception of the film industry, Hollywood has paralleled a mining camp. With the discovery of the mother-lode it went hog wild. Waste and extravagance were the order of every day.

It did not seem to matter, then. Funds were apparently as inexhaustible as the weird ideas that swallowed them. Literally speaking, Hollywood has always used motion picture money. One million, two millions, as high as seven millions for a single picture; five millions, ten millions for new stages, new mechanisms, new equipment. Nobody stopped to consider how it was to be gotten back. Expansion. Stock issues. Super-supers. Orgies of financing, production and theater accumulation. Then—exhaustion.

Just now, Hollywood is not mincing words. It is calling a spade a spade and itself a fool. The seemingly endless sources of revenue all dried up at once, and Hollywood found itself without a dime for the rainy day. The rainy day dawned like the inevitable morning after. And Hollywood found itself with a fierce financial headache following a prolonged spree.

With the bank holiday virtually all of Hollywood went on half or three-quarter pay.

From colossal extravagance Hollywood turned to cuts. Cut salaries, cut production, cut overhead. Cut everything. Cut to the bone. Cut until it hurt—and then, cut.

One big studio cut all its employees four times, and then, in pursuance to the blanket agreement, cut what was left in half.

Reorganization is the order of the day. Even as in Joseph's dream, the lean years are following hard upon the fat ones. But unlike the Egyptians whom Joseph warned, Hollywood's financial storehouses ran empty.

Can Hollywood "take it"? The crisis has come and the piper must be paid—and what is Hollywood's tune?

**Y**ES, Hollywood is currently feeling the business depression which spread itself like a wet blanket over the entire world. Hollywood is perhaps more acutely affected because its own business is directly reflected by every Paducah Corners everywhere. It is feeling the recent nation-wide bank holiday, which lost to it irretrievable millions in theater admissions. It is feeling its own earthquake, and the resultant losses thereof. It is feeling the weight of that Old Man of the Sea—its debts and extravagances—astride its shoulders. In *toto*, Hollywood is feeling the combination and the culmination of an extraordinary chain of circumstances. And so Hollywood has hit bottom. And because it dropped from such a dizzy height to such a corresponding depth, the shock is all the greater.

To a people who have always lived on black bread and potato soup, a continued diet of black bread and potato soup is no hardship. But Hollywood has always been a community of *hors d'oeuvres* and caviar. Here the mushroomed shacks of the mining camp have been ornate mansions. Hollywood's gold has been resplendent even in her

*By Reginald Tavin*

bathtubs, and she has bathed in milk and honey. She has been the chorus girl on the world stage, beautiful and glittering and bespangled. And now she is reduced to a diet of beans.

How is she taking it? Is there true stamina behind her strident smile? When the frosting is knocked off, what of the cake beneath? What is the spirit of this emergency, and what will determine the future?

Currently, Hollywood's economic condition is little short of chaotic. There can be no question about it, and Hollywood, showman to the core, is the first to admit it. But the show must go on, and Hollywood is working out its own salvation. Its present symptoms are painful, but healthy. It will eat no more green apples, will grandiloquently toss away no more millions. It has learned its lesson, has learned that its mushroom financial growth must be shorn away and replaced by a basically sound foundation.

**N**O business can indefinitely continue spending two dollars for every dollar that comes in. Hollywood has been doing just that for years. And it looked as though the outside sources would never cease pouring in their wealth. But now that the inpouring has ceased, most emphatically Hollywood is left holding the bag.

Previously the bankers had been turning greedy eyes towards the movie bonanza, and their avowed purpose had been to acquire control of it themselves. So they opened up the purse-strings and showered the whole wad into Hollywood's lap. And Hollywood, true to its extravagant self, scattered the gold with lavish hand. Each producing company sought to outdo the other—and did. While they were doing it, the bankers sought to make hay while the sun shone—and did.

When the first crash came, the bankers, pointing to their staggering loans, said that they would assume charge and run things. They did that, too, with the result that the motion picture industry tottered. The bankers thereupon withdrew in haste, drawing their purse-strings tightly shut behind them and leaving Hollywood to paddle its own canoe out of the resultant whirlpool.

At the present time Hollywood's position is identically that of the home owner who, in flush times, assumed a mortgage vastly greater than currently shrunken values are worth. Not content with expanding its film factories with their gigantic

overhead, it reached into the theater field as well, buying chains of houses at peak prices and running them at a loss. Hollywood suffered from a delusion of aggrandisement, dreaming that it had all the money in the world.

**T**HE first step after the debacle was to get rid of these houses with their sky-high leases and cumulative losses. That is why the subsidiary theater companies were the first to go into receiver-ships. By divesting themselves of these theaters, the parent companies hoped to save their production units; but it was too late.

The millions which had been "written off" in the past were not in reality written off at all. Actual losses cannot be just crossed from the books, as Hollywood found out. They must be paid—paid in depleted reserves, overdue loans, shrunken operating capital.

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**T**HIS article, "Can Hollywood 'Take It'?" necessarily goes to press before issues are settled. Yet it would be hard to conceive of a new set of business or economic conditions that would stop or even impede the steps taken for retrenchment and reorganization throughout the entire industry.

The directors and actors cheerfully acquiesced in the pay cuts they were asked to take. At the present writing some of those cuts have been, at least, partially cancelled, and all lost pay may be restored.

Hollywood has been through a terrific ordeal, but no one lost his head or his courage.





"Prosit . . ." hail the laughter boys as they knock glasses in their latest comedy, "The Devil's Brother." Oliver and Stan can really laugh at life's little jokes now for they went through plenty on their way up. But, look out, Laurel's likely to burst out cryin' any minute all over his nice bib

# Tear-Stained Laughter

**W**HERE did Laurel and Hardy find out that tears could be made to pay—as comedy material? How did this inimitable team learn to splice weeping with laughter?

The roars of laughter that greet even their names as they are flashed on the screen are, in a sense, echoes of the poverty, hunger, rebuffs, all but death-dealing blows that made this laughter possible.

Stan and Oliver were total strangers to the kindly fates until Lady Luck made them screen partners. The lives of each are almost as alike as two peas except that Laurel's started in England and Hardy's in America.

Stan was trained in the same school as Charlie Chaplin. The English music 'alls. When barely in his 'teens, Stan trouped with the renowned Charlie in the vehicle that took them both to America—and world fame. Oliver's stage "prep" school was minstrel shows in the "sticks," and small-time vaudeville.

When Stan Laurel's well-to-do father in England sternly said "no" to his becoming a "comic," the boy ran away, determined to arrive on his own.

Because Oliver Hardy's widowed mother down in Georgia had to slave to support five offspring, he joined a barnstorming troupe to ease her burden.

Their persistent jinxes seldom lost sight of either lad after that.

Even today, secure as they are in the cinema's arena of plenty, tears well in Stan's sad eyes as he recalls the times when, penniless in strange lands, he felt his frail body couldn't cling to life

against continued hunger, while a lump rises in Oliver's silvery throat as he speaks of how he, alone and "broke," lay fever-ridden in a cheap lodging house, awaiting the end he believed inevitable.

The smell of grease paint was in Stan's nostrils almost from his first "howling" appearance as a "blessed event" in Ulverson, England, 1895. As a true child of show folks, Stanley Jefferson made his stage debut in a carried-on part. Dressing-rooms were his nursery, theater alleys his playground.

**A**T ten came the urge for a comedy career. The "governor," who was acquiring a chain of theaters throughout Britain, had other plans for his son.

But the fledgling took wing, short-changing his name to Stan Laurel, and bummed his way to London. Here his grit was immediately put to the test.

A clever pantomimist despite his tender age, Stan was limited in his search for work by his father's wide acquaintance among theatrical people. He knew they would report his whereabouts to his family. For twenty months he battled starvation with occasional work. London park benches became his beds. He soon learned where and when the bread-lines formed.

Stan thought he glimpsed sunbeams peeping through the fog when he was signed for a tent show in Holland. But, so eager was he for the opportunity, he failed to notice a clause in the contract—no salaries in case of rain.

And the skies belched water for three whole weeks after his arrival in the land of windmills and wooden shoes!

*By E. R. Moak*



# It took years of heartbreak and hard knocks to give Laurel and Hardy the gift for packing them in with "pathos behind the smile"

A mere kid, stranded, he couldn't speak the language. His back was against the wall. He stood in shop doorways through long, wet nights with odors from bakery basements aggravating his gnawing emptiness. The lad remembered his vision became blurred. Then he collapsed. He came back to consciousness in a hospital. As food restored him to strength, Stan discovered the Dutch authorities intended to deport him. Knowing that this move would restore him to paternal custody, he fled and panhandled his way across the Channel.

Back in London, Stan tripped over a new stumbling block. His father had a private detective agency looking for him. He could look for work only in the very out-of-the-way places.

But, as the fuss over his disappearance let down, Stan got his break with Fred Karno's English Comedians, with Chaplin featured. The pay was only three shillings a day—but he could eat on that. His idea of disguise fooled his dad's sleuths.

**OLIVER HARDY** came into the world in 1892 in a setting very close to show business, or at least very much part of "trouping"—a small hotel in Madison, Georgia, owned by his father. It was his baby home for only eighteen months when his father died. His mother tried to run the business, but mortgage payments far outdistanced the meager receipts. So she took her brood to Atlanta.

When Oliver was five, life handed him his first severe jolt, the start of a long series. His mother had always made her children believe that Santa Claus was a most generous soul, for up to then she had been able, by dint of hard work, to decorate their Christmas tree with several gifts for each. But the sugar bowl bank was empty. Now she was forced to tell them the dream-blasting truth!

"Mother did what she thought was the square thing," Oliver sadly reminisced, "but we were so young to be disillusioned—and there were so many blows awaiting us later on."

The incident stands out to Hardy, the man, as vividly as it did to Oliver, the child. It accounts for the loads of presents he now sends to Los Angeles orphanages every Christmas!

At six he was a newsboy in Atlanta, collecting extra pennies singing for his customers. At ten a roving minstrel outfit billed him as "the boy tenor."

Beaten and starved by drunken members of the company, the boy was not a minstrel long. He stood the abuse as long as he could because of his mother's urgent need for his contributions. But, when his chunky body became a mass of bruises and cuts, he took French leave, returning to Atlanta in a box car.

**W**ITH his mother employed and his brothers and sisters doing odd jobs, Oliver was able to go back to school. But his vacations were spent in vaudeville.

Oliver's bulk belied his young years, so he had fairly frequent singing jobs in Atlanta cabarets. They helped him through high school and two years of law study in the University of Georgia.

He had not yet attained voting age when the family money problem made him put away his law books and head for New York in search of gold on the stage.

Broadway stage doors opened to him for try-outs which didn't become engagements, so he turned movieward as an extra.



Fifteen months old, and wasn't this chubby fellow already hinting at the Oliver Hardy of today?



Stan Laurel posed for this at the ripe age of two. But even then didn't he show a hint of the picked-on Stan who's such a riot today?

Hiking through a blizzard from a studio to save the carfare that meant cheese and crackers to him, he caught a heavy cold, awakening next morning in his five by seven hall room, too sick to lift his head off the roll of clothing that served as pillow. There he fought off delirium as his condition grew worse. He was afraid to call for help; the hawk-faced landlady would demand the already overdue rent.

For seventy-two hours he tossed on the hard, narrow bed, his temperature mounting rapidly, his parched throat craving water that was not to be had. Then he lapsed into unconsciousness.

In that grim plight a pal, in New York for a holiday, found him, and rushed for a doctor. Pneumonia had almost got him.

In 1911 Karno booked passage on a cattle boat for his fourteen comedians, including Chaplin and Laurel, and sent them to America. Stan's pay jumped [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106 ]



# She Even Laughs Off LANDSLIDES



Trust Marion Davies! Faced with overwrought nerves, she saved the day—with a wisecrack

room. She was kind, she was sweet, she saw that they were cared for while the doctors were on their way—

—and then that God-given sense of humor for which Hollywood loves her, came to the front.

Marion grinned the Irish kid's grin of hers, made a startling unexpected wisecrack (you'll read *that* later). For a moment, there was astonished silence. The victims of the slide stared at her for a moment, then the man chuckled. His wife smiled broadly. Forgetting their shock, their pain in the panacea of a laugh, the man came right back at Marion with a wisecrack to match her own! He laughed, his wife laughed, Marion laughed, everybody laughed.

And when the doctors arrived, they had little to do save patch up a cut or two,

fix up some bruises, and say: "Well, it's a good thing they saw a *laugh* in it—because if they hadn't been able to give vent to their shock in laughter, it might have laid them cold, with serious consequences. Shock is often more dangerous than actual injury."

So let's begin at the beginning of this bizarre interview.

FIRST, an "inside" fact: The reason you've not seen many interviews with Marion Davies is simply that, next to Garbo, she's about the toughest person in Hollywood to get to talk. For publication, that is. Though it's not generally known. Because, unlike Garbo, the Davies' reticence hasn't been publicized, made publicity capital of as has Greta's. But it's there. It's not because Marion doesn't like people, but simply because, in the presence of an interviewer, she becomes as embarrassed, as self-conscious, as tongue-tied, as a little boy at his first party. So she dodges them.

But even more than she's self-conscious and interview-shy, she's a wonderfully good sport. And loves to do things for other people. So your interviewer played a trick on her. He knew, as Hollywood does, that she's always laughing, never "moody" like so many other stars; that she is noted for her cheeriness, her jollity on the set. So he said to her:

"Marion, this is a swell time to help people cheer up. It's 'Depression' and there are a [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

"Laugh and the world laughs with you," is Marion Davies' remedy for all ills. Don't you think she looks it here, as she will appear in "Peg O' My Heart"?

THIS was the *darnedest* interview . . . . !

You see, when you go to talk with a beautiful movie star in her own home on a quiet Sunday afternoon, you certainly *don't* expect to have a hundred and fifty-foot cliff come thundering down in a terrific landslide to the very front door. Or to have two terrified utter strangers, who'd been watching you from atop the hundred and fifty-foot height one moment, dumped the very next at your feet in a welter of dirt and dust and bruises and excitement?

Yet that's *exactly* what happened in the middle of this interview with Marion Davies, at her California beach home at the base of the Santa Monica Palisades!

And oddly coincidental though it may seem, the accident (in which only one of those inexplicable miracles saved the two victims from death or serious injury!) gave Marion a perfect chance to prove the truth of the philosophy she'd just been expounding!

It was like this: Marion had just been saying that to her, a laugh was one of the most worthwhile things in life, and the best medicine. At that moment came the landslide, and two bruised, shocked, stunned people—a Los Angeles dentist and his wife—were carried into the Davies home, nearest to the accident. Not knowing how seriously they were hurt, the two were as near collapse as two people might be; the experience was, naturally, terrifying. Then Marion entered the

By Harry Lang





Clarence Sinclair Bull

**J**OHN BARRYMORE stops between shots to quaff a bit of cooling refreshment as he explains a trick of technique to Diana Wynyard. Together in Metro's "Reunion in Vienna," they make a charming team and we may be seeing them often. Diana plays a Continental lady and surely looks the part while John is a gallant, chivalrous officer





Wm. Grimes

**T**O the manner born—these two young aristocrats of Hollywood, kingdom of make-believe. “Wie gehts?” says Baron von Gable. “*Tres bien*,” replies Count de Montgomery, flashing the famous smile. “How’s for a canter in the hills?” . . . “I’m right with you, buddy,” replies Baron Clark, “if my horse isn’t in hock. Hang that pay-cut!”





Don English

**H**ERE he is—the actor who's flamed romantic gossip in Hollywood—Brian Aherne, borrowed from the stage at last, after refusing movie offers for three years. He's watching Marlene make up for "The Song of Songs," in which they play opposite each other. Miss Dietrich seems to be enjoying those feminine frills after her famous orgy of trousers





Mac Julian

“AND what is so rare as a day in June—Then if ever come perfect days—Heaven tries earth if she be in tune—And over her gently her warm ear lays.” Even without verse, Doug Jr. could be inspired on a day like this, far out to sea, on location with Patricia Ellis. They’re doing “The Narrow Corner” together—the sort of picture Doug loves



# Arliss Puts His Foot Down

By  
Ruth  
Biery

**B**ETTE DAVIS and Orry-Kelly, designer of women's clothes for First National pictures, laid the drawings for Bette's wardrobe in "The Working Man" (recently released) before Mr. Arliss. Just as he must approve the scripts, so he must okay the wearing apparel of each member of the cast. He pulled one toward him and adjusted his monocle.

"What is this for?"

"Pajamas."

"Umph. I don't like them. A woman should be feminine. Make Miss Davis a nightgown. A lacy, feminine nightgown."

Bette knew Mr. Arliss objected to bedroom scenes—even innocent ones—and had thought pajamas would make her more modest. She timidly attempted to explain. Mr. Arliss did not seem to comprehend. Women would not wear the pants in his productions.

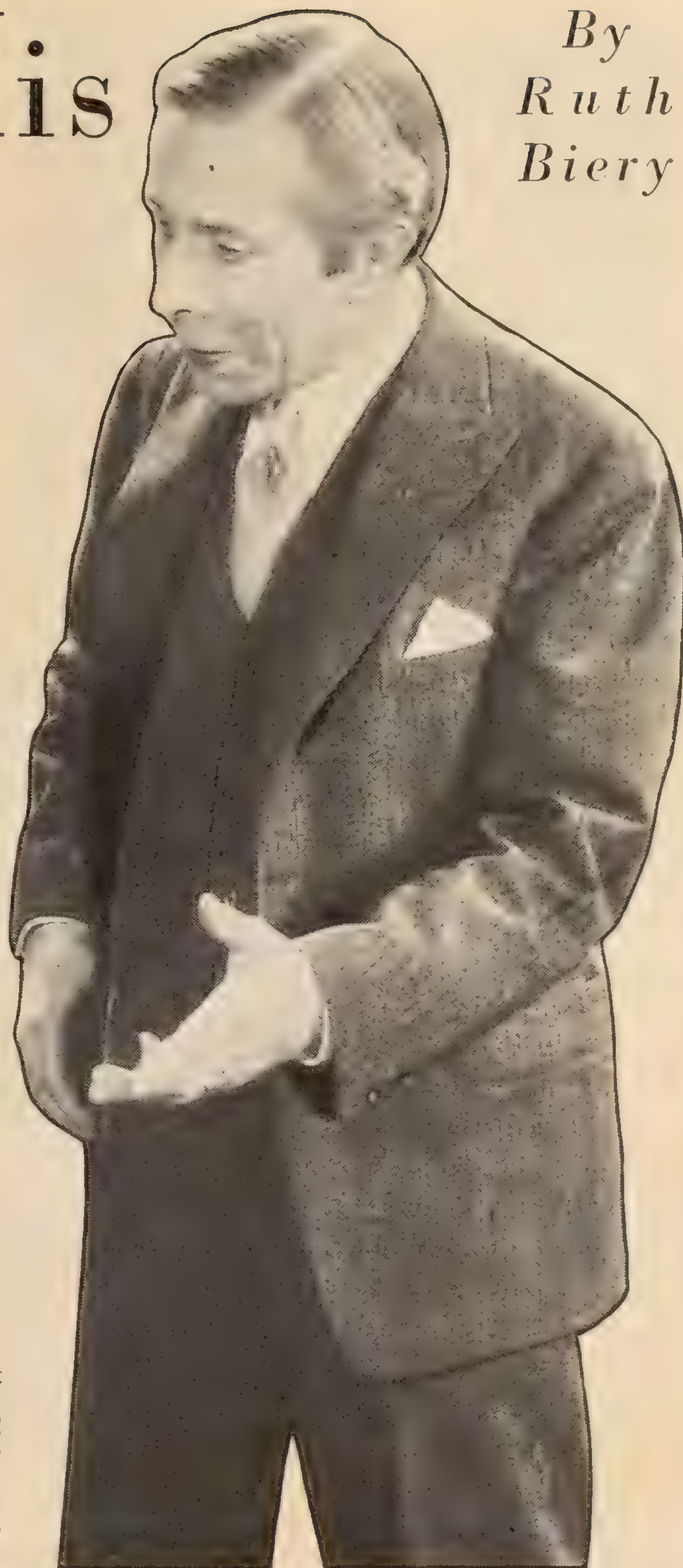
Bette wears a "nightie" with high collar and ribbon bows!

No fish or animals in an Arliss script. The honorable Englishman has expended a modest fortune in helping humane societies.

And there are no scenes where he eats meat. He and Mrs. Arliss are vegetarians, you'll remember.

A portrait of a woman who is supposed to be Bette Davis' mother in her girlhood hangs over the mantel piece in "The Working Man." The studio employed a high-priced

An Arliss film must be as he wants it. Thoroughly moral! This scene with Bette Davis, from "The Working Man," is typical of Arliss' attitude in such matters



artist to paint a picture of Bette in old-fashioned clothes that the portrait might be truly realistic.

Mr. Arliss glanced at it and ordered it removed. He didn't wish to imply that an old man was falling in love with a girl young enough to be his daughter! Furthermore, he did not believe there would be such an exact likeness between mother and daughter.

**W**HEN Arliss was inspecting the script for "Alexander Hamilton," he came upon a bedroom scene between himself and June Collyer. Mr. Arliss shook his head. No bedroom scenes in his pictures.

Although he had played this scene with Jeanne Eagels on the stage and taken the young lady to an apartment, pictures were different. People chose their plays. They had their movie entertainment thrust upon them.

The script was changed. June Collyer called to him from the top of the stairs to come and get his cloak. They would cut at the door of the bedroom.

Again, Mr. Arliss shook his head. The bedroom door was too obvious. They would cut at the top of the stairs.

When the scene was actually taken, they cut at the bottom of the stairs. His foot on the lowest stair was the only indication Mr. Arliss would give that he might be approaching a lady's bedroom!

Here is a list of Mr. Arliss' principal leading ladies: Doris Kenyon; June Collyer; Alice Joyce; Mrs. George Arliss; Mary Astor. Of course, he chooses them and we need not [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99 ]





Irving Lippman

What, is the screen's newest bad boy up to his tricks at lunch hour? Ah, no. Jack LaRue took a rôle George Raft thought too hot to handle; but off-duty — well, he and Joyce Compton "say it with ice water"

"The Little Giant" and his son, and, of course, the latter's mother. Edward G. Robinson, who is doing the title rôle in a film of that name, in the center the real "little giant" in the case, Edward Robinson, Jr., born in New York City, March 19. A real chip of the old block?



Cosmo-Sileo

# Cal York

## Announcing-

**W**HEN Marlene Dietrich fell from her horse in a scene she was doing for "The Song of Songs," she picked herself up and went on with the picture.

That night—nausea. Doctors called. A temperature of 103. A slight concussion. Nevertheless, she tried to work on the morrow. Relapse. The concussion passed off, leaving no ill effects. Proving that Marlene is in tip-top physical condition. And, of course, one of those who worried the most was Brian Aherne, her leading man. And—but half the men in Hollywood worry about Marlene if she even sneezes.

**T**HE day after Bob Young slipped away and married his girlhood sweetheart—his salary was cut fifty per cent.

Words are unnecessary!

Although Bob did say, "This is the case where two will *have* to live more cheaply than one!"

**W**HAT about Marlene Dietrich's plans for German pictures now, Hollywood wondered, when Josef Von Sternberg came back to Hollywood.

Marlene is credited with the statement that she intended leaving America for good and all in order to join Von Sternberg in Germany, and make German pictures.

And here was Josef back before Marlene even finished her current picture, "The Song of Songs."

Marlene is changing her mind about Hollywood these days. Maybe the uncertain acceptance of the German people in contrast to the certain adulation of the American people may be the reason.

At any rate, Josef Von Sternberg is on his way to the Orient and Marlene seems more contented than ever in America.

**T**O you, George Bernard Shaw, but to Kathryn Carver (Mrs. Adolphe Menjou) he's plain "Georgie." That's how she addressed him in Hollywood, and the royal mountebank loved it. Kathryn and Adolphe met Shaw in Europe, and so learned the trick of dulling the great wit's sting.

**D**IANA WYNYARD bit John Barrymore's hand. And John didn't like it, apparently. It was the big party scene in "Reunion in Vienna." That bit of business where John

presents his princely paw to Diana Wynyard for the customary salute.

The young lady promptly bites the hand instead of kissing it as the *Prince* obviously expected.

Well, it was done once, but not to the director's liking.

The second time Mr. Barrymore put on a much more spirited performance—so much so that he accidentally slapped Miss Wynyard with the back of his hand and disconcerted her so that she was completely bowled over.

Why, Mr. Barrymore, and you such a gentleman, too!

**G**ARBO fell off her diet, and Dietrich fell off her horse . . . What will Hepburn have to fall off of, to make good?

**T**HE broken romance between Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., had its humorous side, too.

Just as Joan had called in reporters for the story, in walked a friend from Paris to make a visit.

"Go to your room," Joan said.

"W-what?" the visitor gasped.



# The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!



Janet's first kiss—no, not just that, but it's the first screen love scene between *la* Gaynor and her newest leading man, Henry Garat, from France. We'll see it all soon, in Janet's next film, titled "Adorable"



By that look in your eye, Georgie Shaw, we know a wise-crack is coming Marion Davies' way! But Marion is famous herself at repartee. Charlie Chaplin, Louis B. Mayer and Clark Gable are entertaining the celebrated Irish wit at an M-G-M studio luncheon tendered G.B.S.

"Go to your room, please, at once. And don't come out until I tell you."

And amidst all the excitement, hubbub and mad telephoning that went on in that house, the guest sat in his room, thoroughly convinced that Joan had gone stark mad.

The next morning at ten o'clock Joan suddenly remembered him. He was still dazed. And almost starved.

A WOMAN reporter opened a New York interview with Connie Bennett thus: "Gloria Swanson told me, Miss Bennett, what type of men interested her and I wondered if you—"

Did you hear the door slam? The reporter did.

Just the echo of that incident when the Marquis passed from Gloria to Connie.

IT'S a strange coincidence that Gloria Swanson and her husband, Michael Farmer, should arrive in Hollywood exactly at the same time as Connie Bennett and her husband, the Marquis.

Since Connie's marriage to Gloria's former husband, things have been slightly strained, to say the least, between the two.

And are Hollywood hostesses up against a delicate problem?

AND there's the fellow who came out of the theater after seeing "King Kong."

"Huh," he grumbled, "no Mickey Mouse."

OBSERVERS are agreeing that Mae West is one of the biggest box-office draws in motion pictures.

Yet some Paramount executives seem to feel that the public may want a change of pace; the customers might not want to see another *Lady Lou*.

Not so Mae. She has written her own shows and her own songs, and thinks she knows her own stuff.

It is now suggested that she play the rôle of Catherine the Great of Russia.

If you have read about Catherine the Great, you can realize just how good Mae would be in that rôle.

MAE WEST finds her pen as mighty as her wink so she's set herself down and has written another picture called, "I Am No Angel."

DIRECTOR Clarence Brown and Alice Joyce were secretly married in Virginia City, Nev.

Brown divorced his first wife in 1927, and Alice divorced James Regan, Jr., the early part of this year.

WILLIAM SEITER, director, appeared at the studio with a bunged-up nose.

"What's the matter, Bill?" a friend asked. "Someone pop you?"

"No," snapped Bill. "I caught it just as the bank door slammed in my face."

DIVORCE from her husband Lydell Peck seems to have given Janet Gaynor a new happiness. Also, her screen work with the French find, Henry Garat, went through smoothly.

She's still sticking to her Garboish imitation. "No interviews to anyone. They can say what they please, but they can't quote me."

Incidentally, Janet never worries about money. She has never spent an unnecessary nickel. Most of them are entrusted to Uncle Sam.





What can beat a nice rest between scenes—even if it's taken, back to a board? They had to rig this for Marlene Dietrich while filming "The Song of Songs." That period costume, you see, was laced too tightly to permit resting in a more conventional way. Oh, what a life!

**C**HARLIE CHAPLIN intimates he will start another picture—a silent one—very soon. With Paulette Goddard as his leading woman.

**T**HERE was a moment of hushed silence on the Fox lot when Lilian Harvey strolled onto the Janet Gaynor set.

Carpenters and electricians, high above, noticed them exchange a few words and then deliberately turn their backs on each other.

Suspense.

And then they heard Janet say to a passing prop boy.

"Please measure us and see who is the taller."

Oh, that gasp of relief!

**T**HE Estelle Taylor-John Warburton romance is off.

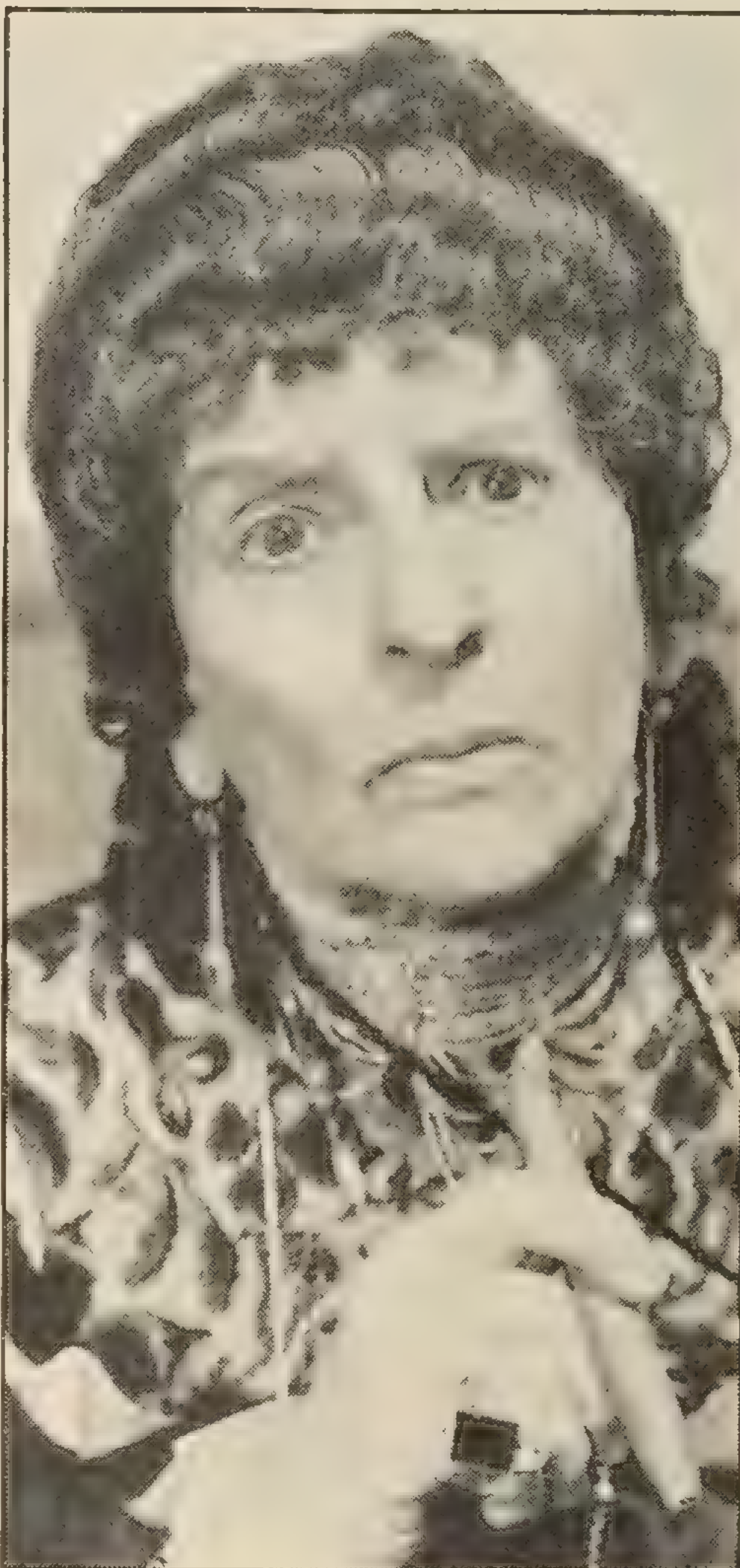
It seems John became very obstreperous at a party with Estelle and wanted to wrestle everyone. Estelle refused to see him again.

"I've been married to a heavyweight," Estelle told him, "and I'd never be contented with a lightweight."

**C**ONNIE BENNETT came home without any clothes from Paris. A patriotic move connected with "Buy American."

Wonder if the Marquis's patriotism includes "Buy French"!

**T**HEY are a nervous family, Al Jolson and his wife, Ruby Keeler, when she's making pictures. But Al's more nervous than she.



May Robson! We thought only mountain ladies did that! Of course, if "Reunion in Vienna" calls upon you to smoke cigars, you'll have to. But tell us—is it the first puff or the script that's responsible for that "My, what will happen next" expression?

So, Joan! Franchot Tone is your brother in "Today We Live," and your dancing partner at the Beverly Wilshire! We'll say it would be harder to find one more agreeable, after seeing his first appearances on the screen. He has all the flair of—well, you guess who he's like!

Al, himself, is as fearless before an audience as any actor can be. He does all the worrying for his wife.

The fact is, Al didn't want Ruby to go into pictures at all. So Jack Warner took a contract along one evening when he was going to a dinner party. He had it all fixed to sit next to Mrs. Jolson and got her signature without hubby knowing it. Result: Ruby's fame in "42nd Street."

**W**ILL POGANY, artist and designer, says he has come to expect the same answer from everyone he asks:

"Do you draw or paint?"

Ninety-nine per cent will reply, "No, I can't even draw a straight line."

Alan Dinehart was the exception when he answered, "I can't even paint my own face!"

**T**HE billing of that tremendous success, "42nd Street," has been somewhat altered by public acclaim.

It's no longer, Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, etc. Today, it's Ruby Keeler, Bebe Daniels, etc.

Which proves again that it's the public, first and last, that makes the stars.

**W**ATCH out for the new Modernistic Girl in Hollywood. The girls on the "Melody Cruise" set all wear cellophane slacks with





Yes, marital bliss seems to set well with you both, Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton! And if Hollywood and the public are all dithery about it, why should you care, so long as that is so? Still, you did have us a bit excited, when the first news of your marriage burst upon us all!

designs painted on them. A few hours with the sun shining through the cellophane, and the girls are coated a lovely tan. But the painted designs on the cellophane leave white designs on their bodies giving a strange tattooed effect.

It's a new idea, girls. Why not try it?

**PATSY WOOLSEY** (daughter of Bob and Mrs.) has acquired a poise, coupled with the simple directness often found in children, that is charming.

At a party given for Jerry Hoffman's little daughter, Marilyn, Patsy walked in and said:

"Here's your present! Where's my ice cream and cake?"

**OLD CAL** doesn't know what to say about Doug and Joan.

The alienation of affections suit Jorgen Dietz filed against Doug undoubtedly gave Joan the opportunity she had wanted for months.

She and Doug had agreed nearly a year ago that they must part.

But it was a thing they could not quite make up their minds to do.

She insists she has no thought of getting a divorce and yet there are rumors of an impending divorce in Mexico.

At the moment, Doug and Joan are seeing each other infrequently. Her birthday came within a couple of weeks after their separation and she celebrated it at a family dinner with



They simply can't stop a Rogers even when he's out to play polo! "No sir," says Will, "and see this nice cup each of us Cub fellers got for licking those Colts, 10 to 7? But gosh, am I glad to get out of those polo duds and back to my own fittin's! It's a relief, folks"

When you've got a date for singing to South America, you must get on with it, cold or no cold. So here's Bebe Daniels bucking up to it with plenty of hot coffee in the broadcasting station, as Charlie Farrell voices sympathy. Trust Bebe to go through with what she starts!

her mother, brother, and Doug. A few nights later she and Doug went dancing at the Beverly Hills hotel, but the following night she was at the Ambassador Cocomat Grove with Franchot Tone.

**ROMANCING . . .** Eric Linden and Frances Dee have been spotted by Cupid . . . Ernst Lubitsch, at one time engaged to Ona Munson, is taking Joycelyn Lee around. . . The dark-eyed Raquel Torres and fair-haired Gene Raymond make an interesting couple as they go places together.

Rudy Vallee is again singing "I'm Just a Vagabond Lover," since his wife Fay Webb and he separated. For the time being they have arranged a financial settlement with the divorce date not yet set. Friends say the differences arose when Fay had to sit home alone while Rudy toured the country with his sax. Fay is now in California.

H. B. Warner, veteran screen actor, has been granted a divorce from Rita Stanwood, former stage star. They were married in 1915 and separated in 1931. Mrs. Warner's neglect of her home and staying out late nights were given as the reasons for the divorce. Under an out-of-court agreement they retain joint custody of their three children.

Dorothy Dunbar (remember her in pictures in 1926?) has filed suit for divorce from her third husband, Max Baer, heavyweight boxing contender. She charged Max with extreme cruelty.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86 ]



# So Clara Did Paris

And had other adventures  
besides in *La Belle France*

**L**AST month in PHOTOPLAY, you'll remember, Clara Bow selected from her European diary an account of the scenes and incidents which impressed her most.

For this reason, we're disregarding, to some extent, her itinerary, and presenting the diary practically backwards, as you can see by the dates. The St. Moritz diary we published first, because she liked that part of her holiday best. Editor's Note.

Jan. 6th.—Hi-ho, Gay Paree! We went to one of those cute little restaurants in a side street for lunch today. I ate snails and liked them. I had pressed duck, also. Supposed to be something like the twenty-five thousandth duck they'd served there since the place opened. Rex said, "Punkin, I never thought you'd come to this," and I said, "When in Paris, eat as the Parisians do."

And when in Paris, try to order your meals in French was my motto. But I guess I'd better change my mind.

Gee, these French waiters and maids are the dumb clucks. Lost my temper good and plenty yesterday. Started reading my order from the menu in French and that *garçon* just stood there with his mouth open—and kept on repeating in French, "What is it Madame wishes?"

I said, "Can't you understand me?" But he kept standing there with a pencil in one hand ready to take the order and his clean napkin in the other, shaking his head in a kind of silly way and smiling so politely. Everybody is always smiling here—you never know whether they are mad or glad. It gives you a very funny feeling.

Well, he upset me so, standing there, that I started talking loud. Then he got mad and started shouting back. "I guess,"

"I was kind of crying—I could see those men so clearly, lying in the trenches. . . . A barbed wire ripped my boot from the ankle up to the knee"



I remarked, "if you can't understand French there's no use trying English on you. Do you think you would get me if I pointed?"

Finally, the head waiter came and apologized, and took the order himself in English. . . . Foreigners are funny.

Took a rubber neck cruise around town—only we rode in one of those terrible Paris taxis. They feel as if they're going to come apart any moment. When the driver takes a corner on one wheel, you feel as if you're going to come apart.

Saw Napoleon's tomb and those gardens near the Louvre where the fountains are all lit up at night and look like a carnival. Saw lots of old-fashioned pictures in the Louvre. Some of the colors were wonderful, but you get so tired walking down miles of dingy corridors. I'll take my art in small doses after this.

I had to see Paree from the top of the





ILLUSTRATED BY  
FRANK DOBIAS

"Took a rubber-neck cruise in one of those terrible Paris taxis. They feel as if they were going to come apart just any moment"



"He stood there shaking his head in a kind of silly way and smiling so politely. 'I guess,' I remarked, 'if you can't understand French there's no use trying English on you' "

Eiffel Tower. Then we drove through the Bois (which means woods—only it's just an ordinary park). I got out and walked by one of those lakes there.

Gee, but it gets cold in Paris. We were so frozen by four o'clock that we had to stop at Rumpelmayer's for hot chocolate and those little cakes. Oh boy, what will my figure be like when I get home!

Jan. 7th.—It's very funny how in Gay Paree all the men insist on "keensing ze hand and making ze compliments magnifiques." I always wanted to say like the girl in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"—a kiss on the hand is nice, but a diamond wrist-watch lasts forever. Only I didn't because I thought that might hurt their feelings.

Over here they laugh at such different things. We've been to two shows already which everybody said were the swellest in Paris. Supposed to be funny, with grand music and knock-out choruses. One was the "Folies Bergeres." They think Americans won't die happy without seeing this at least once.

Well, all I can say is: "Was my face red?" Oh boy, Will Hays ought to come over here and "geeve a look." He'd never be so hard on poor Hollywood after that. I thought the show was very embarrassing. . . .

The other show with Josephine Baker wasn't so bad—but I couldn't rave. I'll take a Broadway stage hit any time now and be perfectly satisfied. I guess the entertainment is different in every country you strike. I guess what we're used to seems best to us. Anyway, it's American humor for me every time!

Jan. 8th.—There was an old man who kept writing up to us at the George V Hotel. Said he was starving and that his wife and children were destitute, and wouldn't I help him.

We keep on getting letters like this every day. Because over here people seem to think that all American movie stars are multi-millionaires who ride around in a different colored Rolls-Royce every day and light their cigarettes with ten dollar bills. We were swamped with requests, and I had to turn them over to a stenographer. . . .

But the letters from that old man kept bothering me. They seemed different from the rest—more sincere. I kept thinking about him at night. Tried to picture him to myself. Worried so I could hardly sleep. . . . So one day I said to Rex: "Honey, we've got to ask this old guy up here to our place." And Rex said, "Anything you say, Punkin."

So one day when Rex and I were staying in because the weather was so bad, the old man came up.

He was sixty years old, with a face like a saint. White beard and deep, sort of fiery eyes. He talked seven languages and you could see he was terribly well educated. When he started to tell us his story, how his wife was so sick and undernourished; how he had one son who was deaf and dumb; and how they owed forty dollars rent—I almost broke down. He was sincere, there was no doubt about it. I've been fooled so many times now, I think I can tell the fakers from the real ones.

Between us, we managed to [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102 ]





Sylvia

# How Sylvia Cured

*AGAIN Sylvia tells how a distressing problem yielded to her skilled treatment—this time for Helen Twelvetrees, who was in danger of ruining her film chances through incessant crying. And, as always, Sylvia explains how you can use the same treatments right in your home, should you need them.*

*Also, Sylvia has agreed to place the skilled knowledge that made her America's most famous physical culturist and masseuse, at the disposal of all PHOTOPLAY readers who want health advice. On page 84 you'll find full particulars. Read now how easily you can have America's most expert help on your problems.*

**T**HE first time I ever saw Helen Twelvetrees her face was all red and swollen. Had that girl been crying!

She had just signed a contract with the Pathe Studios and you'd have thought she would have been happy about it, but she wasn't. Helen had had a bitter experience at another studio. She had had the usual ballyhoo that they give a new contract player, but she just didn't click. It wasn't Helen's fault. She had bad stories and yet she couldn't get it out of her head that she was a failure. But that wasn't the only reason for turning on the tears.

She was divorcing her husband and what she told me about that! But giving advice on marriage wasn't my job just then. I had a job, and a big one. I was working for the studio and had to get Helen to look okay. From all the worrying and the crying she was nervous and run down, and she certainly couldn't have gone before the camera with that swollen face.

I didn't have to take off any flesh. She was plenty thin at the time—except for her legs and ankles—but I had to take the crying lines out of that beautiful face of hers. It was a little different from anything I had done before and I want to tell you all about it, for so many people right now are unhappy. So listen to me, you girls who have to let off steam every now and then with a good cry—you mustn't forget to take care of your faces in distressing times like these. Now I'm going to tell you how I treated Helen Twelvetrees.

As I told you her face was swollen and red with crying; yet every muscle was tense because she knew that having failed at another studio she simply *had* to make good at Pathe. My job was to get her in shape to do her work. I had to relax as well as stimulate the glands of the face and I'll tell you how, so you can do the same.

First of all, clean the face with a good cold cream—and right here let me tell you one thing, use the best and purest cream you can buy. That doesn't always mean the most expensive cream—but be sure it is good! Then with cold cream on the fingertips begin massaging the back of the neck. That's the way to begin a facial always—that relaxes the muscles. Dig



Helen Twelvetrees acting distress in "Her Man." But it was when Helen took to looking like this in real life, that a hurried call went out for Sylvia's help

in hard at the back of the neck and work down the back to the shoulder blades. Then with the flat of the hand rub the neck very gently just under each ear and work across the shoulders, with the flats of the hands, digging into the back muscles with the fingertips. Do you get the idea? You'll begin to feel better at once!

Now put some fresh cold cream on your hands and with the palms of both hands rub from the tip of the chin down to the breast bone, cupping your hands underneath the chin, but never digging the fingers into the throat; and that is also grand for double chins. It will make your neck nice and firm, too.

Now that you're relaxed, you can start on that weepy face. Put cold cream on the two middle fingers of each hand and very gently, in a rotary movement and working upwards, begin at the chin bone and go to the cheek bone all over the face. At the cheek bone carry this movement outwards to the temples. Doesn't that make you feel good?

In the same way, with those two middle fingers, gently massage the upper lip.

Helen Twelvetrees' nose used to get all swollen from weeping, and here's how to handle that. With those same middle two fingers rub down the middle of the nose to the tip and then on each side of the nose, letting the fingers move gently out to the temple. Very gently model the nose as if it were just so much putty—and that's what it looks like after a cry.

**N**OW for the eyes. Be sure to take cold cream off the fingers and don't let any cream get into your eyes. Very gently, with the eyes shut, tap the lids with your fingers, working from the nose outwards. At the corners of the eyes use the rotary movement again. Then with the thumbs press hard above the nose on each side, just under the eyebrows. When you feel a slight pain you'll know you are on the right spot, then gently carry the thumbs underneath the eyebrows and press again hard on the temples.

Now with your whole hand on your forehead pull the skin upwards and with your two fingers massage gently right



# "HOLLYWOOD'S MOST MELANCHOLY GIRL"

Read Sylvia's  
answers to other  
girls on page 84  
—and how you  
may obtain help

between the eyebrows to take away those frown wrinkles; but be sure that one hand is holding the skin tight.

And there, girls, you have a facial that is a facial! Take a look at yourself in the mirror. Don't you look fine? But wait a minute! I'm not through with you yet. Remove the cold cream and splash ice cold water on your face. Don't be afraid of that cold water. Take handfuls of it and throw it in your face.

*NOW* look at yourself in the mirror. When your face can look so soft and relaxed and pretty weren't you a fool to cry? Weren't you silly to screw your face up into a million wrinkles? Well, then, keep your chin up, put a grin on your face and don't let your Aunt Sylvia catch you crying again!

And that's what I used to tell Helen Twelvetrees. She was a peculiar girl, naturally melancholy, naturally quiet and with very few friends. When I first took her she was quite thin; but I knew that she needed to exercise for pep. When I treated her, she



What trace of melancholy can be found in the Helen Twelvetrees of this picture, taken shortly after the time of which Sylvia tells? To the left is a recent glimpse of Helen's latest reason for happiness—her son, Jack Bryan Woody, who was born October 26, 1932



was too rundown to take all the hard whacks I gave her. And she used to yell so that you could hear her all over the lot. So I made her exercise. I did the exercises with her and got her to laughing over some of the funny ones. And that's a good idea for you girls. It's grand to do the exercises with a group of friends, when you can laugh and have a fine time.

Helen used to come into my studio looking as if the weight of the world rested on her shoulders. Then we'd start to exercise and to laugh and when the blood began flowing through her veins, and I made her do the [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84 ]





"Six foot two" of suave, polished European—that was Paul Lukas when he arrived a few years ago. Now he's Americanized—as the informality of this picture may show

# Paul "Goes American"— *and* HOW!

His notion of being a proper citizen can teach many a native what true loyalty is

Paul Lukas thinks this requirement means what it says. He also believes that *willingness* to serve should be backed up by *ability* to serve. So he has joined the National Guard—stands ready to go, without further formality, in case of need.

Most people hold that part of good citizenship is a family—making one's contribution to the future generation. Paul has no children; but his plans include adopting one, as soon as acquisition of final papers gives him the legal right to do so on a basis that will make the child an American citizen. And the child must be American born. Paul insists upon that.

Millions have wanted to become American in order to escape a social thralldom holding them down in the land of their birth. They want a chance to rise socially, as well as economically—and they believe that American citizenship will give that chance.

In his native Hungary, Paul is an aristocrat—belongs to the upper crust. Change of citizenship can't help on that point. So far as social distinction based on "blood" may go, he stands to lose, instead of gain, by swapping over.

So it seems that when Paul says he is after his final papers because he'd rather be American than anything else, he has done a pretty thorough job of backing up his statement with deeds to prove it.

It shows up even plainer, if we drop in on the Lukases, husband and wife, at home, and hear them having it back and forth on the subject of America and Americanism.

"You know how all well-regulated families have one sure-fire, dependable source of argument?" Paul questions, in a sudden aside, after remarking that "Europe suffers from an outworn civilization."

"Sometimes it is where they will spend their vacation—or that clock in the center of the mantel—or the old mother-in-law situation—always some reliable bone of contention that keeps away the dull moments. Well, Daisy and I have one. Ours is 'Europe versus America.'"

We were seated at luncheon in their lovely dining-room. . . . Paul, Daisy Lukas and myself. Paul had finished work in Universal's film "The Kiss Before the Mirror" and was waiting a call on his next picture, "Captured," [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95]

THESE days, when a foreign-born star begins to cast sheep's-eyes toward citizenship papers, cynics smile a cynical smile and say, "Ah, hah! Wanting to hang on to the old pay-check!"

Well—good enough, in some cases, perhaps. It depends on what goes with the application—what the applicant is willing to put behind it. That makes the case of Paul Lukas illuminating.

One requirement for naturalization is attesting one's willingness to defend the country with arms, in case of need. Pay-check patriots don't find that bothersome. They can—and do—say, "Yes, yes," with full knowledge that they will be over military age, or will have a wife, or some other legitimate reason for escaping military service, should war come to the land.

By Ruth Rankin



# Saved By A Hunch

**H**AVE you ever stopped to think how many people admit to having "hunches"? They may not have a superstition under the sun but a hunch is something else again.

It's a funny word. It comes from hunchback, really. There is a gambler's superstition that to touch the hump of a hunchback brings good luck. And so "hunch" has come to mean a sort of subconscious warning—one that if heeded is supposed to bring good luck or prevent calamity.

Among the picture stars are many instances of this one or that one being saved from physical disaster, even death, by following a hunch that was too strong to ignore.

I shall never forget an incident that happened to Bebe Daniels some years ago. The old Montmartre Cafe was at the height of its vogue then and the few tables not occupied by stars and directors at luncheon time were eagerly sought by tourists.

Bebe and myself were having lunch with one or two friends there one day. Suddenly, we became conscious that a man across the room was staring intently at our table. It was quite usual for visitors to gape at the picture players, but we sensed something tense and dramatic in the man's attitude. It was not just the usual curiosity of an enthusiastic picture fan.

As we commented on it, he quickly stood up, walked straight to Bebe, and bowed.

"I hope you will pardon me, madame, but I was so strongly moved I had to speak to you. I don't know who you are nor what you do, but within a short time you are going to be in great danger. You are going to be asked to work on something that is moving rapidly. Please do not do it. It will be disastrous for you."

Again he bowed, and before Bebe could recover herself enough to make reply, he was gone. Naturally, we all thought he was either a crank, or else a friend had bribed him to play a practical joke on Bebe. Bebe forgot about the incident.

**T**HE following week, Bebe and James Hall were doing a scene in a Pullman car. In those days, to get the effect of a fast moving train, a set resembling a Pullman coach was mounted on a fast moving truck.

In driving the truck at great speed through the streets of Pasadena, it turned over. Bebe was pinned under it. For many hours they thought she had concussion of the brain. Fortunately, it was not quite that serious, and she recovered in a short time.

She still insists

It's amazing to hear stars tell of owing careers and lives to a queer premonition

*By May Allison Quirk*

that it was her strangest experience. Bebe has never been known to turn a deaf ear to her own hunches since that time.

Joan Crawford comes pretty near to being "psychic" herself, I would say.

"While we were working on 'Rain' at Catalina Island," she told me, "we tried to come home for week-ends. Some ten or twelve of us would make the trip in a small launch after Saturday's work was finished.

"One Saturday night I had my bag packed and had started from the hotel

to the boat, when suddenly I became almost ill with a feeling of approaching disaster. It was as definite as if someone had walked by my side and said, 'You cannot go home on that boat tonight.' I merely told the members of the company that I had changed my mind and then I returned to the hotel.

"That night the motor of the launch went dead and the small boat battled the waves all night before help arrived. It made a complete nervous wreck of one of my friends who was on board. All of them had a ghastly experience.

"I often have strong presentiments about people, too," she continued. "I had a hunch about Constance Bennett long before we met. From the first introduction ours has been a warm and understanding friendship."

**A**DOLPHE MENJOU admits quite frankly that more than once his life has been saved through some inner warning. He resents the feeling somewhat as it applies to physical danger, for Adolphe doesn't know the meaning of the word "fear." But it has happened too often for him to ignore it.

One instance occurred in London a few years ago. Adolphe made reservations on one of the big planes for crossing the English Channel, and had his luggage sent to the airport.

Then, abruptly, he had the queerest misgivings. He was

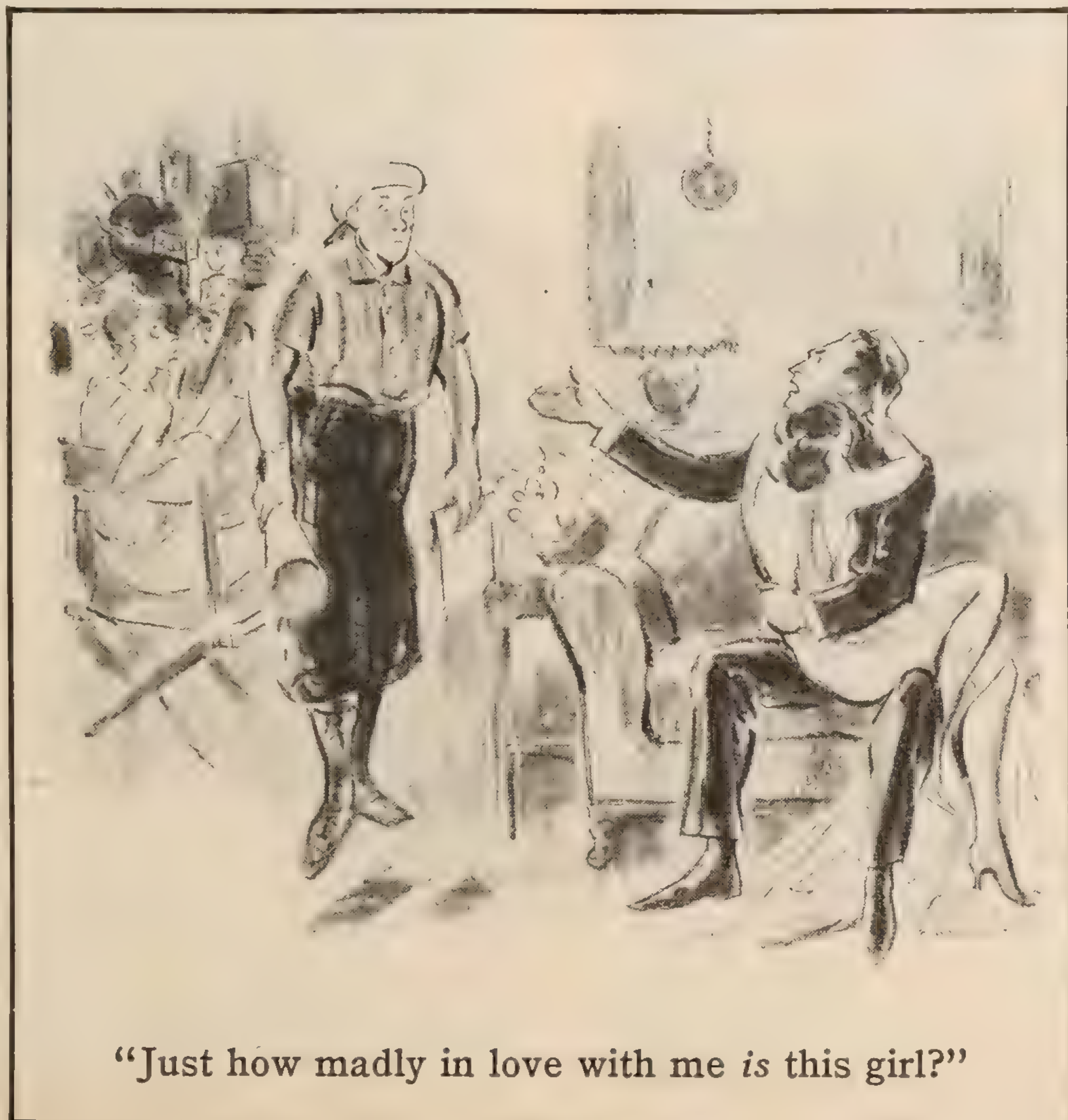
furiously with himself, but no matter how hard he tried to argue against it, he couldn't overcome the feeling of impending tragedy.

He finally cancelled his passage for the plane, feeling resentful and a little sheepish, and took the boat to France. The plane he was to have taken was wrecked over the Channel. Every life aboard was lost.

**J**OEL McCREA believes that not only has his life been spared on several occasions by a subconscious warning, but he feels that his hunch about screen stories has helped him to advance his career to a large extent. Let him tell the most recent incident of physical preservation.

"It occurred while we were busy

[ PLEASE TURN TO  
PAGE 110 ]



"Just how madly in love with me is this girl?"



# Select Your Pictures and You Won't



## ★ TODAY WE LIVE—M-G-M

JOAN CRAWFORD, giving one of her best performances; Gary Cooper, Robert Young and Franchot Tone—that is a fine start for a splendid evening's entertainment. But this cast is backed up by a stirring plot. It is the story of young Britons caught in the vortex of the World War. The combination of cast and plot is topped off in excellent direction by Howard Hawkes. So you have several good reasons for seeing this picture.

For the details we need only say that Joan is engaged to Bob, and they, with her brother (Franchot) are eyes deep in the war, when a rich American (Gary) rents the ancestral home. Cupid smites Joan and Gary. And, of course, you can guess what Gary does in that war-charged atmosphere. A picture you won't forget.



## ★ HELL BELOW—M-G-M

AND above and everywhere else! This is one picture which will hold you at high tension.

Bob Montgomery, junior officer on a submarine, falls in love with the daughter (Madge Evans) of his commander (Walter Huston); the fact that she is already married to a wounded aviator, together with her father's strict disciplinary code, forms the background for the thrills, climaxed by that epic British naval feat, the storming of the Zeebrugge Mole.

The cast is just as big-calibered as the guns and spectacular effects—not to mention the sound effects. Eugene Pallette and "Schnozzle" Durante take splendid care of the comedy, and "Schnozzle's" fight with the kangaroo is grand. You will be lifted clear out of your seat.

# The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

## A Review of the New Pictures



## ★ GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE—M-G-M

FOR its uncannily prophetic foreshadowing of the spirit of President Roosevelt's first month in office—for putting into film, where all may see, what scores of millions think our government should do—and for turning its plot upon a plainly hinted miraculous intervention—this unquestionably will be one of the year's most talked-of pictures.

To start, *Jud Hammond* (played by Walter Huston) becomes President of the United States at the height of the depression—and being a shallow, politically-minded good-fellow, "fiddles while Rome burns," or answers despairing cries with high-sounding "wave the flag" phrases that accomplish nothing. Then a reckless motor accident; death is a matter of hours; and lo! From the death bed comes a new *Jud Hammond*, one who sweeps politicians aside, wrests dictatorial power from Congress, and proceeds to tear into the depression in a way that has the nation breathless.

That gives you idea enough of the story—and if, later, you see *Jud* carrying through projects that (to put it mildly) are highly imaginative, you won't mind, because the message and spirit still ring true.

Here rather let it be said that Walter Huston's great performance is supported by a superb cast, with Karen Morley and Franchot Tone outstanding as his secretaries. By all means, see it!



# Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

## The Best Pictures of the Month

GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE	PICTURE SNATCHER
TODAY WE LIVE	HELL BELOW
PICK UP	THE WORKING MAN
THE DEVIL'S BROTHER	THE LITTLE GIANT
LOOKING FORWARD	

## The Best Performances of the Month

Walter Huston in "Gabriel Over the White House"  
 Jimmy Cagney in "Picture Snatcher"  
 Alice White in "Picture Snatcher"  
 Joan Crawford in "Today We Live"  
 Franchot Tone in "Today We Live"  
 Robert Montgomery in "Hell Below"  
 Madge Evans in "Hell Below"  
 Walter Huston in "Hell Below"  
 George Arliss in "The Working Man"  
 Lionel Barrymore in "Looking Forward"  
 Lewis Stone in "Looking Forward"  
 Edward G. Robinson in "The Little Giant"  
 Ramon Novarro in "The Barbarian"  
 Luis Trenker in "The Rebel"  
 Barbara Stanwyck in "Baby Face"

*Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 111*



### ★ PICTURE SNATCHER—Warners

JIMMY CAGNEY is always sure-fire for fun—but this, in the opinion of many, is Cagney at his best. And to heap the measure to overflowing, he has opposite him his ideal counterpart for this sort of picture—effervescent, fast-stepping Alice White.

This promising team steps into action almost immediately after Jimmy emerges from the penitentiary, convinced that the bed-time stories about what happens to good little boys have some sense to them.

He goes straight—if you call snatching pictures of heart-broken people for a sensational newspaper going straight—and encounters Alice, a free-and-easy sob sister on the sheet. She goes for Jimmy in a big way—and you can imagine the fun when they get trading tokens of affection in the well-known Cagney style.

The knot is tied in the story when Jimmy is bitten by pangs of love for a high-school innocent (Patricia Ellis), only to find that her father is the cop who sent him up. The rest we shall leave to your imagination—but since Cagney, White and Company are in charge, you won't have trouble imagining that it's side-splitting.

For the rest, we may say that the plot, while knitted with standard newspaper and "tough-guy" ingredients, is refreshingly handled, and the dialogue sparkles. Don't miss it!



### ★ PICK UP—Paramount

SYLVIA SIDNEY and George Raft in the kind of picture that both do well. George, a taxi-driver, picks up Sylvia just after she has been released from prison; love blossoms smoothly in their informal home until George is intrigued by a debutante, and Sylvia's convict husband, breaking out of jail, gets after George.

You'll go for Sylvia's efforts to polish her rough diamond, and George's efforts to be the nice farmer boy at the society "kiddie" party.

There's a wallop, too, when hubby's efforts bring all concerned to court; the showdown that results provides a rousing finish.

It's a picture you can well afford to put on your entertainment list.



### ★ THE WORKING MAN—Warners

NOT one risqué situation—not a naughty word—but we dare you not to get some of the biggest laughs you've had so far this season.

Arliss is superb as the irascible American shoe manufacturer, who loves a good fight, a good fishing trip—and his little joke. The pleasantries start when he sees that the orphaned children of his erstwhile most powerful competitor are going to the dogs, taking their shoe factory with them. Thereupon he moves in, using an assumed name.

What he does for those two youngsters (Bette Davis and Theodore Newton), not to mention the shoe business, is something you had better put on your hat and make for the nearest theater to see. Hardie Albright, too, deserves mention as Bette's boy friend. A sure-fire cheer-up.



# The National Guide to Motion Pictures

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)



**THE DEVIL'S BROTHER—**  
Hal Roach—  
M-G-M



**A**T last—a musical that's a comedy riot, too! It's that old light opera favorite, "Fra Diavolo," about an Italian Robin Hood, with Dennis King leading in the melodies—and Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy adding laughs by the dozen! Made, as such a piece should be, on a comedy lot; but its singing cast will delight music lovers. Thelma Todd adds an eyeful for good measure. Take the whole family.



**THE LITTLE GIANT—**  
Warners



**T**HEY don't make them better than this one. Edward G. Robinson as "Bugs" Ahearn, Chicago beer baron, quits when Uncle Sam "muscles in," and tries to crash high society which, in the person of Helen Vinson, makes a sucker out of him. Mary Astor adds charm. Lighter than other Robinson efforts, and crammed with clever situations and witty lines. The rescue by gangsters is a grand riot.



**LOOKING FORWARD—**  
M-G-M



**A** SIMPLE, not exciting tale about a venerable British business battling through the depression—yet for sheer artistry, it has rarely been equaled. Inspired performances by Lewis Stone as the owner and Lionel Barrymore as the clerk; cameo-perfect support by Benita Hume, Colin Clive, Phillips Holmes, England's new "find," Elizabeth Allan, and others. If art can substitute for romance with you, don't miss this.

**PLEASURE CRUISE—**  
Fox



**A** SOMEWHAT sexy little puffball with good chuckles and comical situations. Roland Young, jealous of his wife, Genevieve Tobin, gets a job as a barber on shipboard when wife leaves for a vacation; and a farce mix-up results, as he battles off Genevieve's would-be sweeties—also romance-hungry Una O'Connor, who has marked him for her own. Ralph Forbes and Minna Gombell help the fun along.

**THE BARBARIAN—**  
M-G-M



**G**OOD old romance, with all the thrills, throbs and hokum left in. Ramon Novarro, as a rascally Egyptian dragoman, falls in love with Myrna Loy, who has come to Cairo to marry Reginald Denny. Myrna is cool, so Ramon finally kidnaps her and takes her to his desert home, where she promises to marry him. But since this is hokum, you may be sure everything turns out all right. Fine for romance-starved souls.

**THE REBEL—**  
Universal



**T**HIS is a foreign costume picture—but don't let that stop you. Napoleon's men invading the Tyrol; a medical student coming home to find everything gone, and turning rebel; a man-chase over the Alps, and the avalanches hurtling down on the invading enemy; these make a story worth anyone's time. And never have we seen more gorgeous photography. Luis Trenker, Vilma Banky and Victor Varconi.



# Saves Your Picture Time and Money

**ELMER THE GREAT—**  
First National



**TRICK FOR TRICK—**  
Fox



**JOE BROWN** turns to baseball and makes Babe Ruth look like a bush-leaguer. That is, as long as the team feeds him the old build-up. One cross word and he can't hit the broad side of an elephant. But little Patricia Ellis does know how to spread the sugar; so the old home town isn't disappointed, as it hangs to the radios listening to Joe's doings in the "world's series." Good baseball and good comedy.

**MORE** or less a sequel for "Chandu," yet not a repetition; and it has the knack of furnishing temporary shivers without nightmare memories. The clever trickery will interest and kiddies will want to see it twice. Ralph Morgan makes an inscrutably fascinating magician, while Sally Eilers and Tom Dugan delight in the buoyancy of their love interest. If you like the weird, you'll enjoy this.

**BABY FACE—**  
Warners



**TERROR ABOARD—**  
Paramount



**HERE'S** real sex in the raw, with Barbara Stanwyck as the gold digger who rises from man to man, until she bids fair to end life with diamond service stripes and a suitcase full of bonds. But she trips up—yes, you've guessed it. She falls for her last—George Brent, a bank president who endows her with a Mrs. Excellently done, if you like the theme—but not for children, or impressionable school girls, either.

**THRILLS** on shipboard. Murder on the high seas. John Halliday receives a message on his private yacht that imprisonment awaits him; so he devises a fantastic plot for killing all on board and escaping to an island. With Charles Ruggles, Neil Hamilton, Shirley Grey, Jack LaRue, Verree Teasdale pitted against him. By the time it gets too bloodthirsty for credibility, Ruggles' comedy is saving the show.

**CENTRAL AIRPORT—**  
First National



**A BEDTIME STORY—**  
Paramount



**GETTING** off to a slow, dragging start, this story of two brothers, both aviators, gradually builds up to a strong finish. Dick Barthelmess, a stunt flyer, is in love with Sally Eilers, a parachute jumper. His kid brother, Tom Brown, marries Sally, and Dick becomes a wandering daredevil flyer. He recovers contact just in time to save Tom from a watery death over the ocean, and bows himself out of the picture.

**BUT** the story practically puts *M. Chevalier* to sleep. His usual *sang froid, joie de vie*, plus what-have-you, suffer from lack of opportunity. But hold on—all is not lost. There remains Baby LeRoy. "*M. Baby*" smiles engagingly at the fast company with which he makes his screen debut, and puts the picture neatly in his pocket. Helen Twelvetrees is pretty.

[ ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 96 ]



# "The Tooth Will Tell"



*Jack Oakie gives a sign by which we're to know the new and so dressy Mr. Oakie*

and Cary Grants climbing briskly and swiftly over Jack's five years of good, solid service which hasn't, after all, gotten him where he feels he should be. Jack has a terrific "yen" all of a sudden, to be a hero.

The Freddie March type, who wins the girl in the final reel. Not just the wisecracking "goof" who kids along. Monkeyshining through reel after reel, only to have some other fellow walk off with the heart throb.

He'll lie on his dressing-room couch, knees up like a kid, his head hanging down over the side, and tell about it. Serious like. Till you can hardly keep from weeping.

He's slowly but surely surrounding himself with every single thing he thinks he needs to be a heroic kind of guy.

For instance, we've seen that new Beverly Hills home of Jack's. And it's a beauty with its tiled sunrooms, blooming gardens and spacious rooms.

**W**E'VE even peeped into his own bedroom, with its rose carpets, silk cushions, satin shaded floor lamps.

We peeked into the bureau drawers. "Look," his mother said, "all new shorts. A dozen of them. White linen, feel! And look at the initials. All worked by hand. See, 'J. O.'"

Even the perfume spray. The good old "Maidens Dream of Delight." "Jack says it won't hurt the clothes a bit," his mother said, and sent us out into a startled world smelling exactly like Jack Oakie. And a lily of the valley.

On the satin covered chaise longue lay some of his new clothes. "He won't let me hang them up," his adored mother smiled. "Wants everything where he can see it."

"Everything's different," said Jack as we sat in his dressing-room some time after the visit to his home. "It ain't the same in Hollywood, any more. Gee, every one used to be so palsy walsy, dropping into a fellow's dressing-room and everything."

Only four people had dropped into Jack's dressing-room in the last five minutes, but we didn't say a word.

"The lot's full of strangers," he went on. "You can't be free and informal, the way you used to be."

"Yoo hoo," he yelled, in the next breath, from his dressing-room door, at a little blonde passing. "How you, honey? Where you been, darlin'? Oh, you been away, sweet? Well, honeybunch, I'll be seein' you."

"Who's that?" Stuart Erwin, who had just dropped in, inquired.

"Don't know her name exactly," Jack explained. "Met her at a party once. Gee, everything's changed around here. Things is stiff and formal. Can't be yourself, any more. Don't you think so, Stu?" he asked Erwin.

Stu looked at him a long minute.

"Oakie, you're going nuts er something," he observed and strolled away. You [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 93]

"Folks won't know you, Jack, all dressed up this way," we say. "That's nothing," say you, "to what you're going to see. I'm out to show them now"

**Y**OU know Jack Oakie? Good old easy come, easy go, sweat-shirty Jack? Well, look what he did. Just take one look.

From this time on, everything will be dated from the time Jack Oakie dressed up. Grew a mustache. And sprayed with "Maidens Dream of Delight."

"Well, well," Hollywood murmured when Jack first stepped out with Peggy Hopkins Joyce. "Look what Peggy did to our little boy. Just lookie. Get an eyeful of those clothes. Those buttonhole bouquet. Those mustache."

But, you see, what Hollywood doesn't know or suspect is, that Peggy, with all due respect to her powers of persuasion, had little or nothing to do with it.

The reason is just this. Jack doesn't want to be Oakie any more. He's a little weary of hearing them say, "You know good old Jack." He's a little tired of being dragged in for comedy relief. A little tired of seeing the Georgie Rafts

*By Sara Hamilton*





Hurrell

**I**T was Carole Lombard who once said, "I'd rather be blonde than be brave," and no one doubted the efficacy of that, when all the big, strong men in the world were ready to protect her. However, Carole needs no man but that ace of movie sleuths, her husband Bill Powell. What a gentle, aesthetic beauty she has, like that of medieval portraiture



# Myrna Loy

— Seymour

VERY different is Myrna's veil—and most flattering. A tiny pillbox hat is circled with orange blossoms. The tulle veil is caught across the back, falling to the floor where it forms a train. You will notice that the hat is covered with tulle, too. Gardenias make an attractive bouquet.



MAY and June brides will thrill over this lovely wedding gown which Myrna Loy wears in "The Barbarian." It is one of those simple, classic gowns that suits all types—and the exciting part of it is, you may wear it at your own wedding! It is beautifully fitted through the bodice and hips with pleats in the skirt fanning out to give graceful width. The neckline is draped high in a cowl effect and the long sleeves are trimmed with the pleating. White bridal satin, worn with white satin slippers.





# As A Bride Wears White Satin And Smart Veil



HERE'S a new stunt you will want to copy! Sari Maritza in "International House" carries a muff of velvet violets with an afternoon dress. And her small turban is bordered with the same violets. I think it is a grand idea for bridesmaids—and for all of you to carry about at summer parties. A charming conceit—start it as a new fad. Both the hat and muff have been made up for you.

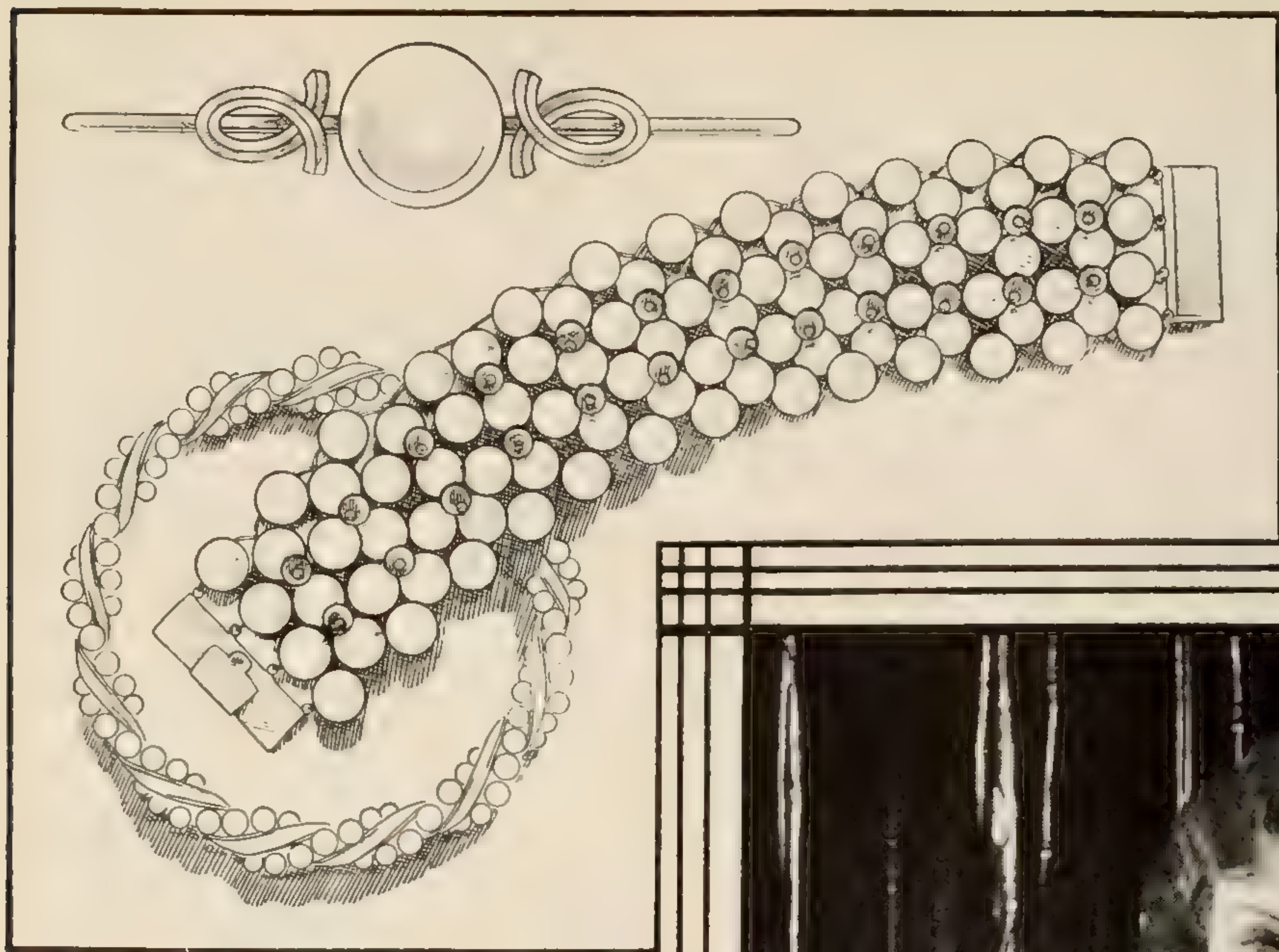


AND here you see Sari Maritza wearing the turban and carrying the muff with the dress Travis Banton designed for her to wear in "International House." Sari's dress is a gray silk crepe with the most interesting yoke and collar of starched organdie. Pleats give the skirt a straight, slim silhouette. This type of dress would be smart for the informal wedding, complete with muff and turban. Sari wears gray silk pumps to match.

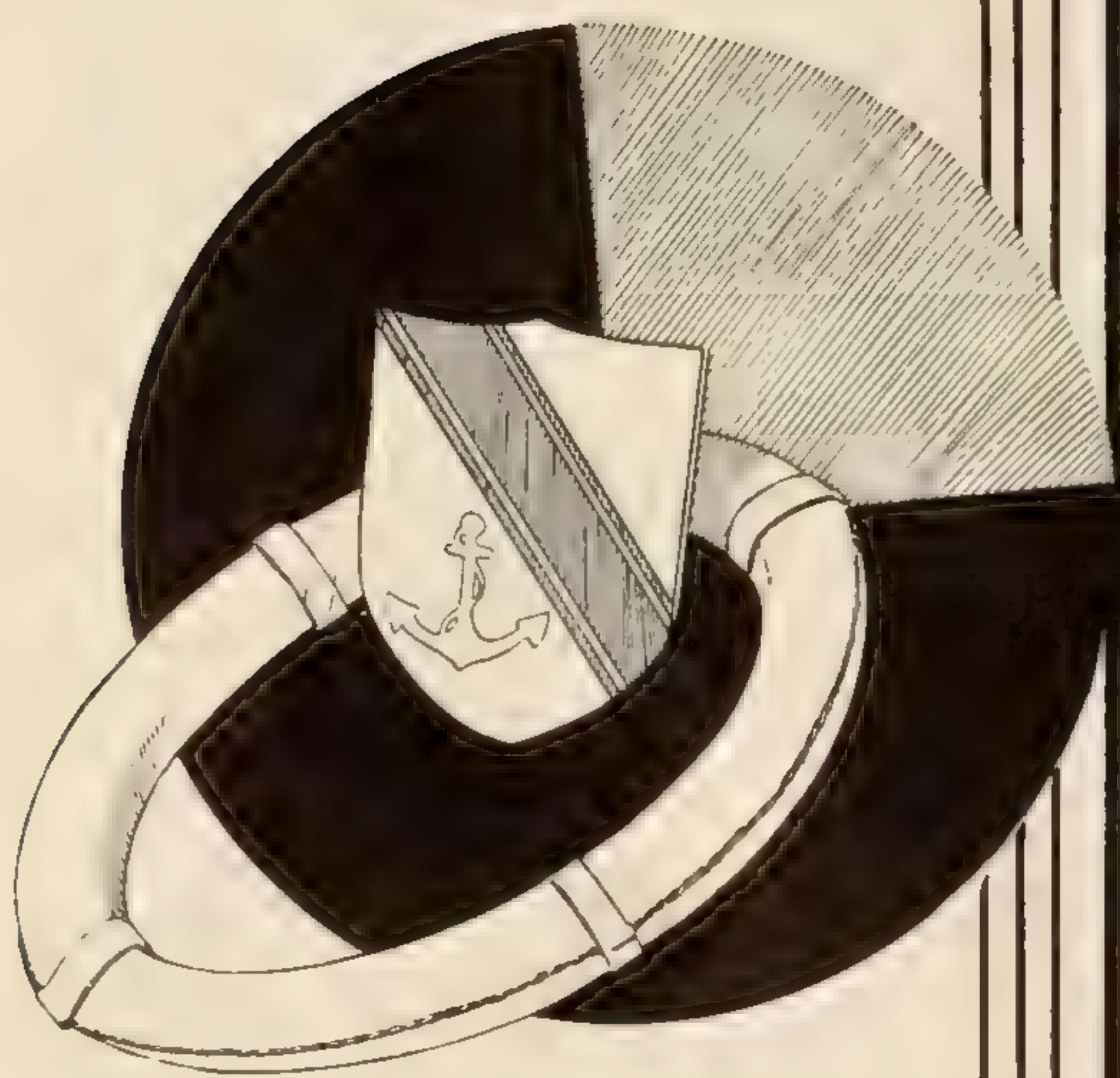


# Hollywood's Newest Fads

— Seymour



WHAT more delightful accent for your summer costumes than white and gold jewelry? A wide bracelet that snaps about the wrist of white and gold beads or a circle of twisted gold with the beads intertwined. And a bar pin of gold has an interesting design flanking a large white stone on either side.



FOR the nautical-minded are these two amusing gadgets. A white and silver bracelet made like a life preserver. And a blue and silver shield with naval insignia for design—the band is light blue.



YOU can't have too many little cotton blouses this season. This one, above, has a tucked bosom in mannish effect and the collar ties in a tailored bow. The fabric is a blue and gray plaid cotton. The sleeves are brief for coolness.

THIS pale pink dull satin gown is one of the attractive costumes worn by Fay Wray in "The Woman I Stole." Kalloch designed it for her, using the new slim line with back fullness emphasized by a train. Note the interesting bodice with wide straps.



## HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

here sponsored by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures, now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities. . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of those representative merchants whose firm names are conveniently listed for you on Page 117.



**B**ECAUSE the jacket is black which Carole Lombard wears in "Supernatural," I have had the detail sketched. You can see what a smart affair it is—ideal to wear over all your summer evening frocks. Banton has designed it with a collarless neckline and huge bow at one side. Trimly fitted, the shoulders gain width with the puffs



**H**UGE red dots on white starched chiffon—that's the combination for this gay evening frock worn by Nancy Carroll in "I Love That Man." Pleated ruffles of the chiffon are used cleverly for both shoulder and skirt animation. These ruffles widen at the shoulder and as they reach the hem of the dress. The belt is bright red grosgrain ribbon.



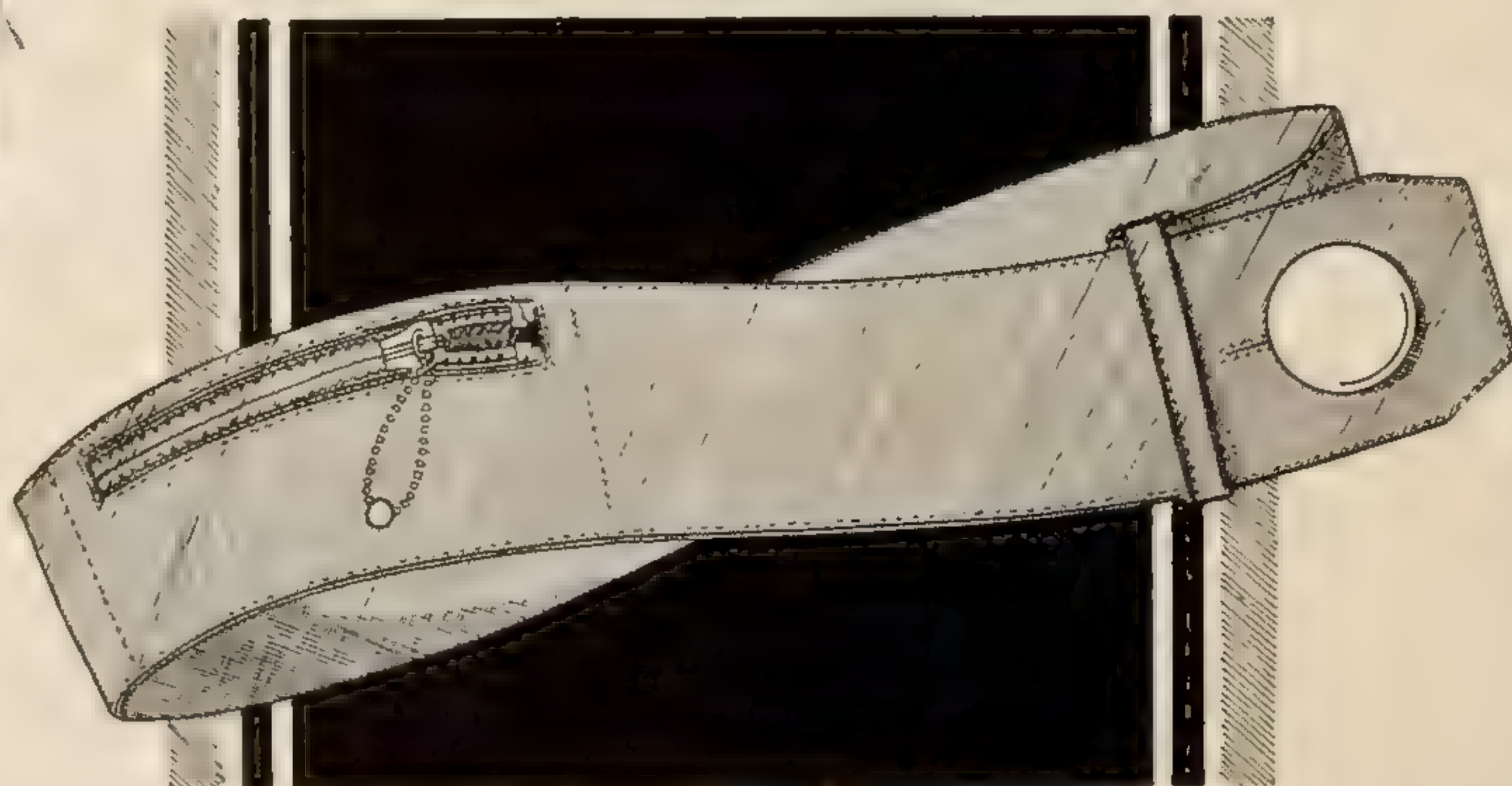
# New Pictures Offer Galaxy Of Fashions



**C**OTTON is used in every imaginable guise this summer. It is especially smart for accessories. A gay cotton duet is this—the gloves are white cotton knit with cuffs of red and white gingham. The bag is red piqué lined with the same red gingham. The top opens in clever zipper-wise fashion. Handle is adjustable.

**K**ALLOCH designed this smartly checked silk dress worn by Ruthelma Stevens in "The Circus Queen Murder."

Although it is simplicity personified, clever details give it decided style interest. The sleeves are attached to the shoulders by a series of tucks. The unusual white piqué collar is drawn out to the sides in wing-like points. The color scheme red and white—belt of piqué.



**H**ERE'S the very newest wrinkle in belts. It's a blue suede with silver button fastening—but the gag is the little pocket at the side with concealed zipper. Practical. Holds change, golf tees, or whatnots.



— Seymour



NOTHING could be smarter for summer travel or street wear than this printed silk tunic frock worn by Nancy Carroll in "I Love That Man." The print is a two-toned stripe effect. The tunic has a clever pleated shoulder detail and fastens down the front with twenty-two novel metal buttons.



GARBO is said to have started this fashion for the long separate cape—but Fay Wray brings it to the screen in "The Woman I Stole." The white wool cape is military in feeling with its flaring line from the shoulder and high turnover collar. Kalloch has given it an interesting fastening by two shoe-string ties which pull through metal discs. Especially smart for sports wear.





**W**ARNER BAXTER studies a studio ladder and thinks of the days he figured his histrionic career in terms of rungs. Now that he's on top, he looks back and laughs at the time he tried so hard to sell farm implements. That was in little old Ohio where presidents have also come from. Warner's next picture will be "I Loved You Wednesday"



# The Little Maid of "CAVALCADE"

Irish to the core, an inimitable Cockney in "Cavalcade"—versatility is her middle name

*By Reginald Tavinor*

**S**HE might have stepped right out of Kipling to come over here—and now, make no mistake, we can learn about Hollywood from her.

Actually, Una O'Connor stepped right off the stage of the Drury Lane Theater, London's most famous show house, to step into the same rôle she had been playing there, in the picture "Cavalcade."

You will remember her—you couldn't forget her—as the little Cockney maid whose 'usband went out to the Boer war with 'is marster. It was she who was the mother of the dancer, s'elp us; who gave 'er 'eart to the marster's son in the later bloody slaughter. She made us 'owl when she sniveled into 'er bleedin' apron, remember, while she was serving the tea, and then she went 'igh-'at because 'er old man kept a pub—

And that's just where the rub comes in. Because although Una O'Connor was the Cockney to perfection, with a haccent that would cut a London fog and mannerisms that would fool Bow bells themselves, she isn't really a Cockney at all. She's both Judy O'Grady and the colonel's lady, which is the British idea of a character actress.

As a matter of fact, Una O'Connor was born in Belfast, Ireland, of quite thoroughly Irish parents.

**H**ER views of America, after six months here, are a bit unusual. She says, for instance, that Americans are not in a hurry; that they are actually slower in getting things done than the English, although they make more fuss about it. Regarding Hollywood itself she is impressed not so much with the movie stars and the phantasmagoria that goes with them, but with the vastness, the cleanliness, and the beauty of the place.

"Why, everybody in the shops and everywhere wears such spotless white and looks so spick and span," was her characteristic observation. "It must cost them a fortune every day for laundry bills alone."

Also, used to London's famous clock, Big Ben, she is completely sunk by the scarcity of clocks.

"You scarcely ever see public clocks," she wailed, "and hardly anybody carries the time. It doesn't seem to matter. And if you ask a person where a certain street is, even though he is only a block from it, he will tell you he doesn't know. And where on earth do they hide the post offices and the street names? I can't imagine how anybody finds their way around. As for house numbers—well! They certainly get the smallest ones they can and keep them hidden."



When so richly varied a nature as Una O'Connor's turns to portraying Americans, the result should be well worth seeing

But Hollywood's broad lawns, hedgeless houses and gently waving palms, its endless carpet of flowers and its encircling mountain ranges, its garishness and its beauty—these leave her breathless.

"It's paradise!" she breathed. "Simply paradise!"

When she first went to London with just ten pounds in her pocket, she faced it for a solid year [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106 ]



PHOTOPLAY'S

# Hollywood



THIS dramatic pose of Adrienne Ames serves as a diagram for eye make-up. A pencil extends the outer brows; light shadow or oil high-lights the lids. A pencil lines the upper lids; the lashes are accented heavily with mascara.

AFTER your permanent or water-wave, to recurlyour hair try a cold curling iron. It grasps the hair firmly, rolls it into smooth, tight little curls. Mary Carlisle finds this stunt works beautifully on her hair.





# Beauty Shop

Conducted By  
Carolyn  
Van Wyck

*All the beauty  
tricks of all the  
stars brought to  
you each month*



AREN'T the side and back views of Norma Shearer's coiffure soft and lovely? Norma also brushes this arrangement straight back. If your forehead is not too high and your hair-line good, hair is youthful and charming in this manner. Notice that you can make either little curls or big rolls from those soft, loosely clustered ends.

COIFFURE Continentale, we call this charming arrangement designed for Norma Shearer to wear abroad. The hair is brushed off the forehead to show her widow's peak and a few tiny curls brought forward to soften the face. This coiffure is very adaptable and becoming to many types. It is lovely combed back from the face or curled into one or two rolls.



# Five Steps In Daytime Make-Up



**A**SSUMING that Maureen O'Sullivan has already applied a powder foundation, beginning with the above picture, she illustrates for you the five important successive steps in applying make-up. First, a blue eye shadow is smoothed gently across her lids.



**S**ECOND, Maureen accents and extends the outer ends of her brows very lightly with a brown eyebrow pencil. Use a firm crayon with a fine point.



**T**HIRD, Maureen carefully accents and darkens her lashes with mascara, brushing the upper lashes upward, lower lashes downward.

**F**OURTH, Maureen smiles so that she may apply rouge to the full part of her cheeks, blending it lightly outward toward the temples.



**F**IFTH, after lipstick, the gentle nuances of color are tied together by a thorough though delicate veil of powder.



# Hollywood Spot- lights On Beauty



TO keep your body skin soft, finely textured, vibrant and exhilarated, use one of these sturdy bath brushes in your tub or shower. June Brewster finds hers makes her back much more accessible, too

IRENE WARE is curling her eye-lashes with a special device for the purpose, a habit with many stars. It gives them a graceful sweep and adds decidedly to their loveliness.



TIME seems to pause for Mary Pickford. As lovely, as appealing to-day as at the time of "Tess of the Storm Country," and "Daddy Long Legs," surely she holds great inspiration and high hopes to all who would retain their youth and loveliness.

(For More Beauty Tips Turn to Page 80)



# Just "Life And Love"



"What wrecks marriage?" asks Kay Francis. And answers the question by stating what she thinks can be relied upon to save marriage

"MARRIAGE is a give and take affair, a big job in itself. And there are definite rules for success in this important business as there are in other games," Kay Francis said to me.

"I really think that women today have forgotten their femininity. And I don't mean that they can't wear tweed suits or work as hard as their brothers, either. I mean those moments at home when wives forget to be glamorous to their men.

Kay Francis says  
it's easy to hold  
a man if done  
in the right way

By Virginia  
Maxwell

"Every woman has her little mysteries, even if it's only a trick of clothes or make-up. And do you think men don't notice when a woman's nose *isn't* powdered? Or when the straps of her undies are slipping off her shoulders or when she is not dainty in her clothes?"

Husband Kenneth MacKenna was due any moment. And Kay was certainly an attractive wife for him to come home to. She had been too busy to have a shampoo and set that week. But her hair proved the point of what she had been saying. She had merely run her comb through her permanent, fluffed it up a little at the back, then patted it down over the ears. A little fragrant hair tonic had made it lovely.

"MODERN wives," some one demurred, "are usually too busy to bother much with their looks."

"Keeping attractive is really such an important part of a wife's job," Kay shot back, "that she should *make* time. Girls going to business every day—I see them early mornings when I'm on my way to the studio—are the essence of loveliness. They have perhaps less time than the wives who stay at home. Yet they know that looking attractive is part of their office jobs and they don't neglect this point."

"But suppose one isn't born good looking or charming or anything," one of the unmarried girl friends lamented, "what then? Don't men always fall for a pretty face and figure regardless of anything else?"

"Of course, beauty always attracts a man," Kay said, "but it's charm that holds him. You know, I believe that a man who passes up a charming girl just because she isn't pretty is cheating himself, not the girl. The man who can see through a plain looking girl, right through her features to the thing behind her eyes which is her inner charm, is the man who would make a better husband.

It's a sort of barometer for measuring a man's emotional depth, too, don't you see?"

"Honestly, now," some one asked, "do you think a modern 1933 wife would have taken on so seriously about her husband's affair as you did over Ronnie Colman's philandering in 'Cynara'?"

Kay's green eyes opened wide.

"Not sophisticated wives," she [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 85 ]



# "I keep my lingerie lovely looking with LUX"

says *Wynne Gibson*

"No fastidious woman would think of wearing underthings a second day. It's so easy to Lux them, and Lux keeps colors and materials so exquisite! I also insist that my maid wash all sweaters and washable dresses in Lux. It's so economical that any girl can keep her things lovely the Hollywood way."

WYNNE GIBSON  
Paramount Star appearing in  
"The Crime of the Century"

## Why don't *you* follow this thrifty Hollywood rule

Everywhere girls follow the method lovely Wynne Gibson uses to keep lingerie exquisite looking...daily washing with Lux.

These gentle suds whisk away perspiration odor, yet protect color—keep fabrics looking like new. Avoid ordinary soaps—they often contain harmful alkali. Never rub with cake soap—it weakens silk. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

## Official in all the big studios...

Frank C. Richardson (right), Wardrobe Director of the Paramount Studio, says:

"Costumes represent a big investment that must be safeguarded. That's why Paramount specifies that all washable costumes be cared for with Lux. It protects the colors and materials . . . keeps them new longer . . . and saves money."



*Hollywood says—Don't trust to luck*  
— **TRUST TO LUX**



# Beauty Dietetics Of The Stars

By  
Carolyn  
Van  
Wyck



AS Anita Louise reads, she slowly sips her glass of milk, a food that ranks high in the beauty diets of Hollywood. Drink at least a pint a day, advise many medical authorities. Drink it slowly. Very helpful in building up.



MARIAN SHOCKLEY likes milk, too, especially after exercise. It seems to do a lot of good to both skin and hair.



GRETCHEN WILSON thinks that her apple a day is largely responsible for her fine skin. Fruit is a skin beautifier.

NORMA SHEARER is our Beauty Lady this month. At a tea in New York the day she sailed for a European vacation, I had the pleasure of once more meeting and observing this charming star.

Norma is an inspiring lesson in loveliness, grace and poise. Even by watching her, one feels inspired to be lovely at any cost. Perhaps it is the cordial ease with which she meets and greets people. Perhaps it is because she is so natural and so perfect to look at. Her brown hair is brushed back to show a poetic widow's peak. Any girl, by the way, who does not capitalize on a natural widow's peak is sacrificing a strong point in favor of beauty. Norma's eye make-up is the most subtle and captivating I have ever seen. Her brows are the color of her hair, rather straight and natural in shape. In place of the usual eye shadow her lids have a faint pink glow—the very subtle use of rouge I suspect. Her lashes, natural by the way, seem to sweep outward along the lid-line so that the eye is long rather than round.

There is a faint radiance of color over her upper cheeks and temples. This is done so gently and evenly that you would never suspect rouge. Her lip rouge, used very lightly, matches the cheek tone and the upper lips are enlarged just the tiniest bit.

Norma's voice is low, informal and pleasant. Here is a tip for every girl. Watch your voice. Try to keep it pleasant. Try to eliminate too high or raucous notes—if you have them.

The development of poise does not, of course, come overnight. It takes time and concentration. One thing to remember is—take your time. Do not hurry needlessly. Try to be composed. Composure comes from within you.

Learn to have your mind at rest and a natural ease will follow.

A STARTLING, new eye make-up trick comes from Hollywood. Some stars have had their lower eyelashes entirely removed, while a deep fringe of artificial lashes is placed over the upper ones. This gives a dramatic, poetic expression to the eyes, but I do not advise it for our readers. It is entirely too unnatural and bizarre.

WHAT do you think of those new bandeaux that hold the hair straight back from your forehead in true Alice-in-Wonderland fashion? They make you look childish, wide-eyed and ever so appealing if you are the type for them.

OUR leaflets, Hair That Misbehaves, New Perfumes and How to Use Them, Blackhead and Acne Conditions and a list of new make-up preparations and a list of the simple preparations needed by every girl are yours on request. Personal beauty letters are also answered. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

They should be grand for summer when hair off the face makes you both look and feel ever so much cooler. I'll try to have one in picture for you next month.

SYLVIA SIDNEY, who bobbed her long hair about this time last year, has let it grow again. She is now wearing it parted on the side, loosely water-waved with ends braided and wound in a low knot at the nape of her neck, very Gibson girl.

MIRIAM HOPKINS has also started something new in hair—for her. Those unruly curls that were virtually her trade-mark are now brushed straight back from her forehead and ears. But her hair is so curly that the short hairs escape and give Miriam a halo effect about her face.

DENIS PHILLIPS, hair stylist for Fox, says that most lack of chic in the modern coiffure is caused by too thick hair. If you want to be cool and smart for summer, have your hair thinning done at once. Thin hair, especially at the ends, is much easier to arrange and manage. This, I know, is a far cry from a few years ago when thick hair was then considered a thing of beauty. The trick today is to have just enough to do something smart with—no more.

HERE'S another bit that ought to take your breath away! Artificial finger-nails to be fitted on over your own. A manicurist must do this, for best results. She can either give you a complete set or replace a broken one with an artificial nail that puts Nature to shame.





CAROLE LOMBARD  
in Paramount's Feature  
"SUPERNATURAL"

Max Factor's Make-Up Used Exclusively



# Like the Screen Stars... Dramatize Your Beauty with Color Harmony MAKE-UP

★ Discover how you can emphasize the dramatic attraction of your beauty with powder, rouge and lipstick in color harmony... created by Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up.



SARI MARITZA  
Paramount  
using Max Factor's  
Super-Indelible Lip-  
stick. It creates perfect  
lip make-up that lasts  
all day; moisture-  
proof; permanent in  
color value.

COLOR dramatizes beauty! It is the life, the appeal, the allure of feminine charm. So color in make-up is vitally important... and in Hollywood, Max Factor created face powder, rouge and lipstick in color harmony to accent and intensify the glorious natural colorings of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead types!

In every picture released from Hollywood, in the enchanting loveliness of your favorite star, you see the magic of Max Factor's make-up... and now you may share with the screen stars this secret of enhancing beauty and charm.

You will be thrilled with the difference, for the beauty effect is instantly apparent. Created to screen star types, each shade of face powder is a color harmony tone. Exquis-

itely fine in texture, even and soft in color, it actually enlivens the beauty of the skin and creates new loveliness.

It imparts that satin-smooth make-up which you've so admired on the screen... and clings for hours, too, for screen stars will entrust their beauty only to a powder that adheres perfectly.

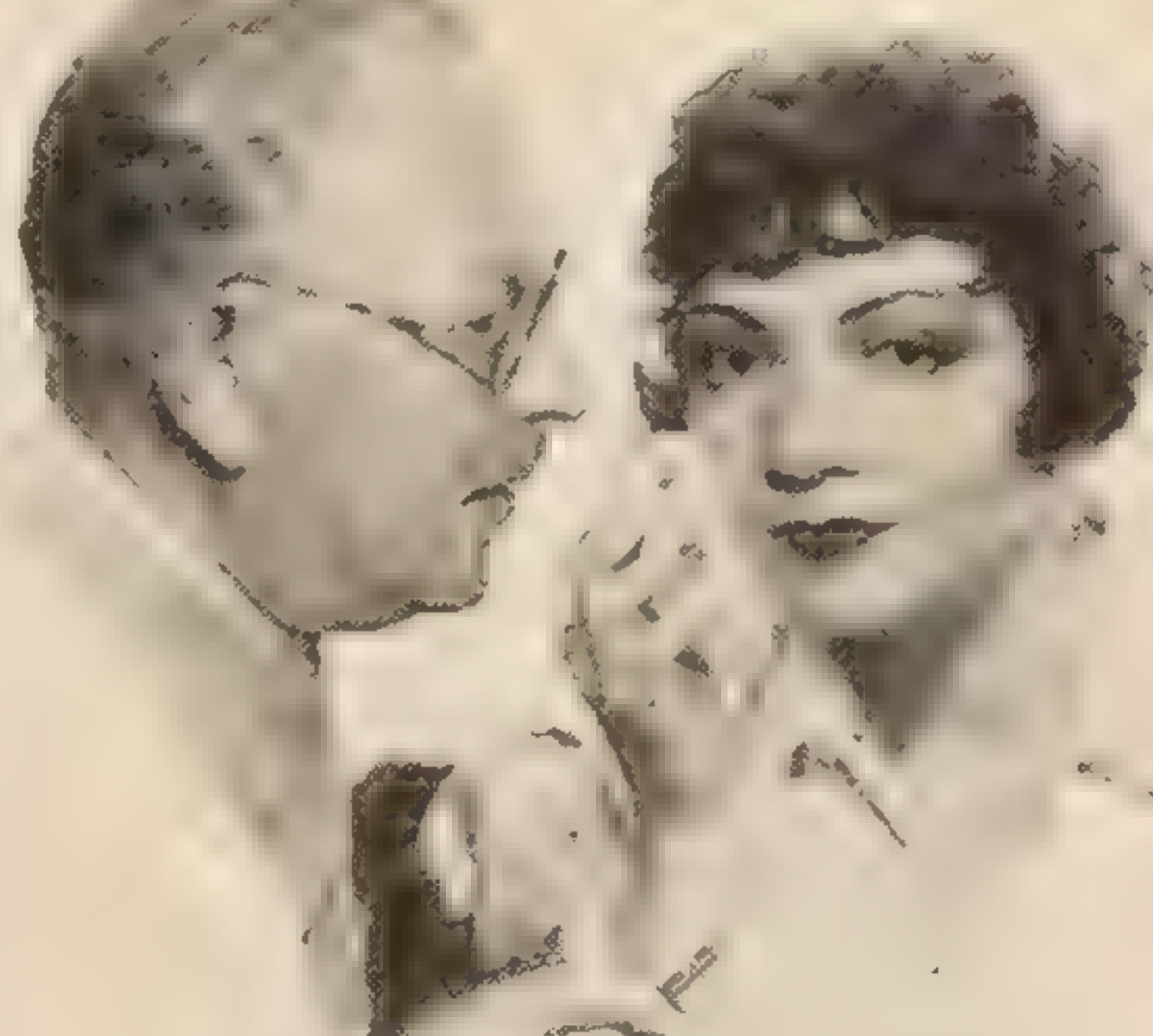
Proved perfect for you by the screen stars who face the close-up of motion picture lights and camera every day, you know that your make-up will appear flatteringly beautiful under any close-up test.

Now this luxury... Max Factor's Face

Powder, originally created for Hollywood's stars, is available to you at the nominal price of one dollar. To complete your color harmony make-up: Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores. Discover today what new beauty Hollywood's make-up secret holds for you.

Blonde, Brunette, Brownette, Redhead! Permit Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, to suggest your personal color harmony in make-up. Mail the coupon for complexion analysis, make-up chart and book of illustrated make-up instructions.

## ★ How to Apply Face Powder for a Perfect Make-Up



CLAUDETTE COLBERT,  
Paramount Star, and Max Factor,  
Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, using  
Max Factor's Face Powder.



2. To assure a completely powdered surface, press powder gently into the tiny lines around the eyes, nose, mouth and chin. 3. With Max Factor's Face Powder Brush, lightly brush away surplus powder and clear all lines... Thus, with Max Factor's Face Powder is created that satin-smooth, color-perfect make-up that clings for hours.

## ★Purse-Size Box of Powder...FREE

MAX FACTOR—Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, California.  
WITHOUT obligation, send my Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart; also 48-pg. Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up." I enclose 10c for postage and handling. Include Purse-Size Box of Powder, in my color harmony shade. Fill in the chart below with a ✓  
1-6-61

NAME	COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
ADDRESS	Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDES
	Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
CITY	Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTES
	Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
STATE	Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTES
	Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
	Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color)	REDHEADS
	Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
	SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
	Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	

# MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP

## Cosmetics of the Stars ★★HOLLYWOOD

Face Powder... Rouge... Super-Indelible Lipstick... in Color Harmony

96% of All Make-Up used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's (Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistic)

© 1933 Max Factor



# Ask The Answer Man



**J**EAN PARKER just walked away with the mail bag this month. And that's a record for a high school miss who is just beginning her career. She was seventeen years old last August.

Up until the Tournament of Roses parade a few months ago, Jean had no thought of a career. In the parade she helped decorate one of the floats by wearing a white bathing suit. Studio officials saw her picture in the paper and lost no time in getting her name and address.

She was given a screen test, which resulted in her playing a part in "Divorce in the Family." Since then she has been in "Rasputin and the Empress," "The Secret of Madame Blanche" and "Gabriel Over the White House."

Jean was born in Deer Lodge, Mont. When a small child, her family moved to Pasadena, Calif., where she was reared and educated. At school she was very athletic. She loves swimming, dancing, tennis, riding and field hockey. Now that her days are taken up with picture work, she has to attend night school. Her hobby is collecting art sketches and photography. She does a bit of sketching herself. Has twice won prizes for her poster work. Her real name is Mae Green, but M-G-M changed it when they gave her a contract.

**DOROTHY MILLER, CAMBRIA CO., PENNA.**—Dot, Eddie Cantor was born on January 31, 1892. That makes him—oh, you figure it out. He has five daughters. Has absolutely no faith in the slogan "If you want a boy, ring Western Union." His girls are named, Marjorie, Natalie, Edna, Marilyn and Janet; aged, eighteen, sixteen, fourteen, eleven and five respectively.

**S. R., DEXTER, NEW MEXICO.**—Beggin' your parden in advance, m'am, but Gloria Stuart was the blonde Wampas star who traveled from California to New York via air mail. It cost the little lady just 24,500 one-cent stamps. When they put her on the scales they decided that was her weight's worth in Uncle Sam's postage.

**ANITA GILMAN, BUCKSPORT, ME.**—Anita, where have you been each time I have given out Gary Cooper's history? Not paying attention, eh? Gary first saw light in Helena, Mont., on May 7, 1901, and was christened Frank J. Cooper. He is 6 feet, 2 inches tall; weighs 180 pounds and has black hair and blue eyes. Prior to his debut in pictures in 1926, he was a cartoonist. His latest pictures are "A Farewell to Arms," and "Today We Live." If Gary is your favorite, don't miss either of these fine pictures.

## Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

## Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

From high school to movie fame, that's Jean Parker's pace. Her sweet face and fine acting, in minor rôles, attracted the public's eye and caused many to write, asking this and that about her

**ROGER M., TORONTO, ONT., CAN.**—I am very sorry, Roger, but I cannot give out the home addresses of the stars. If you will look further back in this issue you will find a list of stars who are under contract, and their studio addresses.

**MELBA SARTIN, NEWPORT NEWS, VA.**—The picture in which Clark Gable and Joan Crawford appeared as Salvationists was "Laughing Sinners," taken from the play "Torch Song." Clark was 32 years old on February 1st, last.

**HELEN FREITOG, BALTIMORE, MD.**—You're not the only girl who has fallen hard for Nils Asther. He surely made a hit with his portrayal of Yen in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen." Here's the low-down on him. Born in Malmo, Sweden, on January 17, 1902. He is 6 feet ½ inch tall; weighs 170 pounds and has brown hair and hazel eyes. Appeared on the stage in Sweden before entering pictures there in 1918. He came to America to make pictures in 1927. It was in "Topsy and Eva," his first American picture, that he met Vivian Duncan, of the famous Duncan Sisters, whom he later married. Their wedded bliss ended in the divorce courts in November, 1932.

**MRS. CHARLES WHITE, CONCORDVILLE, PENNA.**—Harpo Marx is not a mute. He just assumes that attitude when appearing on the stage and screen. And, of course, that's only a red wig that sits atop his head. Who wins the argument?

**ANDERSON, MELISSA, TEX.**—And another little peace treaty needs signing. Bing Crosby is not old or middle aged, he is only 29. Tacoma, Wash., takes a bow as his hometown. He is 5 feet, 9 inches tall; and weighs 165 pounds. Has light brown hair and blue eyes. His first screen appearance was as one of the Rhythm boys in Paul Whiteman's orchestra in "King of Jazz."

**HARLOW O'CONNOR, SEATTLE, WASH.**—Don't tell me you can't tell the Barrymore brothers apart! It was Lionel whom you saw in "Washington Masquerade."

**EDITH SCHOONMAKER, ANSONIA, CONN.**—In "The Vagabond King" the rôle of Louis XI was played by O. P. Heggie. Lillian Roth was the girl in the tavern. Dennis King's back in pictures again. This time you will see him in "The Devil's Brother."

**MARION, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.**—Am I amazed? Why, I thought everyone knew all about Warner Baxter. He's been in pictures so long. Pay attention, now! Warner was born in Columbus, Ohio, on March 27, 1891. He is 5 feet, 11 inches tall; weighs 165 pounds and has brown hair and brown eyes. For twelve years he played in stock, vaudeville and New York productions. Entered pictures in 1921. Has been married to Winifred Bryson, a non-professional, since 1917. Warner's favorite sports are swimming, tennis and hunting. He plays the banjo and guitar. His latest picture is "42nd Street."

**PHYLLIS GRAHAM, WEST LYNN, MASS.**—Tom Brown was born in New York City just 20 years ago. He is 5 feet, 10 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Richard Cromwell, who is a native of Los Angeles, is the same height as Tom, weighs two pounds less and is two years older. Dorothy Wilson is 5 feet, 1½ inches tall, and Joan Blondell is 2½ inches taller.



## "I'm Not Broke," Says Gloria

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36 ]

embarrassed by facts and figures, and always has been.

"But here's why that bankrupt story was broadcast," she confided. "Right on top of a heap of bills and judgments merchants tried to pile on me during my absence from Hollywood, I suddenly changed my plans about sailing. I had said I did *not* owe those bills and would not pay for anything I hadn't ordered from portraits to furniture which was forced on me for approval.

"I NEVER did want the stuff and tried hard to send it back. In my haste from Hollywood when I sailed for Europe I left word with my attorney to take care of all these matters. He told those people what I'd said, but they never called for half of the interior decorations they had insisted upon leaving at my home. Hollywood stars are victimized every day this way because salesmen take advantage of their reputations, realizing that most picture people dislike intensely these odious arguments.

"So, directly following my denial of these bills, I changed my sailing plans because of last minute change of arrangements about my children and their Swiss nurse. It was merely coincidental and some one hooked the two ideas together and broadcast the word that Gloria Swanson couldn't sail because she was broke. . . .

"I'm not broke," Gloria said seriously. "How could I be . . . haven't I an adorable new baby . . . two other charming children. And then, haven't I my very grand husband?"



Now it's Betty Furness, and not "Betty Co-Ed" of song fame who stepped out of boarding school to thrill you via RKO-Radio pictures. Though it might be the same Betty, she's that collegiate and popular with the younger set out Hollywood way. Athletic and book-trained is Betty

# KEEPS expensive lingerie looking expensive



## IVORY SNOW is PURE and fluffy . . . quick-dissolving without hot water

No matter what you paid for your new teddies, they are duds if they fade in the wash! And what price a white satin night-robe that looks draggled and yellow?

When these things happen to expensive new undies, you may be sure you have washed them in too-hot water and a harsh soap. Why not use Ivory Snow and be safe?

**No danger of too-hot suds**



with Ivory Snow, because you don't need hot water to dissolve it. It's a NEW KIND of soap. Not cut into old-fashioned flat flakes, but BLOWN soft and fragile as bubbles. Each soft little drop of Ivory Snow FOAMS into suds—INSTANTLY in LUKE-WARM water. No flat particles to stick to silky surfaces and make soap spots!

**GENTLE as the babies' soap.** Ivory Snow is made of the same Ivory Soap that doctors advise for bathing babies. You couldn't have purer, milder soap than this to use for delicate silks, gossamer wools, lovely colors.

Your hands will be grateful if you use Ivory Snow for dish-washing, too. And *you'll* be surprised at the economy. That BIG box of Ivory Snow costs only 15¢!

**99 4/100 % PURE**



# How Sylvia Cured "Hollywood's Most Melancholy Girl"

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55 ]

exercises harder and harder, she'd be a different girl. She had pep and a sparkle in her eye.

Then she got to working very hard and I didn't see her for some time. She began to get fat and it was Alice White—one of her best friends—who gave her a good lecture and said, "You'd better get Sylvia over here quick."

Helen sent for me and I found she was very much in love with the man she later married. Her mental state was much better. She certainly didn't tell me any sob stories this time; but she needed to take off several pounds around her hips. I took one look at her and said, "Get up the stairs, you and I are going to work on those hips."

"But Sylvia," she pleaded, "I've got a date. Let's not start tonight."

"We start right now," I said. "You'll have time for dates when those pounds are off."

I GAVE her the exercise I've described several times before—the one where you sit down and hitch yourself across the floor, as if you were walking in a sitting position—but I made her keep her toes pointed and straight out in front, for that reduces the ankles at the same time.

After she married Mr. Woody, he used to beg me to let Helen off the exercises. But I made her stick to it until she had lost the surplus weight.

And now for Helen's diet. Since the only places she needed to lose were her hips and legs, I didn't give her a very strenuous diet. This is what I call an in-between diet. You won't put on any weight while you're taking it—you may even lose slightly—but you'll certainly have everything you need—all the minerals for keeping up strength. It is also a marvelous diet for nervous people who don't want to put on weight.

For breakfast I gave Helen grapefruit or orange juice, two slices of whole wheat toast with a little butter and honey, a coddled egg and coffee.

For luncheon—two kinds of vegetables (only one starchy vegetable) or one vegetable and a baked potato, fruit salad, iced tea with lemon and a lump of sugar.

Then for dinner a clear soup, roast or something from the grill, two vegetables, lettuce and tomato salad (I'm a fanatic about salads and believe that they should be eaten right with the meat course) with French dressing that has plenty of lemon juice in it. Skin of a baked potato and for dessert, sherbet or small cup custard with a teaspoon of caramel sauce, or fruit jello and a tablespoon of thin cream; also a small slice of angel food cake and demi tasse. Glass of grapefruit juice before going to bed.

Now there you have a sensible and balanced diet and one that is marvelous for the nerves.

It is wonderful to see Helen so happy now. She had always wanted a son and now she has one of the most beautiful babies I have ever seen. Of course, she had to give up her studio work before the baby came and for several months afterwards. Lots of folks wondered if she would ever continue her career. I knew she would because I knew how ambitious she was and when I saw how she had overcome her melancholia I knew she had the stuff. She has a nice contract with Paramount now and more power to her.

ALL during the time when she was feeling so low here's what I used to tell her: "Adopt this motto—God's gift to humanity is a sense of humor. I can grin anything off. So can you. There's a funny side to everything that happens. Look at that side."

That's what I used to tell Helen—or rather I used to scream it at her, for I've got a voice that can be heard—and that's what I'm telling all you girls who get blue and sad and depressed. Give yourself a grand facial, put on a nice make-up, get out your best clothes and walk along the street with your shoulders held up and your head high. Crying never gets you anything—except wrinkles!

## Answers by Sylvia

### REDUCING AND GAINING

Dear Sylvia:

I read your article in PHOTOPLAY on how to gain and I weighed only about ninety pounds. The first month I gained fifteen pounds and I'm grateful to you because I have never been able to gain before. But I still want to put on more weight. What would you suggest?

M. L., Wichita, Kan.

Besides the regular gaining diet drink an extra quart of milk a day. But don't gulp it down; drink it slowly. That will put fat on your bones. Glad I helped you.

Dear Sylvia:

Should reducing exercises be taken at night or morning?

B. L. D., Houston, Texas

Morning is the best time. That's when you're fresh and full of pep after a good sleep and then you can work darned hard to smash off that fat. But if your work makes it impossible for you to take the exercises in the morning—if you have to get up very early and rush through the exercises—then I'd rather you'd take them at night. Don't slight your exercises. Give them all the time you can—and then watch those old scales. Will you be thrilled at the way the pounds fall off!

Dear Sylvia:

This letter isn't to ask you a single question. I just want to tell you how grateful I am for what you have done for me. I weighed 160 pounds and now I weigh 130, which is just about right, I think. And it's all because of you. Thanks so much.

Mrs. H. H. J., Phoenix, Ariz.

Well, bless your heart! Letters like yours give Aunt Sylvia a thrill, and I'll bet your husband is happy, too.

TROUBLES, bothers, worries—What a joy it is, girls, to be able to help! You see here the kind of helpful advice Aunt Sylvia gives others. If you want help, simply write Sylvia, care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. No obligation—glad I can be of assistance.

SYLVIA

### WHAT IS CORRECT WEIGHT?

Dear Madame Sylvia:

I am five feet, four inches tall and twenty-five years old. What should my weight be?

B. K., Lexington, Ky.

I wish I could get you girls out of the habit of asking me that question. That business about "you should weigh just a certain amount for your height and age" is nonsense. Stop going by silly charts. Use your common sense and the brains the Lord gave you. Think for a minute and remember that some people have large bones and some small. How can general rules be made? You should weigh what your mirror tells you to weigh. Reduce or gain until you look as you want to look and until you feel right.

### HELP FOR A FAT FACE

My dear Sylvia:

My face is very fat. How can I reduce it?

P. M. N., Seattle, Wash.

I'll bet that you're fat all over. Am I right? If that's true then go on my reducing diet and take the right exercises. I never saw a thin person with a "very fat" face yet.

But you can reduce your face by massage, somewhat. And you can certainly take off a double chin. In this month's article, about Helen Twelvetees, I give a grand and complete facial. Try it.

### WHY TOMATO JUICE?

Dear Sylvia:

I notice that in almost all your diets you recommend tomato juice. What good does it do?

R. C., Dodge City, Kansas

I could write a couple of pages about the benefits of tomato juice, but I'll bet if I tell you just one thing, you'll go on a tomato juice spree. Both tomato juice and fresh tomatoes are marvelous skin beautifiers. They will make your complexion so nice that you won't know yourself in a couple of weeks. There! Are you satisfied? Besides, tomato juice is extremely healthful and gives you pep.

### LINES ABOUT THE MOUTH

Dear Sylvia:

There are a lot of little lines around my mouth. I know the reason is because I make faces when I talk and use my mouth in an ugly way, but I wish you could tell me what to do.

M. S., Colorado Springs, Colo.

You've already answered yourself. You know the reason for the lines—so stop making faces. Think that's easier said than done, don't you? I know it's hard, but you can do anything if you try. Stand in front of the mirror and practise talking so that you don't use your mouth in an ugly way. Then get a friend who is with you a lot to help you. Make that friend tell you every time you start making faces.



## Just "Life And Love"

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76 ]

said. "But they are in the minority. There are thousands of women all over this country who could never have brought themselves to live with husbands again after they'd found out an infidelity. As in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where I once lived. Women in that town, and it's typical of other towns, would have felt the blow to their pride too severely to make up after a public scandal such as followed the husband's affair in 'Cynara.'

"I think that's true of so many divorces. It's pride that goads women on to an unforgiving attitude. They simply can't believe it and they can't walk out of the house and know the neighbors are whispering."

WE thought of the tragedies for which neighbors are sometimes responsible; women who, quite content to overlook their own husbands' faults, goad other women on to the divorce court.

And, usually, great mountains are built of molehill troubles. Like the young married woman who thought she was being terribly snubbed because her husband buried himself in the newspaper at breakfast. Or the wife whose day was made miserable because friend husband, rushing off to make the 8:10 train for the office, forgot to kiss her a fond goodbye.

"It's never really the big things which wreck marriage," asserted Kay. "It's the little things—petty arguments, personal habits, perhaps."

"Women have gone through tragic financial disasters with husbands today and they are happily and busily rebuilding their lives. Even the mercenary wife has withstood this sort of blow. But let the same husband hurt her pride or get on her nerves, and more domestic damage can be done than a dozen bank failures can cause."

"Then you think a woman can plan her life for happiness?" one woman asked Kay. "That no matter what big, shocking blow comes to her marriage, she still can go on?"

"I see it this way," Kay answered. "Unless a marriage is just all wrong from the beginning; unless two people are hopelessly mismated, I do think a woman can plan her happiness. True, she may lose the love of her husband, but she can make up for some of that in other interests such as children, or work, or her home or something she can be terribly interested in. It isn't necessary to dash into the divorce court and come out with a decree which eventually may tear her life to pieces."

"And don't think I believe marriage is a one-sided game," Kay added.

"There are little courtesies which a man contributes to keep the glamour in marriage. The man who forgets to arise when his wife meets him, or to draw out her chair at the table or to hold her wrap . . . that man is forgetting *his* glamour. For, you see, as I said before, it's the little things which put beauty into marriage."

"OF course, I don't mean that men ought to go around drawing out chairs for their wives and expecting to build marital happiness on anything so slender. What I mean is that, granted two people are well mated, the loveliness of that marriage relationship need never become tarnished if each one remembers that the beauty of love is an illusion. Each must work to preserve that intangible thing, and it is the little courtesies, the little exchanges which grow into every marriage, which are stronger than tangible bonds. They vary with the individual, of course."

"Only when this fragile sense of reciprocity has fled it seems do we realize what had been given us—to preserve or to destroy. Illusion is enjoyed by the man as by the woman. Both must strive to keep a little glamour and they will run less risk of becoming uninteresting to each other as years go on."



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WHY risk offending others by using weak antiseptics? You want all the protection you can get. Use Pepsodent, for it is three times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics—by adding water you make it go three times as far—get three times as much for your money plus greater assurance of a pure, sweet breath.

### Two kinds of antiseptics

Remember, there are really only two leading kinds of mouth antiseptics. One kind must be used full strength to be effective. The other—Pepsodent Antiseptic—is utterly safe if used full strength, yet powerful enough to be

diluted with two parts of water and *still kill germs in less than 10 seconds.*

Choose the antiseptic that kills germs and overcomes bad breath even when it is diluted. Insist on Pepsodent Antiseptic. Be sure! Be safe! Save money!

### SORE THROAT COLDS

The amazing results of Pepsodent Antiseptic in fighting bad breath equal its effectiveness in fighting sore throat colds.

#### Some of its 50 different uses

Sore Throat Colds	Cuts and Abrasions
Head Colds	Chapped Hands
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Bad Breath	Skin Irritations
Mouth Irritations	Checks Under-Arm
Irritations of the Gums	Perspiration Odor
After Extractions	"Athlete's Foot"
After Shaving	Tired, Aching Feet

New Standard Dictionary Definition:

\***Halitosis**—a malodorous condition of the breath.

# Pepsodent Antiseptic



# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51 ]



Clarence Sinclair Bull

This is figuratively "Gabriel Over the White House"—the White House being those snow-capped mountains below, though Gabriel himself is the same Walter Huston who presided so well in the picture of the same title. Huston is in his cabin, resting before garnering new laurels

M-G-M was all ready to begin shooting on the next "Tarzan," when a little ball o' fire named Lupe telephoned Johnny Weissmuller from New York and dropped a hint she was sooo loneleee. So Tarzan grabbed his other leopard skin, and caught the next plane for the metropolis. Stayed a week. Lupe feels better.

IT was for Marlene's "The Song of Songs." Leading man Brian Aherne had to say "I love you" forty times into the microphone. For the sound track. No camera; no woman to whom to say it. Just forty different inflections. "That's the toughest job I ever did," Brian remarked. Gary Cooper who was standing nearby, shook his head. "That's the hardest thing in the world to say when there is no *sound track*!"

WARNER BAXTER was granting an interview. When it was completed, he presented the writer with a bottle of perfume valued at twenty-five dollars.

Now, just watch the rush to interview Warner Baxter!

FRANCHOT TONE, who has entered the race for Gable screen honors, is taking a deeper interest in Joan Crawford since her separation from Doug, Jr. But for Ricardo Cortez, who has been very ill, Joan has a deep friendship. Maybe Franchot will "tone" down—if you can take the pun—when Riccy is fully himself after a relapse from an attack of flu.

OLD CAL asked Jimmy Cagney how he could strike fair ladies on the screen and make the world like him so much that they sent hundreds of wires demanding that he strike a gal in every picture.

"You take the curse off hitting a lady by being *impersonal* about it," said Jimmy. "You're trying to get something out of your way. If it happens to be a lady—whenever you're impersonal—you're *funny*."

RUMORS are out that Doris Kenyon will be married again. He is said to be a New Yorker whose name begins with H. It is al-

most three years since her husband, Milton Sills, died in California.

ARLINE JUDGE, cute little wife of director Wesley Ruggles, tells a good joke on her husband. The Ruggles named their new baby Charles Wesley Ruggles, after uncle Charles Ruggles and its father, Wesley.

"When we finally decided on the name," Arline says, "Wesley wailed, 'Well, I waited forty-three years for this baby and then only get second billing.'"

MORE romancing:

Gary Cooper openly admits his profound admiration for Wera Engels, German player. And Wera *vice versa*.

Jean Harlow's newest admirer is Fred Booth of Canada. A brother-in-law of Prince Erik of Denmark.

Dorothy Jordan and Merian Cooper, maker of "King Kong" and RKO-Radio producer, is Hollywood's most devoted couple.

Since Mervyn LeRoy turned his attention elsewhere, Ginger Rogers has been doing a bit of Cocoanut Grooving with Howard Hughes.

Virginia Cherrill and Cary Grant are expected to take the step any day now.

IN a scene from "Identity Unknown," David Manners is on the operating table, being carved by Jimmie Dunn. During a lull, Jack Oakie strolled in and they began talking about the fifty per cent salary reduction.

"And I see," remarked Oakie, "Manners is taking his cut lying down."



Ginger Rogers sure has a snap of it—with Howard Hughes for her partner at Darryl Zanuck's recent party. And that little Rogers girl must have had a burning left ear—the Gypsy mark of female gossip—for Howard, you know, has been the cynosure of all movie girls' eyes after his making Harlow a sensation by one picture



"I HAVE never known any kind of times but hard times," Marlene Dietrich said the other day. "As a little girl in Germany, during the war, I remember only the sorrow and grief and having to do without things."

"After the war, as I grew up, everything was still in chaos and conditions were often worse than during the war."

"And then I came to prosperous America just at a time everyone began talking hard times. So you see, I know nothing else. In fact, I'm sure I shouldn't know how to act in good times."

GLEND A FARRELL and Allen Jenkins are "sparking." You will recall Allen in "Blessed Event" and "The Mind Reader." This romance is *hot*, and both are eligible for marriage.

LOLA LANE was in that high state of glittering excitement by which you can usually distinguish a new divorcee. It was at Bunny McLeod's baby shower for Joby Arlen. Lola made an entrance, in a handsome fur coat.

A quiet little girl named Helen Twelvetrees lamented gently in our ear, "I wish I had a fur coat."

"Too bad about you," we laughed, airily.

"No, I mean it," she said with the utmost sincerity. "I've never had a fur coat in my whole life."

THE secret of why Rudy Vallee refused to make "International House" is now out. Rudy insisted upon reading the script. So, lo and behold, Rudy discovered he was being used to sing in a television radio scene and, half way through the song, someone was to poke him squarely on his television nose.

And was Rudy burned?

A GROUP of today's young actors and actresses were gathered in a popular Hollywood restaurant. One of them pointed out a girl across the room. "That's Grace Cunard's sister."

"Grace Cunard. I never heard of her."

And only the one who had spoken knew that name. Yet it was one of the very biggest in pictures. Ah—how soon will the names of those young folk be but a memory, too.

ARLINE JUDGE is playing a girl parachute jumper in "Flying Circus"—which is quite a leap from motherhood. Arline is at least twice as good looking since she had Charles Wesley Ruggles, Jr., which ought to be a big encouragement to Hollywood ladies.

DOUG FAIRBANKS, JR., has had to use an English accent to match Leslie Howard's in their picture, "Captured." Young Doug was broad-  
Aing it all over the lot.

"Why the English, Doug?" someone chided him.

"Oh, I'm in training for a dinner at Chatterton's," Doug flipped back.

MARLENE DIETRICH went into a huddle with her tailor and ordered eight new suits of flannels and lightweight serges with the usual slacks and wide lapels—and in the same breath, practically, Travis Banton, costume designer at Paramount, decrees that flowered muffs will enjoy a great popularity with fluffy summer dresses!

What do you make of that, Watson?

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88 ]

## "Isn't he thrilling?"



A new batch of snapshots is a package full of excitement . . . "Let *me* see" . . . "I *must* have this one" . . . Plenty of fun when the pictures were made. But what sport when the prints are passed around!

Millions are finding new possibilities in snapshots—they use Kodak VERICHROME Film. It has really made picture-taking quite a different thing. Easy positions—natural expressions—you get them with Verichrome. Because nobody need pose or face the sun. Dull days or bright, just snap what you want. The pictures will turn out right. Try a roll of Verichrome today! Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.



### HOW KODAK VERICHROME FILM DOUBLE-GUARDS SNAPSHOT SUCCESS

• Verichrome is the *double-coated* film. Two sensitive coatings instead of one. One coating for dull light, another coating for bright light give Verichrome its amazing picture-taking range. In sun or shade, bright days or dull, it double-guards your snapshots.

# KODAK VERICHROME FILM



# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87 ]



All Hollywood sat up and blinked when they read of the elopement marriage of Alice Joyce and Clarence Brown. If ever there was a director who could bring out the best in any actress, Brown holds this record with Crawford and Garbo to his credit. And with the new Mrs. Brown to help inspire him, we shall see what we shall see from the megaphone

**A**NITA LOUISE and Tom Brown—well this pair of youngsters seem to be getting *serious* about each other.

**L**ESLIE HOWARD is on the First National lot making "Captured," with Doug Fairbanks, Jr. "And how about you, Mr. Howard?" he was asked. "Will you accept the salary cut?"

"First, tell me," Leslie said in that quaint manner of his, "will those girls be working on 'The Gold Diggers of 1933' set very long?"

"Why, yes," they told him in surprise. "Why?"

"Well," said Mr. Howard, "in that case, just don't bother about cutting. I'll be only too happy to work for nothing."

**A** SCENE for "Reunion in Vienna" called for John Barrymore to parade about in shirt tail and no trousers.

"Hope you're not embarrassed," the director said.

"Feel perfectly at home," John answered. "You see, I've dreamed this scene a hundred times."

**S**H! Big scandal in our midst.

Norman Foster and Claudette Colbert are living together!

Claudette has a home in Brentwood, while Norman has been baching it, as usual, in a little house at Malibu.

In the middle of the night, Claudette's telephone rang, and a masculine voice inquired: "May I come over and spend the night with you?"

Seems the road to Malibu was blocked by

another slipping Palisade—and Mr. and Mrs. Foster are keeping house together, temporarily.

And, of course, there's always the chance that Norman pushed the Palisade over on purpose.

**G**UESTS at the Stuart Erwins have to be mighty careful what they say these days. The Erwins keep a recording machine going

at all times, in order to catch all the baby's "da da das." And imagine Stu's embarrassment to hear a few stray adult remarks mingling with baby's "da da das."

**T**HREE of our "big names" left almost simultaneously for Europe.

Novarro, Chevalier and Arliss.

Chevalier expects to be gone only five or six weeks. It's purely business, he says.

Arliss and Mrs. Arliss, to the contrary, are going for pleasure and expect to stay a number of months. They will spend most of their time in England, of course. Novarro is combining the two—the business of making his first appearance on the concert stage, which will be the dream of a lifetime realized.

**T**HERE seems to be something terribly futile in Ann Dvorak's actions of the past nine months. Discontented at the comparatively small salary she was getting from Warners-First National, she left Hollywood and went to Europe with her husband, Leslie Fenton.

And not only did she go back on the payroll at her former salary, but she found that cut in half by the eight-weeks' general pay slash.

During the nine months abroad, Fenton worked in one picture, and that in Germany.

**"A**ND NOW," chirps up one writer during the bank holiday, "we know why so many movie people have been adopting babies. It's such a cinch to rob the baby's bank."

**D**ICK ARLEN was kinda wondering why Jack Oakie transferred his (for want of a better word) affections to Peggy Hopkins Joyce, when just previously, Jack had shown a marked preference for the flapper type. So Jack told him. Jack is like that.

"Well, I figure all ages are good for a boy learning," said Mr. Oakie.

So now Dick knows.



They're out to give Harold and brother Gaylord Lloyd (right) the high sign on how to be young and gay at eighty, these Vollandam, Holland, boys, who boast their four score with pride. Brother Gaylord wears that cap as though he grew up among the dikes. The boys are back in Hollywood now



WHEN Ruby Keeler (Mrs. Al Jolson) put on her costume for the dancing scenes in "Gold Diggers of 1933," she shook her head and gently but firmly refused to wear it. The "fleshings" (technical term for tights the same color as the skin) covered her all over but the audience would not know she was covered! So Ruby will wear long flowing chiffons, etc. in the scenes where all the other girls wear—ah, those things that make bald-headed men order front row seats.

THE Joe E. Brown family is the heaviest consumer of milk for one family in pictures. Their regular order is for fifteen quarts a day. The five kiddies consume three quarts per meal between them.

BEN TURPIN dropped 'round to visit the "International House" set. "Just dropped 'round to give your set the double O," Ben said. "Well, Ben, tell me," W. C. Fields replied, "did you ever see a single O?"

IN the chimney above the Powell-Lombard fireplace is a large bas-relief of a stork.

Poised on the chimney, over Joan Blondell's and George Barnes' new house, is a large life-sized iron stork.

Tempting fate?

FREDRIC MARCH dashed up to pay a call upon Ann Harding. Ann was not in. Little five-year-old Jane Bannister received the guest.

"Mother will be home in just a few moments. Won't you sit down?" And turning to the servant, "Please bring Mr. March a drink and me straight ginger ale."

Jane is one of the most cunning young ladies in the film industry—a mixture of quaint days of yore and modernism. Her hair is worn in a pigtail with a tiny bow at the very end. But this quaintness does not prevent her from playing football and riding a tiny broncho.

SOMEONE asked Peggy Hopkins Joyce what she was going to do between pictures?

"Oh, I might get married," she answered.

ALICE BRADY, New York stage star, had Hollywood agog. Alice wears nothing but those huge picture hats.

A new one every day.

And, with Lil Tashman still sporting the little pancakes, no one knew what to make of it.

Can it be we are actually behind the times with our hats, Alice?

THE other day a cute little extra girl was walking briskly down the boulevard with a large package under her arm.

"Hey, Marian. Where you going in such a rush?" hailed Jimmy, the Cagney.

"Gotta hurry. My sister's going to get married. We're giving her a shower today."

"Count me in," shouted Cagney. "I'll bring the soap."

MAE CLARKE goes about with a pad and pencil these days. As a result of that automobile accident, Mae's jaws are wired tight.

But she surely makes that pencil fly over-time.

# The Olive green color in Palmolive

*is Nature's own beauty trade-mark*

—and olive oil makes Palmolive green

IN Cleopatra's day beauty was worshipped. And women who sought beauty sought the aid of olive oil. For nothing in the realm of beauty aids has ever been found to equal the precious, soothing olive oil that keeps skin lovely and alluring.

No wonder women in every land use Palmolive. For in every cake is poured the eternal beauty aid of the centuries—rich olive oil. No bleaches . . . no artificial colors. Just the natural green of olive oil. Use Palmolive freely . . . if you would keep your skin youthful and lovely. And it costs so little today that you and all your family can use it liberally.

This much Olive Oil goes into every cake

Faithfully shown by the size of this container is the abundant quantity of olive oil that goes into every cake of Palmolive.

"Olive oil preserves the youth of the skin," says Pessl of Vienna, one of 20,000 beauty experts who advise Palmolive.





# Spare FRIENDS Save DRESSES

Perspiration can Cost  
You Both



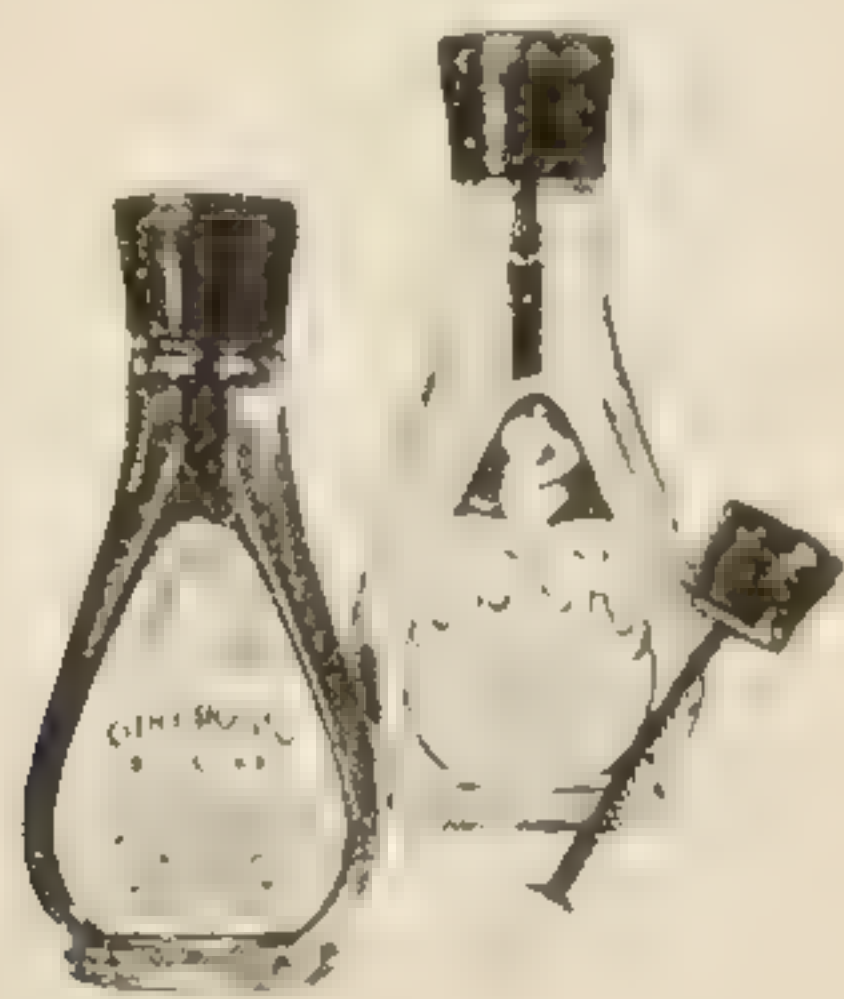
In less than ten minutes, underarm perspiration can defeat you socially and undermine you financially!

It can defeat you socially, because the unfortunate odor wrecks your charm and distresses your friends. It can undermine you financially, because the acids of perspiration stain and fade your dresses.

## Odorono Protects your Dresses and your Friendships

A famous physician developed the *safe, sure* defense against perspiration and odor. Odorono prevents perspiration, as perspiration *must be prevented*, if dresses and friendships are to be saved! Greasy creams and sticks, powders, perfumes and soaps may, at best, get rid of odor temporarily. But Odorono not only secures your charm. It spares your clothes from early discard and your friendships from unhappy moments.

Choose with confidence the famous Odorono Regular (ruby red) or the newer Instant Odorono (colorless). Both now have the original Odorono sanitary applicator.



ODORONO  
REGULAR

INSTANT  
ODORONO

for use before retiring —gives 3 to 7 days' complete protection.

is for quick use—while dressing or at any time. 1 to 3 days' protection.

# ODO·RO·NO

LEE TRACY always walks as if he's on the way to some important conference, to settle monumental problems. But he says it isn't so. He merely walks to settle his dinner!

CAROLE LOMBARD had the cleverest scheme of anyone in Hollywood during the bank holiday. Carole simply gathered up a lot of stage money that had been used in a recent picture and signing it, handed it out as her own personal script. And everyone seemed mighty glad to cash it.

EL BRENDDEL isn't nearly the dumb Swede he would have us think. The closing of the banks caught El without a cent. So El dashed up to the public telephone booths on the Fox lot and took charge. When anyone came along to use the phone, El simply invited them over to his dressing-room, had them charge the call to his own private phone and collected the price of the call in cash.

And by "Yumpin' Yimminy" it wasn't such a bad idea, for in four hours El was flouting \$4.25 in the faces of other stony broke actors. He "youst" had a good idea, eh?

COLONEL Tim McCoy, who is turning out some grand Westerns, is the idol of many a lad. Recently he received six hundred letters

from boys who offered to work for nothing on his Wyoming ranch.

AND believe it or not—

Kathryn Frances Brown was not six months of age before she had met practically all the stars in Hollywood.

Kathryn Frances is the adopted infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joe E. Brown. She was born December 19, 1932.

On April 9 she was christened at St. Thomas Church in Hollywood, following which there was a reception at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, to which practically everybody in Hollywood who is anybody was invited.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN, that little Irish star, tells the funniest story on herself. Maureen asked Elizabeth Allan, new English star, how she liked Hollywood.

"Love it," Elizabeth said, "except I have a noisy neighbor who keeps the radio going all the time so I can't sleep."

The next morning, Maureen stepped out her front door just in time to see Elizabeth slip out the door right next.

And then it dawned on Maureen, who hadn't known where Elizabeth lived, that she was the noisy neighbor.

And did she howl!



"You've overdrawn your allowance again, mother"



A CASTING director tells us that the days have gone forever when a flourishing crop of whiskers was all an extra man needed to keep working.

Whiskers are nothing more or less than mattress-stuffing, in this enlightened age. . . . And you oughta see some of the extraordinary physiognomies (or just plain pans, if you prefer) emerging from the dense brush!

Pardner Jones, cowboy, who has worn a beard for the last forty years, almost died of pneumonia the first week he went with his face undressed. And Texas Bill Wolf says *he* almost died of embarrassment!

SPENCER TRACY came out of a theater and was strolling up to his car, when he noticed a slightly uncertain gentleman pursuing the uneven tenor of his ways along the curb. He looked up and spied Tracy.

"I'm lookin' for a parkin' space," he offered.

"But you haven't any car," Spencer informed, helpfully.

"You may be right," agreed the inebriate, "but I *thought* it was in the parkin' space I'm lookin' for!"

"THE happiest bride in Hollywood," as she was referred to, has up and gone phooey with her marriage. June MacCloy went to Jaurez, Mexico, where divorces may be had for the asking. When she returned, she was no longer Mrs. Schuyler Schenck.

IT'S just Hollywood, that's all.

Cedric Gibbons, art director and designer of dainty sets, is about to embark on his career as a director. His first story will be "Tarzan and His Mate." Over at RKO-Radio, that gentle little story "Little Women" is being adapted to the screen. The writer who is adapting it, is a specialist in gangster and murder stories.

Oh, well!

"WELL," Alice Brady remarked, "I waited ten years to come back to Hollywood. And the day I arrived, the banks closed, the next thing that happened they cut the salaries fifty per cent and had an earthquake."

"If that's what ten years absence brings, maybe I'd better not come back again."

THE story of Connie Cumming's entrance into England is no surprise to those who know Connie in Hollywood.

It seems, Connie got off the boat in a plain suit and hat, sporting no elaborate jewels or furs, but carrying under her arm, of all things, a bucket of hot clam soup. Connie was taking it to a sick friend in England. And, when the English reporters got a load of Connie, they fell for her simplicity like a ton of brick.

But Hollywood knows Connie is like that. And isn't a bit surprised.

BELA (DRACULA) LUGOSI was beaming. "Certainly glad to get away from a horror picture," he grinned. "I have no horror part in this new picture, 'International House.'"

"What part do you play?" W. C. Fields asked.

"Oh, I'm a former husband of Peggy Hopkins Joyce," Bela said.

"Well," drawled Fields, "I suppose it's all in what you mean by horror part."

And Bela is still wondering.

## Remarkable offer introduces important Kotex discovery The PATENTED\* EQUALIZER



A RADICAL innovation! . . . Not a mere improvement in sanitary protection . . . but something new, different. Kotex, with the New Patented Equalizer! And—look!—offered at a sensationally low introductory price.

### Insured safety

Kotex, with the New Patented Equalizer, gives 20 to 30% greater protection. The center equalizer not only thickens protection but makes it more adequate, more comfortable—and edges stay dry. An intimate explanation of the new equalizer is given you on the direction sheet inside the package.

### Ends must be phantom

Mere rounded ends are not enough. They must be flattened, embossed so that the phantom effect is certain. Kotex—and Kotex only—offers this special shaping, making it possible to wear closest fitting gowns without the slightest revealing line. Those qualities for which Kotex is famous remain unchanged—absorbency, softness, disposability! It can be worn on either side with equal protection.

Now you can try Kotex with Patented Equalizer at less than the usual low price!

### Why no sanitary pad can be "just like the new Equalizer Kotex"

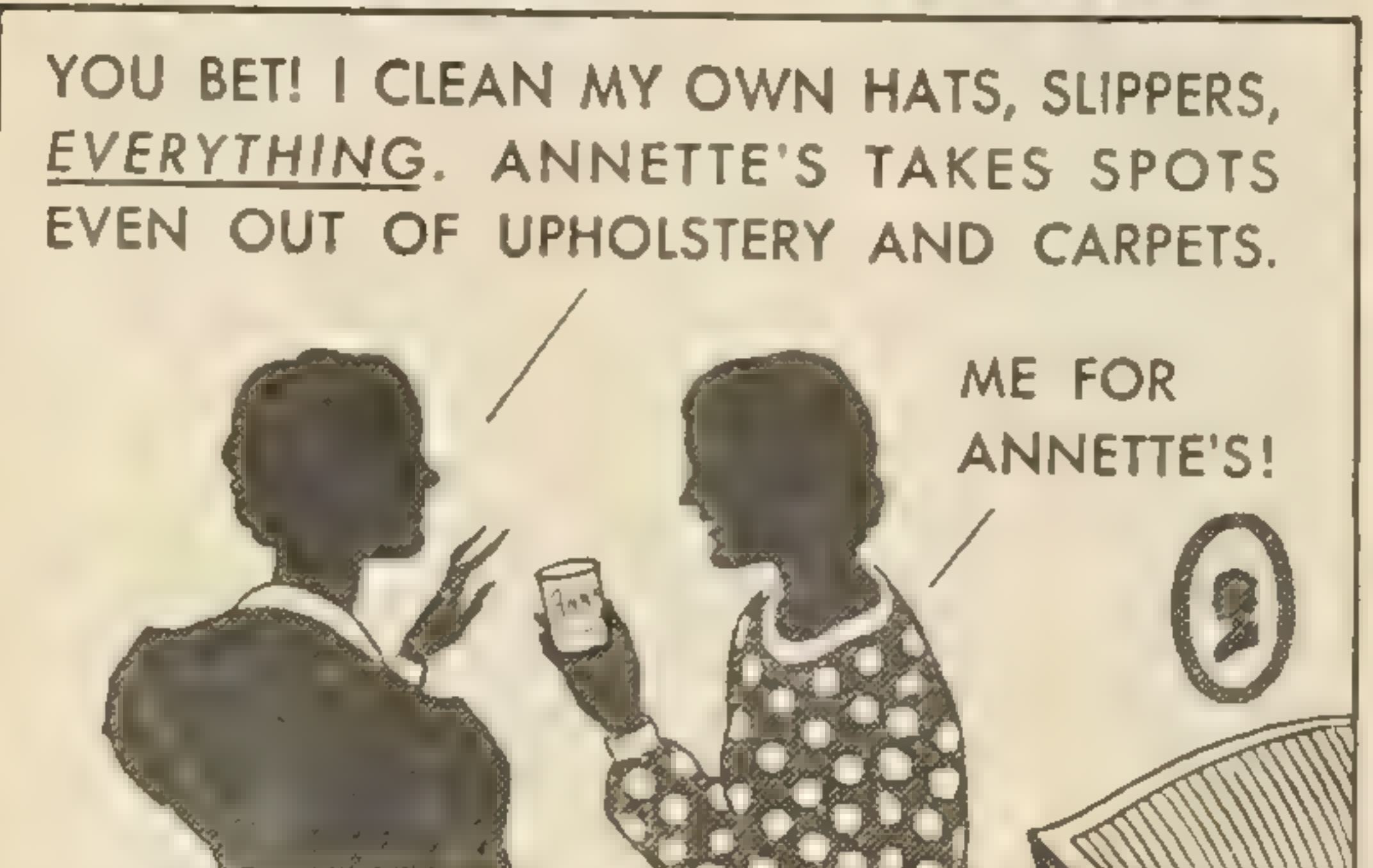
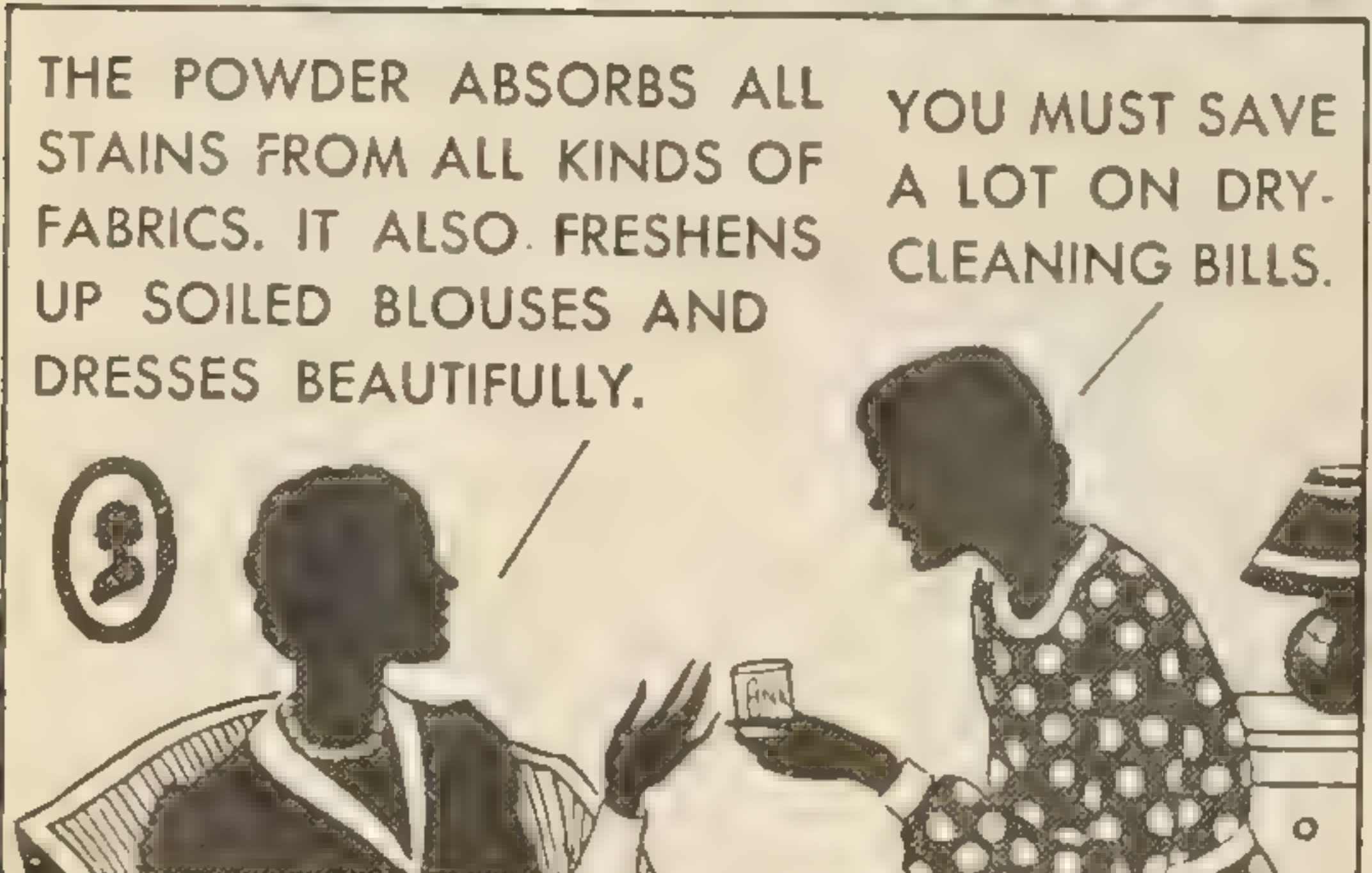
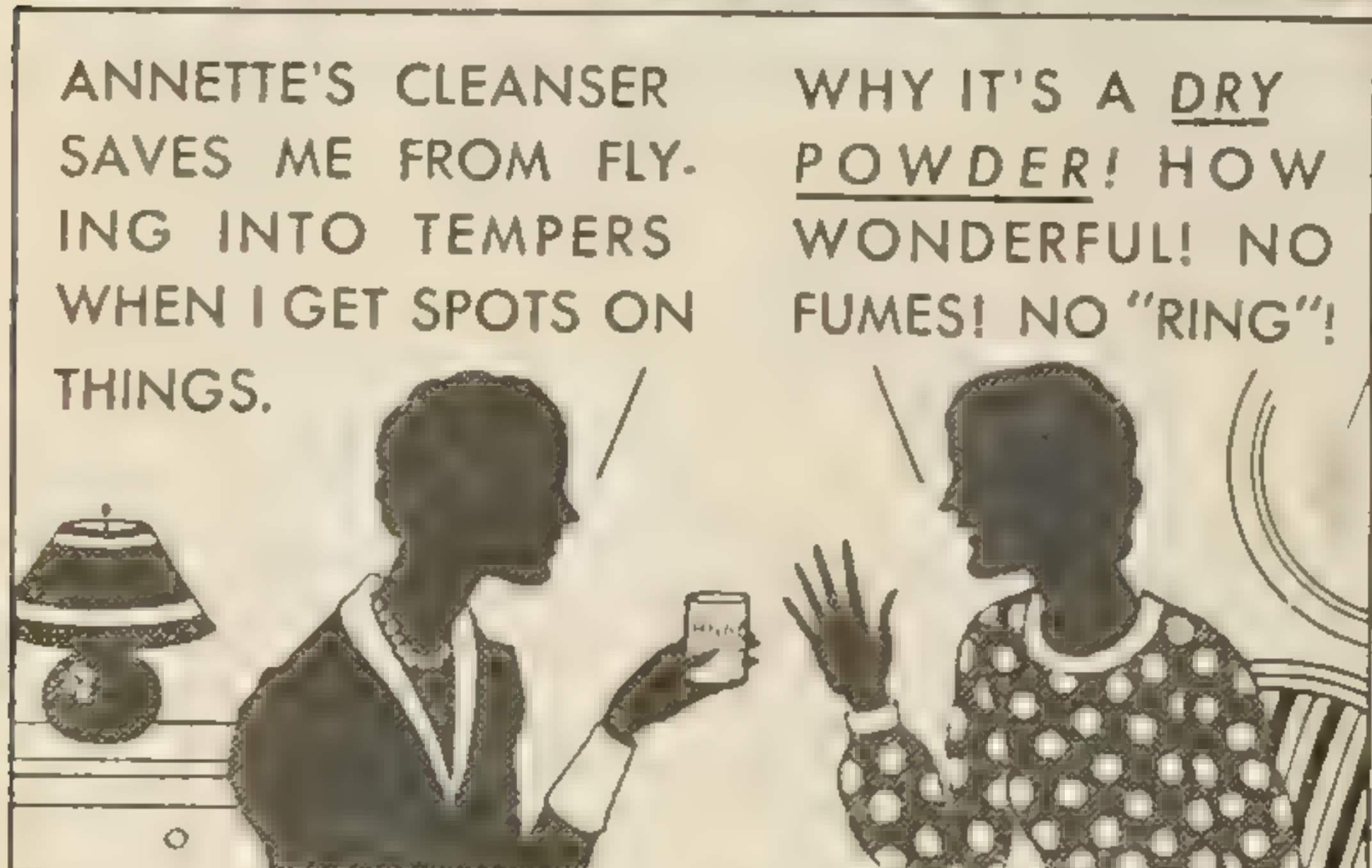
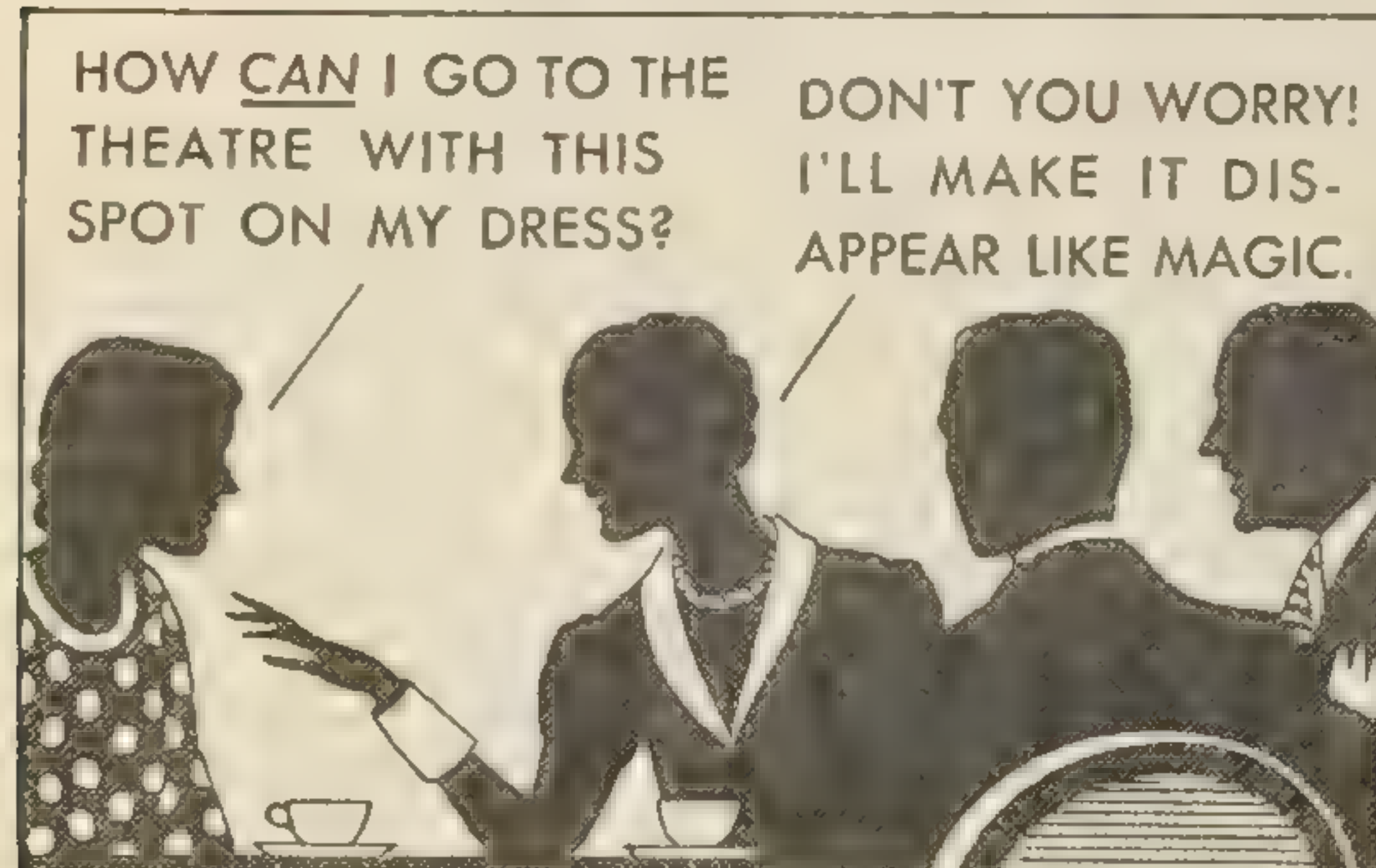
Yes, it looks simple, but this device took 2½ years to perfect. Imitations can be made, they will be made, but it cannot truthfully be said of any other pad that it is like the New Kotex with Patented Equalizer. . . and this is why:

- 1—it took two and one-half years to perfect.
- 2—a board of three hundred women tested it.
- 3—medical authority of high repute checked their findings.
- 4—★AND, the United States Government granted Patent No. 1,863,333 to protect it for use of Kotex, exclusively.

Illustrations and text copy, 1933, Kotex Co.



## "MY HUSBAND CALLS IT 'THE TROUBLE SHOOTER'"



**ANNETTE'S PERFECT CLEANSER REMOVES THESE STAINS:** Grease, Mayonnaise, Berries, Rain Spots, Grass Stains, Coffee, Perspiration, Syrup, Oil, Ginger Ale, Orange, Tea, Milk — **FROM THESE MATERIALS:** Silks, Velvets, Upholstery, Rugs, Fine Linen, Felt Hats, Cotton, Chiffon, Furs, Slippers — **WITHOUT LEAVING A RING.** At drug and department stores: 25c and 50c.



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Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.  
Please send me Free Trial Supply of Annette's Perfect  
Cleanser and copy of "Guide for Home Cleaning."

Name.....

Street Address .....

City.....State.....

"WHY, I give Judge Valentine all my business," said Louis Brock, motion picture producer, when he was getting ready to marry Helen Collins, niece of Austin Parker.

And so, when they went to Judge Valentine's chambers for the wedding ceremony, it was Brock's twenty-fifth appearance before the same judge.

The other twenty-four times were divorce suits and alimony squabbles with two previous wives.

A WRITER showed George Bernard Shaw a manuscript. The Irish humorist made notations on the edges. As he handed it back, he said: "You can sell this, my dear, and make money. It has my handwriting on it."

THE story of how Edna Best ran out on her first motion picture engagement in Hollywood and returned to England to be with her husband, Herbert Marshall, had been almost forgotten until recently revived by Marshall.

He was expected to return here from England to do a picture for Paramount.

And almost at the last moment he cabled he could not come because he would rather remain in England with Mrs. Marshall.

Because, you see, they were expecting a baby and he did not like to come away. But, all three of them will get here, he promised, as soon as the baby is old enough to travel.

SMASH, crash, goes the glass!

The glass manufacturers ought to be in a gay mood, these days. Remember all the havoc Charlie Ruggles wrought in the glassware department in "If I Had a Million"? Then comes "The Kiss Before the Mirror,"

with Frank Morgan breaking through looking-glasses.

Now we get the big drinking scene in "Reunion in Vienna," in which John Barrymore, Diana Wynyard and all the cast drink a toast and smash the glasses. It's an old Austrian custom.

LITTLE Cora Sue Collins has almost an obsession against having her name transposed to Sue Cora. Someone on the set was teasing the five-year-old by addressing her as "Sue Cora," and we found out why she objects.

"Thue Cora, indeed!" she exclaimed, with haughty indignation. "Look out or I'll be thueing you!"

IF you want to hear chatter comparable only to monkeys in an African jungle, just drop into any make-up department on any lot between eight and nine in the morning. The actresses must be on the sets by nine. They are being made beautiful for an hour before that.

It took Diana Wynyard, newcomer, to think out a way to hear herself thinking her lines. She presented M-G-M's department with a radio set.

And is it tuned on in the morning?—To the loudest.

IF Fredric March were only a single man," a starlet wailed the other day.

And that seems to be one of the most popular theme songs in Hollywood these days. Freddie March is fast becoming the local hero.

Yet he is always home in time for dinner. Wife Florence Eldridge doesn't have to wait for her hubby.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118 ]

## Can Hollywood "Take It"?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39 ]

Past extravagances have to be paid in current economies—and that is the realization which Hollywood is just putting into effect. Hollywood is cleaning house, and with a vengeance.

When the crisis first developed Hollywood put on its most debonair air and decided to brazen things out with a bold front. It plunged into a period of even more intensive production—the way to make the additional millions needed, it reasoned, was to bring them in at the box-office with better films. But the box-offices throughout the nation also dried up because of the scarcity of money elsewhere, and so Hollywood found itself in a worse fix than ever.

THEN Hollywood abruptly about-faced and applied the present heroic remedy.

The success of that remedy, it was realized from the first, depended upon the complete cooperation of the entire industry. All must put their shoulders to the wheel for the common good.

Producers meetings were called, and drastic plans rushed through. Mistakes may have been made here, but it was necessary to do something to reduce the staggering expenditure, and to do it quickly.

The crisis was such that if every person in the whole business did not aid, the studios themselves must inevitably close.

Too long salaries had been soaring. Too long waste and extravagance had run rampant. Too long there had been an excess of personnel,

paid an excess in wages. Too long incompetent executives, related to this producer or that studio official, had drawn fantastic sums for using their feet to dust expensive desks.

The bombshell broke without warning upon the whole industry.

Within twenty-four hours it was decided that the only way to keep the studios open was for every person concerned to work at half salary for eight weeks.

This included everybody from stars to stenographers, and would give the studios a chance to breathe.

These sweeping remedies presented no less drastic individual problems. But these were forgotten in the hope of saving the whole. Afterwards revisions were made, exempting the smaller wage-earners; but the point is that within twenty-four hours of the call, Hollywood had rallied as one man.

There were negligible exceptions, of course. But the industry as a whole responded nobly. Overnight, the staggering overhead of the whole business was cut in half.

HOLLYWOOD believes that the studios are all rushing production during the eight weeks period to finish current programs at the lowest possible cost, and will then shut down to reorganize. One studio, which had announced its periodical shut down prior to the cut, has extended its production period to cover this time. Reorganization is recognized as inevitable, with possible hardships between; but Hollywood as a whole is convinced that follow-



ing these reorganizations, the industry will emerge on a solid foundation.

There is no let down of activity—in fact, Hollywood has speeded up its efforts to get done what it can. There is no moaning or wailing, no self-pity for the individual amid concern for the whole. And finally, there is no weakening of morale, that factor which among all factors, financial and otherwise, is the most vital.

Meanwhile, stars, directors, writers and all the rest of the studio folk worked cheerfully either for half pay or for no pay at all. In the case of the higher-paid personnel, of course, the cut was not so meaningful. A prior salary of five thousand dollars a week still meant two thousand five hundred. No actual sacrifice is involved here.

PERHAPS all this may be good for the motion picture industry. In the final analysis, after reorganization shall have been effected, Hollywood may again resemble the Hollywood of old—the days when the film pioneers, as independents, stood upon their own convictions, fought their own battles, and made their own pictures. And good pictures, too.

That the future will be as the old past is, of course, neither possible nor desirable. But out of the ashes of its mistakes, Hollywood is rebuilding a new structure of success.

Can Hollywood take it? From the humblest script girl to the greatest star, Hollywood proclaims that she can!

## The Tooth Will Tell

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62 ]

see, what Jack doesn't realize is, that it's Jack, not Hollywood, that's changed. Jack, who's different. Jack, who still "Yoo Hoos" at everyone from his dressing-room, but from habit only.

His heart isn't in it. He still goes about delivering speeches exactly like an old Methodist preacher. But it's only an act these days. Just an act.

"You know, I'm not so sure of myself any more," he said the other day.

"Stop," I screeched, "you'll bring on another earthquake. I can't bear it."

Jack Oakie actually admitting he wasn't sure of— Well, we can expect anything after that. The "I'm good and I know it" boy of Hollywood actually admitting—why, reams have been written about the egotism of Jack Oakie. The sureness of himself.

Likeable, to be sure. But don't think Jack didn't mean it.

WHY, the cocksure Jack Oakie is the only Jack Oakie Hollywood knows.

"You see," he explains, "when I try that sort of a naïve look I always give on the screen, I just feel it isn't there. I'm acting it for the first time. It just doesn't come natural any more."

"Look. See this tooth that kind of sets back of the others here at the side? Well, that's always been kind of an Oakie trade mark. People always know the old Oakie smile by that tooth.

"Well, I'm having it fixed," he admits. "Doin' away with the old Oakie smile. I feel older. Different.

"I want to get in there and play hero for a while. Tired of kiddin' all the time. How do you think I'll look with the tooth fixed, sister? Like a hero?"

I told you. Just as sure as you're living, it's coming. The day when Hollywood will lose its good old sweat-shirty Jack. And when you see the new tooth—well, it will be all over, *including* the shouting.

From then on it will be quiet, serious Mr. Oakie, if you please.

With Pompeian you can be confident of your loveliness for hours



There's no longer an excuse for

How often you are apt to find your nose in this condition one-half hour after using ordinary powder!

*half-hour nose!*

FROM now on it's your own fault if you're caught with a disillusioning nose shining out from the perfection (God-given or man-made) of the rest of your face. It's your own fault if you have to dive for a mirror and a powder puff every time you turn around.

For after a good deal of research and experiment, Pompeian has created a powder that will cling for hours. Not the old-fashioned type of "clinging" powder that coats the face with a dull heavy

mask, but a soft, fine powder that gives a delicate and smooth perfection to the skin. . . . Now you can leave your dressing-table serenely confident that your good looks will last throughout the evening.

The new Pompeian comes in a variety of flattering skin tones, expressly created to complement and enhance every complexion type. Its perfume is charming and subtle. And it is smartly boxed in an ingenious manner.

### AND SMARTLY PRICED

Our long experience in the cosmetic business has taught us how to make our products economically. We pass our savings on to you. As a result, the finest powder that money can buy is only sixty-five cents the box. The new Pompeian beauty powder, like all Pompeian products, is on sale at stores everywhere. THE POMPEIAN COMPANY, Bloomfield, N. J.

Sales Representatives: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc.  
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SIXTY-FIVE CENTS THE BOX  
NEW YORK      PARIS      LONDON



Experts Say that  
**PERSTIK** is the  
Safe, Sure, Effective  
"Lipstick" Deodorant



## NEW Perstik Contains a New Substance which Gives Positive Protection Against Odor

Thousands now use dainty Perstik because it is easy to use and *instantly* banishes odor. Just a few strokes over the armpits—that's all you need, for all-day protection.

Perstik is gentle to your skin...it cannot possibly irritate—you may even use it after shaving. Perstik is greaseless, and harmless to fabrics—you can slip right into your dress. And Perstik is easy to carry in your purse.

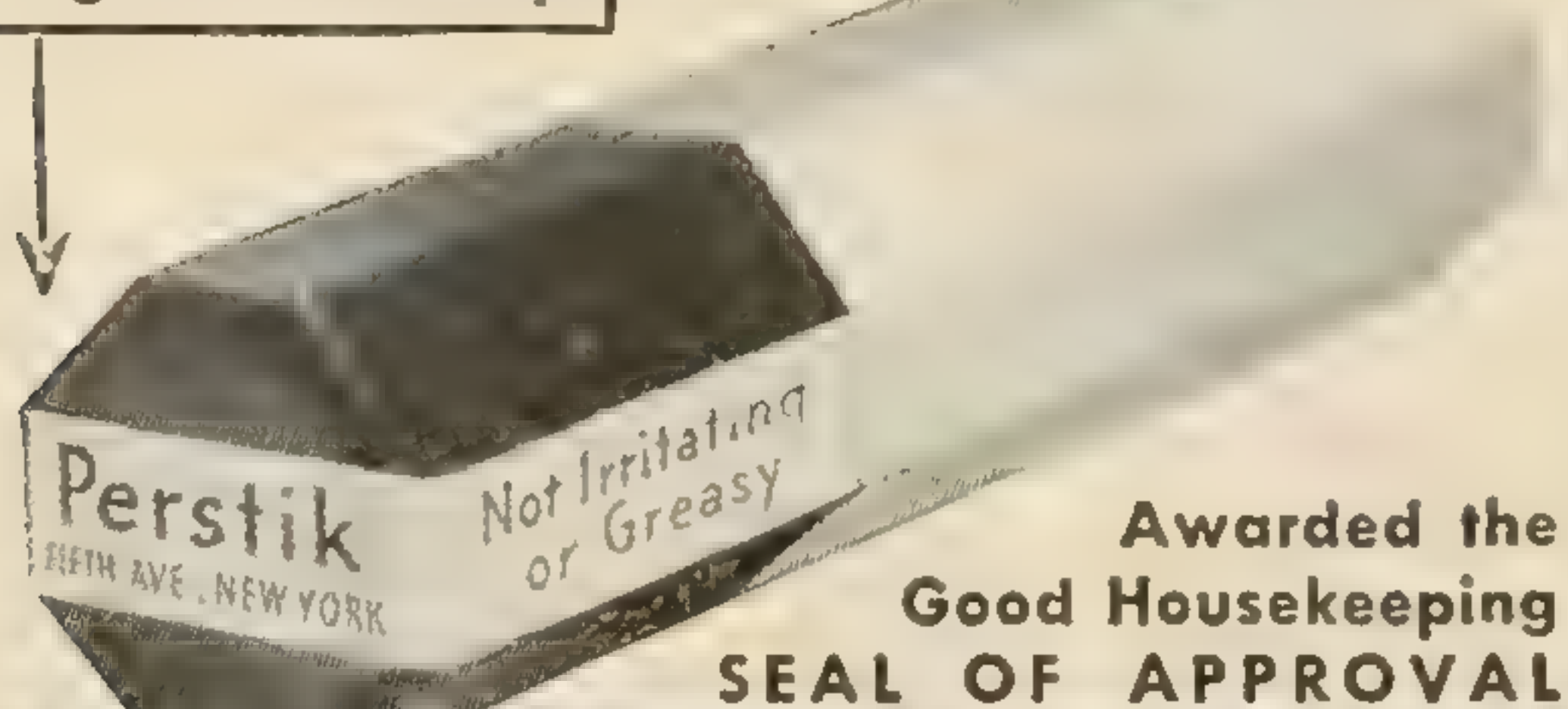
Perstik is so neat and nice and SAFE, it has won favor with over 6,000 New York City doctors' wives and with the beauty advisers to more than 10 million women. Even fashionable London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna now *rave* about Perstik.

### Take No Chances

Don't risk the use of cheap, ineffective imitations when genuine 50¢ Perstik gives you months of positive protection. Genuine Perstik contains no lard, cocoa butter or other greasy ingredients. Genuine Perstik will not harm the most delicate body tissue—it can be used freely on sanitary napkins. Be sure you get genuine Perstik, in the *new improved* black-and-white case.

Ask for *genuine* Perstik at your department or drug store. If, by chance, you don't find it there, write Perstik, 469 Fifth Ave., New York.

Genuine PERSTIK  
has the name  
right on the cap



**Perstik**  
THE "LIPSTICK" DEODORANT  
Trade Mark Reg. Patents Pending

# What was the Best Picture of 1932?

YOU can help decide which one is to receive the famous PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal.

Votes are flocking in, and it is more important than ever that we have your ballot now, to help us award this supreme honor of the shadow stage world.

For that is just what the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal for the best picture of the year means in screendom. Other fields of endeavor have their Nobel prizes, their Pulitzer awards. There are honorary distinctions in motion picture work, too. But the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal, weighing 123½ pennyweights and made from the design by Tiffany and Company, New York, is the greatest—for it is the distinction which you and all the other moviegoers of the land award by your votes.

It means much to you, too, when you think of it. A great national referendum such as this carries tremendous weight throughout all producing circles—points unerringly to the sort of picture the public will support most generously. So casting your vote for your selection adds just that much to the incentive producers and studios will feel to give you more as good.

No rules, no limitations, restrict you. Outstanding work by one or more stars naturally will count, and count heavily. But you will remember the supporting players—the direc-

tion—settings and staging—and of course the merits of the story itself. And the best test, the one which no doubt will decide you in the end, is the one of which picture *wears best* with you, as you look back to it, and compare it with others of the year, and with those you are seeing now. The picture that stands out best is the one for which you will vote.

To aid you in recollecting which were the pictures of 1932, we print a list below; but your choice is not limited to those in this list. If you consider some other picture superior, and it was released in 1932, you are perfectly free to vote for it.

One other point: While the picture must be one released in 1932, you need not have seen it in that year. If you saw it this year, that is quite all right.

If the picture was reviewed in January 1933, or earlier, it was certainly a 1932 release.

For your convenience, a voting coupon is printed herewith, but a letter or postcard will do as well. Your vote is what counts, however you send it.

Remember, nothing counts but your votes—but in order to count, your vote must be at hand when the polls close. So decide now—mark your ballot—and let us have it today!

Your ballot must be in by June 1st, 1933, when the Polls close.

## List of 50 outstanding pictures released in 1932

*American Madness*

*Arsene Lupin*

*As You Desire Me*

*Back Street*

*Bill of Divorcement, A*

*Blessed Event*

*Bring 'Em Back Alive*

*Call Her Savage*

*Conquerors, The*

*Cynara*

*Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*

*Doomed Battalion, The*

*Emma*

*First Year, The*

*Grand Hotel*

*I Am a Fugitive from a*

*Chain Gang*

*Kid From Spain, The*

*Ladies of the Jury*

*Lady with a Past*

*Letty Lynton*

*Life Begins*

*Love Me Tonight*

*Lovers Courageous*

*Man I Killed, The*

*Mata Hari*

*Merrily We Go to Hell*

*Miracle Man, The*

*Movie Crazy*

*Night After Night*

*Night Court*

*Once in a Lifetime*

*One Hour With You*

*One Way Passage*

*Rain*

*Rasputin and the Empress*

*Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*

*Red Dust*

*Red Headed Woman*

*Scarface*

*Shanghai Express*

*Silver Dollar*

*Six Hours To Live*

*Smilin' Through*

*Strange Interlude*

*Symphony of Six Million*

*Tess of the Storm Country*

*Trial of Vivienne Ware, The*

*Trouble in Paradise*

*Washington Merry-Go-Round*

*What Price Hollywood*

### Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1932.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Send

in

This

Ballot



## Paul "Goes American" —And How!

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56 ]

with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Leslie Howard.

Daisy is young, slender, blonde, decorative—but not in the Hollywood sense. Her features have an arresting irregularity; she has a glorious smile. Intelligence and humor look out of her eyes. Her clothes are smart, with a pleasing absence of gadgets.

She regards her husband, who is perhaps fifteen or twenty years older than herself, with a blending of adoration and just enough understanding.

Now, having struggled with impulse a moment, she took the bait. It was too much for her. Her Europe was being maligned!

"But America is too new—it has no traditions!" volleyed Daisy.

"HA! How can you say a thing is too new? It is like saying 'the egg is too fresh!'" Paul leaped in. (When a Lukas warms to a cause, there's nothing luke-warm about it!) "It has traditions—they are like the country—new!" The battle was on.

"How can a tradition be new?" dismissed Daisy. "It has to be old before it *is* a tradition!"

"What's wrong with a young tradition?" demanded Paul. "In Europe too many things are worshiped because they are old. The people accept them. They do not have the enterprise to create new ones. Their imaginations are no longer fresh. They are tired. They cannot be surprised. It is youth they need—vitality! They are ponderous. They endure inconveniences—discomforts. You remember how long and with what trouble you secured a telephone at your mother's house?" Paul triumphed.

The discussion waxed—always intelligent, interesting, impersonal.

The debaters completely forgot the existence of a third party—but not once did they forget themselves.

Not once did either of them take that unfair advantage, we invariably expect in a domestic discussion, and hurl the retort cutting or personal. . . . Or hurl anything else!

Then, abruptly, the discussion ceased, hung suspended in mid-air. They still had a grand argument left on their hands, practically intact, to take up where they left off whenever they liked.

It struck me that this was not a bad formula for a happy, enduring marriage!

If neither one ever wins the argument, there will *always* be something left to talk about!

WHEN Paul was absent from the room, Daisy confessed, "Paul has a withering scorn for the 'yes, dear' technique. He is furious, sometimes, with my views—but he is positively enraged if I have *none*!"

Daisy talks with a decided but charming accent, not having mastered English as Paul has.

Paul disappeared for six months, when talking pictures arrived, and returned to the screen with a perfect enunciation.

Another token of *meaning it*, you might say, about becoming American.

Many other foreign actors—Jannings, Negri, Bacanova, Varconi, Banky—were at the top of the heap, only to sink into near oblivion in American production after the advent of sound, because they could not or would not learn to speak unaccented English.

Nor is his feeling about citizenship the only change six years in the United States have wrought in Paul Lukas. Today he is not the Continental extremist who once sank on bended knee and kissed the hand of lady interviewers.

## PHOENIX HOSIERY *with* CUSTOM-FIT TOP

ends hosiery discomforts  
*experienced by 9 out of 10 women!*



WE'LL wager there has been some strain in your life caused by stocking tops that gagged your thighs, or were too loose, too long, too short! Whatever the trouble, it's all over now! For Phoenix has given you *Custom-Fit Top*—the perfect stocking top that fits every leg. It stretches both ways—up and down, round and round. And it can be gartered to any length without fear of garter runs. Wear Phoenix Hosiery with *Custom-Fit Top*, priced from 75c to \$1.95.

NEW! . . . PHOENIX DESERT TONES, smartest hosiery colors for Summer. Featuring FIESTA . . . the all-occasion shade.

SEE PHOENIX HOSIERY BEING MADE AT A CENTURY OF PROGRESS, CHICAGO





Everyone on the Warner lot looks twice at vivacious Ginger Rogers. On the beach even twice isn't enough. She is wearing one of Jantzen's new Molded-Fit Kerchief suits. There's no need to tell you how it fits. The brassiere uppers are quickly detachable so that she can wear sweater, sweat shirt or blouse with the trunks

Advertisement

The Lukas who talked freely to the press of all the women he had loved—talked of little else. . . .

Women—women—women. All his life he has been a lover of women, and women have filled his life—a procession of beautiful women, marching through.

Now he talks less of women in general—and more of Daisy. No more parades. Daisy is all women in one.

Lukas says American women cannot be fairly judged by the ones in Hollywood—and he knows only Hollywood. "Here they cheat too easily and divorce at random. The Continental husband seldom hesitates to say so if his wife is guilty of any misconduct. She is summarily divorced.

American men carry their gallantry too far—they always allow the wife to secure the divorce, and then pay her alimony!" he finishes, incredulously.

Yet in spite of his Americanization, Lukas makes frank admissions that you could not drag out of the more reserved—or perhaps more self-conscious—native.

He says: "The most important thing in life is love. All happiness, all homes, all obliga-

tions, are in direct relation to it. Men are such bad boys.

"If their life is not complete at home, they go seeking elsewhere.

"That begins the disintegration of the whole structure.

"AMERICAN women emphasize beauty—in their dress. They are the most alluring in the world.

"But appearance isn't all. Else why so many divorces?

"Every good wife should also be a good sweetheart."

His views about the projected adoption throw further light on his feelings.

"Once," he said, "I thought I would have no child if it could not be my own. But I have recovered from my snobbishness about adoption. Every man wants to see himself perpetuated, yes. It is his family pride, his vanity. But I do not think even heredity is infallible."

So you can judge for yourself how completely Paul Lukas has become Americanized in spirit, to back up his application for formal citizenship.

## The Shadow Stage

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61 ]

### GIRL MISSING—Warners

IF you are, too, you'll miss just fair entertainment. Glenda Farrell and Mary Brian are two chorines, stranded in Palm Beach; and they step into a mix-up which includes Ben Lyon as a sucker bridegroom, Peggy Shannon as his shakedown bride, a kidnaping, a murder, and plenty more. Wisecracking Glenda finally spots the villain and all is well. The acting's as good as the story permits.

### ZOO IN BUDAPEST—Fox

AN excellent climax, and an interesting theme. Animals are the motivating force, dominating the life of hero Gene Raymond, and through him that of Loretta Young, and the others. A tiger is the menace; an elephant the true hero. Slow dialogue, but a good story.

### "M"—Nerofilm

IF you like grim realism, superbly done, here it is in this German tale of a city terrorized by a degenerate child murderer. No actual horror shown (except the criminal); but it's all there by masterful implication, conveyed with thorough-going German detail. Not a melodrama; it is tense, serious treatment of a horror theme. English subtitles. Not for children.

### MUSSOLINI SPEAKS—Columbia

KEYED on the clever idea of showing Mussolini addressing his faithful Black Shirts from a balcony—with a flashback after every sentence or two, to show the achievement of which he speaks. Lowell Thomas interprets, while Il Duce's facial expressions alone are worth the price of admission. An interesting, even though intensely partisan, study of a striking personality.

### A SHRIEK IN THE NIGHT—Allied

IN fact, shrieks enough to make the flesh shiver and the hair rise. Well done shrieks, too; while Ginger Rogers, Lyle Talbot, Purnell Pratt, Harvey Clark and Arthur Hoyt snap out grewsomeness and humor with a fine

balance. You know who's doing the murders, but you're scared to death the detective doesn't! Excellent small-time entertainment.

### HERTHA'S ERWACHEN (HERTHA'S AWAKENING)—UFA

DEPICTING a condition that will go on as long as the world itself. About a trusting little country lass and the city boy who forgot. This film serves as a very valuable object lesson for youth, rather than a demoralization, as first supposed by the censors. A touchingly human episode from life, told with great sincerity and candor. In German, with English subtitles.

### HUMANITY—Fox

ALTHOUGH lacking originality in plot, this story of a doctor who has given a lifetime of service to the poor and hopes his son will follow in his footsteps, has enough heart interest and appeal to make it a fair evening's entertainment. Ralph Morgan is splendid as the doctor, while Alexander Kirkland and Boots Mallory are more than adequate in their parts.

### DER BRAVE SUENDER (THE UPRIGHT SINNER)— Allianz Tonfilm Prod.

THIS marks the film debut of the well-known German stage star, Max Pallenberg. Sent to Vienna with the company's funds, he spends a thousand shillings and loses the remainder trying to win back the thousand in a gambling house. Pallenberg's performance is excellent, though the comedy is a bit too drawn out. English captions.

### CROSS FIRE—RKO-Radio

TOM KEENE, the mine manager, runs things on the up-and-up, until he goes to war; then things pop. Four colorful old citizens take the law in their own hands, when one is double-crossed by the new manager. Tom gets back in time to unsnarl the tangles. But there's too much talk and not enough real acting.



### THE PHANTOM BROADCAST— Monogram

RALPH FORBES gives an excellent performance as the "shadow voice" of a radio crooner. Had the idea of the "man behind the man at the mike" been held to that it could have been great; but the gang menace and gun molls, murders and so on, merely make it involved, without adding interest.

### LOVE IN MOROCCO— Gaumont British

THERE ought to be a law prohibiting forbidden love between unbelievers and unbelievably amateurish Moorish sweethearts in pictures about North Africa. Scenic effects and photography are magnificent, as is the legionnaire-Spahi-Arab mix-up; but the badly-acted, creaking romance prevents this one-man show from really coming off.

### THE DUDE BANDIT—Allied

HOOT GIBSON, riding a grand black horse, solves the mystery of the murder of *Dad Mason*, his old friend and partner and father of the girl (Gloria Shea) he loves. Besides Hoot and Gloria, the cast includes Skeeter Bill Robbins, Hooper Atchley, Neal Hart and several others. But the picture falls short of the usual Hoot Gibson standard.

### OBEY THE LAW—Columbia

JUST to show us that 'neath the villainous exterior we've been seeing, there beats a heart of gold, Leo Carrillo does a newly naturalized barber who practices the Golden Rule, even when treated to gangster rackets such as he usually is seen perpetrating. Not a bad idea, what with aid and abetment from young Dickie Moore and Lois Wilson, to say nothing of Eddie Garr and Henry Clive. But it's laid on too thick. They could have reformed Leo without making him a cream puff.

### FIRES OF FATE—Powers Pictures

A SHELL-SHOCKED war veteran, ordered to rest, selects Egypt, and on the boat meets a girl. Together they go through many desert adventures, and there are excellent shots of airplane warfare in the Arab country. Lester Matthews and Kathleen O'Regan play leads well. The story is from the pen of A. Conan Doyle; but Americans will find it slow.

### AFTER THE BALL—Gaumont British-Fox

A NAUGHTY-NAUGHTY English musical, based on a previously used German farce. Basil Rathbone, intrigued by Esther Ralston at a masked ball, follows her home. But Esther crosses him by substituting her masked maid for herself, and Basil doesn't tumble. Well mounted, with some good music; but it simply can't get the proper farce tempo.

### STRANGE PEOPLE—Chesterfield

WE are inclined to think the "Strange People" are the producers who made it! A rather obvious mixture of several horror pictures you have seen lately, with the set from "The Old Dark House" used bodily. Three people get murdered, instead of the usual one or two, which ought to introduce more horror, but somehow doesn't. Hale Hamilton is as good as possible.

### MADE ON BROADWAY—M-G-M

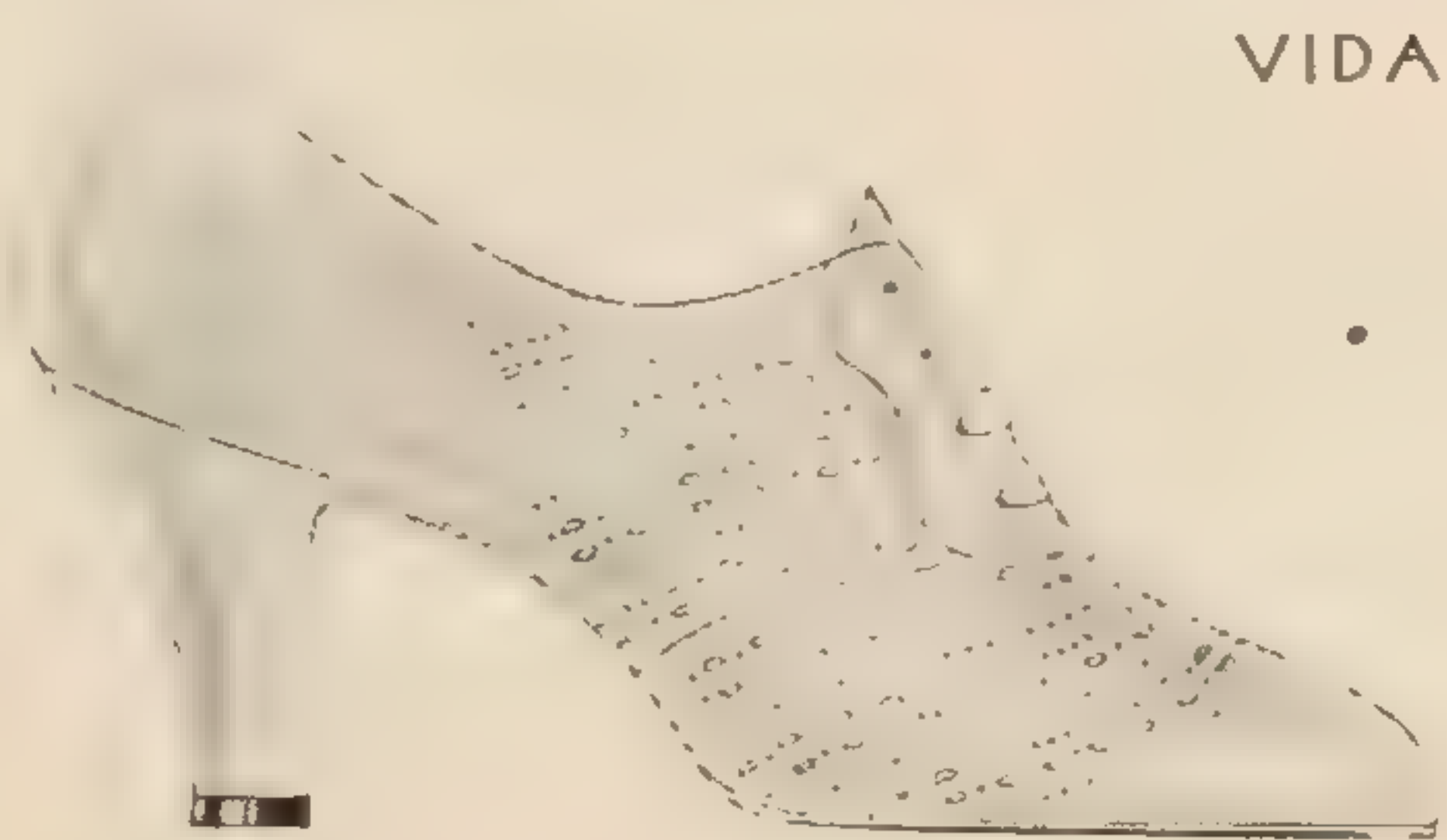
JUST a protracted yawn. Bob Montgomery as another high-powered press-agent, falls for a Bowery broad, gets her out of a shooting scrape, and then goes back to his ex. Sally Eilers, as the on-the-make girl gives a swell performance but it's much ado about nothing, and grand troupers like Madge Evans and Eugene Pallette are wasted.

## THIS THREEFOLD VALUE FOR YOU WHO STEP INTO THIS

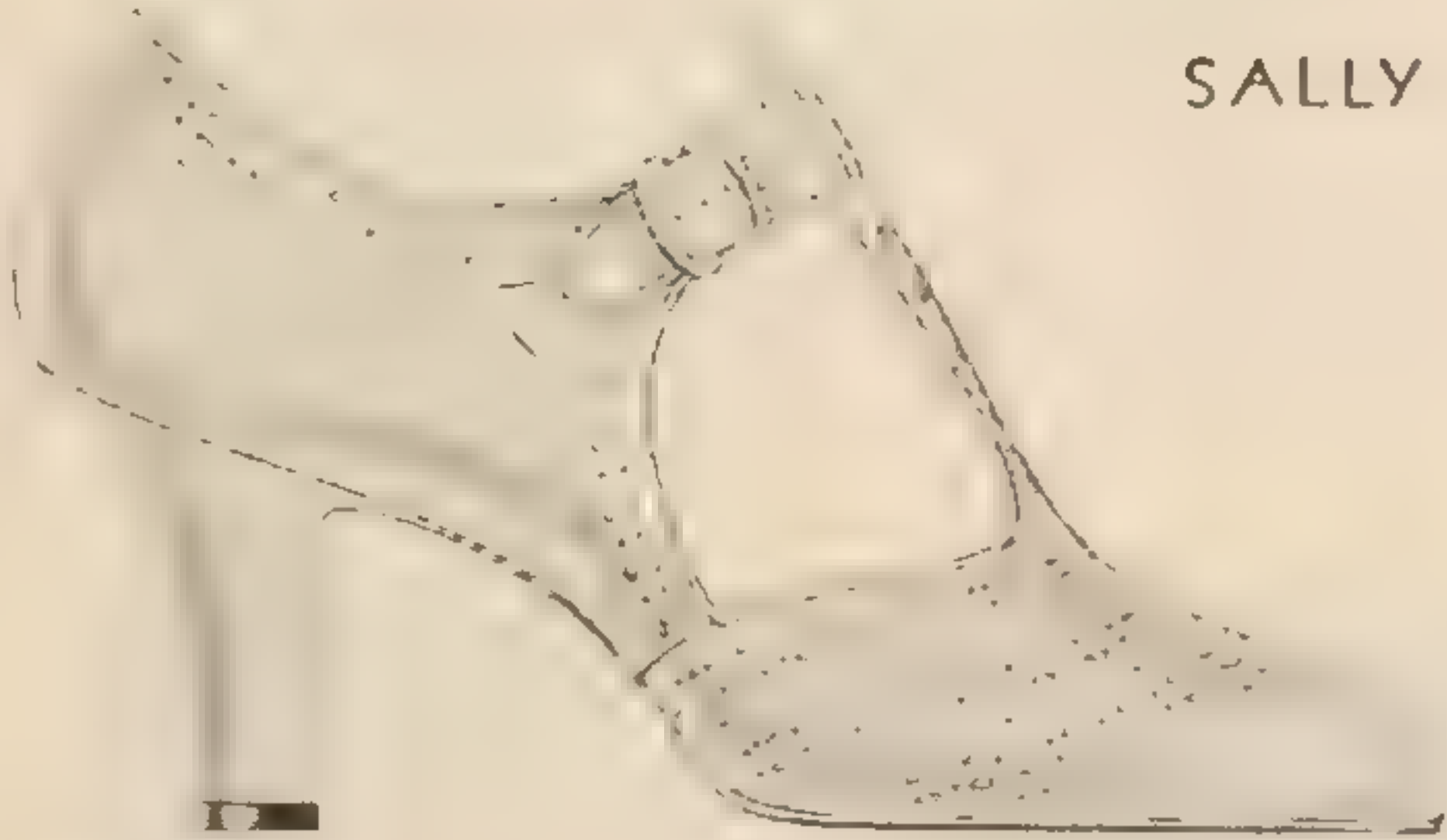
*Charmed Circle*

With these delightful shoes, you step into that *charmed circle* of smart discerning women who have discovered America's *outstanding value* in footwear. Vitality Health Shoes bring you a new threefold value. Style at its smartest. Quality of materials wholly unexpected at Vitality's prices. And above all, the "vitality principle" of construction that assures true fit, buoyant grace and tireless steps. If you are proud of your power to discover value—here is the opportunity you have been looking for in shoes. Just consider these prices. \$5—extreme styles \$6.

VITALITY SHOE CO. • St. Louis  
Division of International Shoe Co.



VIDA



SALLY



KAY



\$5 EXTREME  
STYLES \$6

• There are also Vitality Health Shoes for every age of childhood and for young people in their 'teens. They offer a new standard of value in youthful styles, all-leather features and lasting wear.

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*health shoes*

SIZES 2 TO 11 • • WIDTHS AAAA TO EEE





If you can make  
him say:  
"Your eyes  
have told  
me so" . . .



. . . then you will have achieved that glorious state in which each heart throb is a prediction of greater happiness to come.

It's easy to make your eyes say those wonderful things that only eyes can say.

Frame your eyes with dark, long-appearing, luxuriant lashes and this new kind of enchantment will instantly become yours.

Millions of women know that the New Maybelline Eyelash Darkener is the one thoroughly satisfactory and safe preparation to use. Not a dye. Perfectly harmless. Tear-proof, non-smarting, easy to apply, and actually stimulating to lash growth.

Insist upon genuine New Maybelline, to make sure of obtaining a mascara that combines all these advantages. Black or Brown, 75c at toilet goods counters everywhere.

**Maybelline**  
EYELASH DARKENER

The  
PERFECT  
Mascara



MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

## The Unbeautiful Thirteen

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32 ]

how the bottom part, while it does *not* slant askew, like Garbo's and Kay's, nevertheless takes a queer little disjointed hop to one side.

"The middle of her mouth is not at all under the middle of her nose! See lines 'A' and 'B'. The curved lines show how tremendously emphasized the jaw-lines are. Dietrich's screen face is not at all as nature made it; she makes up to impose a mask over her true face. And thereby Dietrich has achieved a distinct individuality which mere beauty could never give her.

"If that's a tip, madame, make the best of it! But be sure you're the type that can do it before you try!"

Joan Crawford

"Like Dietrich's, Joan's face is quite mask-like! Joan has achieved a definite individuality in place of the beauty that nature denied her. Her features—nose, eyes, mouth—are all too large for real beauty. But Joan, instead of trying to make them smaller by make-up, has only added to their size—and has achieved her own true distinctiveness!

"Also, if you'll cover all her face save her forehead, and show it to another person, and ask, 'Is that a man's or a woman's forehead?' the chances are you'll get the answer: 'A man's.' True, her forehead is definitely masculine. Odd, isn't it, that such a quite unfeminine conglomeration of features could be transformed so artfully into a certain artistic ensemble that passes far better than beauty?"

Constance Bennett

"She's not beautiful, but she's *artful*. Her profile is one wherein the upper part is comparatively back from the lower part—from her outstanding chin. And because her jaw is so very pronounced, her best pictures are the 'three-quarter profile' or a shot such as the photo herewith—taken at an angle that, by force of perspective, reduces the size of the lower face while it brings the upper face bigger. If you'll watch, you'll see the majority of her photographs so taken. Photographers know the trick of using perspective to make faces look less unbeautiful.

"However, despite all this, Constance

Bennett certainly is admirable to look at. She has a trick of looking perpetually astounded at the world, like a child. And the contrast of her small mouth and large eyes to the great surface of her face helps in this, and she knows enough to accentuate that quality."

So! There you have Pogany's "Unbeautiful Beauties of Hollywood." And the "why" of it. And you'll probably say:

"Bosh to all your twaddle about technical beauty and academic beauty and classic beauty, Mr. Pogany! You can have it, and I'll keep my Hollywood standards, and I'll be the winner."

And Pogany would just grin and say:

"Yes, my friend, you're right. Because 'beauty' as we diagram it academically would be horrible to live with. You'd call her Dumb Dora in two days! These girls I've picked apart, just now, are not beautiful in the academic sense, true. But I, as a living male and not as a technician, can tell you that I wouldn't swap one of these 'unbeautiful Hollywood beauties' for all the truly beautiful goddesses of history, mythology and what else!

"Perfection is, after all, only an ideal. It can exist only in goddesses. But they'd have no sex-appeal to go with it. And even *ideal beauty* varies. I've used, herein, the academic standard. But to an Eskimo, it would be gibberish, wouldn't it? Nor would a native of the African jungles agree that either our academic beauty or the Eskimo idea of beauty would be beautiful; the African would have a different ideal again."

When Pogany gave PHOTOPLAY this article, somebody kidded him like this:

"You must be a brave man—or you must have a return ticket to Hungary ready in your pocket. Because when it's printed Hollywood will be hot for you, eh?"

And Pogany grinned and said:

"But why? It is the truth, what I say. I gave you the pictures to prove it." Then he added:

"And anyway, when I say and prove that they're not beautiful, technically and academically, I want them to know, too, that they are certainly attractive, charming, challenging, intriguing—far more than they would be if all they had was merely classical, academic beauty."



Joan Crawford? Nothing's right;  
but she achieves charm anyway!  
Emphasizes eyes for effect



Here's Connie Bennett, playing  
down a feature not correctly  
classic. Guess what it may be!



## Arliss Puts His Foot Down

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47 ]

emphasize that each has been the perfect lady type. No need for a producer to suggest any other!

Al Green directed Mr. Arliss' three first Warner Bros. productions; John Adolphi the last seven. A knowledge of these two men gives us the necessary explanation of the change.

Green has been directing Hollywood successes for more years than Arliss has been making them. Al makes pictures as Hollywood understands them. And his word is law upon his productions.

John Adolphi is a likeable, somewhat noisy and sometimes profanely-amusing, good-natured man who knows his camera from every angle but who doesn't worry about the way Hollywood makes pictures. It's the way Arliss makes them that rates with Adolphi—and what counts with Arliss. Complete harmony every moment.

**H**OW would you like to wrestle with the problem of choosing stories for George Arliss?

Although few knew it, when Arliss returned to England the last time he had no further contract to make pictures in America. There were no stories suitable to both the studio and Mr. Arliss.

"The Millionaire," which was released after his departure, proved a sensation. It made money; big money. Producers must always have actors back who make big money. They sent a man to England to return George Arliss to them.

But George Arliss may be through with pictures. His arrangement with Warner Bros. is at an end, and yet there is reason to believe he may make two a year for either Warner Bros. or Metro. If—

Probably no one appreciates that "if" more than George Arliss. You will remember he once said that the trouble in finding vehicles for him lay in the fact, "It is impossible to fade out on one of my kisses!"

Many explain George Arliss with the expression, "He's English." I question that explanation. Englishmen are as human as Americans.

But I do believe some of his ideals may be



*The sign to look for*

*on each Sachet*



*There is no permanent wave like the*  
*Eugene wave*

This year there's more to a wave than *waves*. You must also have *curls* . . . Permanent curls—framing the face, softening the neckline, peeping out beneath your hat. *Not every waving method can give both permanent waves and indestructible curls!*

Eugene, alone, by the invention of Reverse-spiral Winding and the new Reverse-spiral Sachet, gives hairdressers the means to assure a profusion of permanent curls in addition to natural, rolling permanent waves.

Smart hairdressers know all about these new and revolutionary improvements that insure perfect results. Any woman, with hair of any texture or color, may sit for a Eugene wave, serenely confident that it will be a beautiful permanent—and permanently beautiful.

There's no mistaking the genuine Eugene Wave. Each Eugene Sachet (or waving wrapper) is identified by the Eugene Trade Mark figure, "The Goddess of the Wave." Look for it on each Sachet. Permit no substitutes. Remember, it's *your hair*—you're the one to be pleased. . . Eugene, Ltd., New York and Paris.

## A Revolution Is Going On

in the world of motion pictures today.

The great drama is changing from month to month.

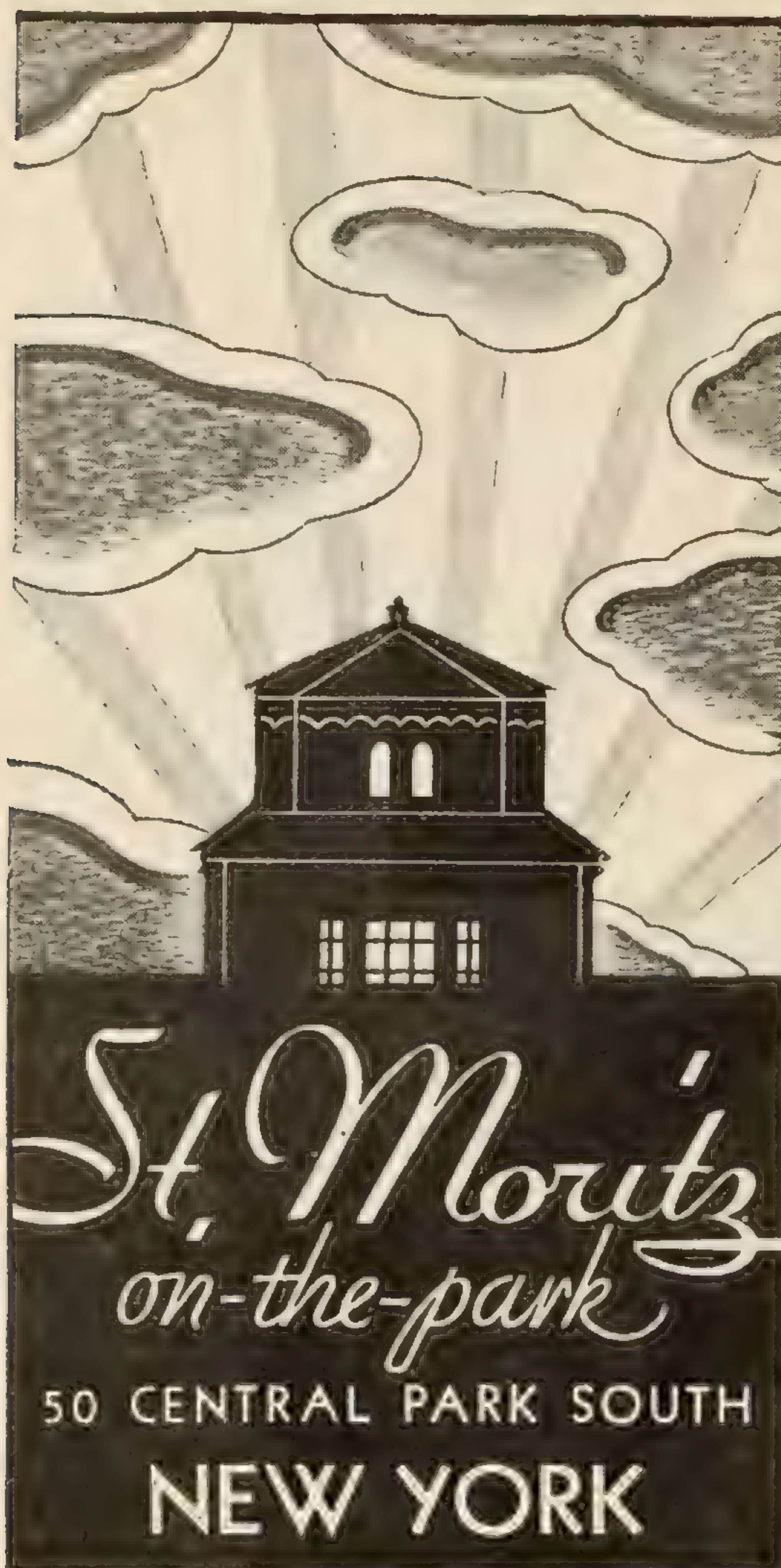
New names, new faces, startlingly different kinds of films.

PHOTOPLAY Magazine alone can keep you posted on these vital changes.

Be sure to get your July copy.

**On Sale**  
**At All Newsstands**  
**JUNE 5**





Direction: S. GREGORY TAYLOR

A bit of the Continent in the heart of New York . . . gay . . . delightful . . . different . . . the center of every social activity . . . overlooking entire Central Park.

Surprisingly inexpensive...charming, comfortable rooms with bath and radio . . . single \$3.50-\$5; double \$5-\$7; suites from \$8.

The SKY SALON for dinner and supper dancing . . . no cover charge . . . Léon Belasco's famous orchestra alternating with Senor Alfredo's Marimba Band.

The last word for luncheon or tea in the European manner . . . that international rendezvous . . .

RUMPELMAYER'S



credited to the different viewpoints of the two peoples. Censorship in England, for example, is based upon the likes and dislikes of the people of that country. There was a scene in an American picture, recently sent to England for release, where two very old people (they looked at least eighty!) sat upon the edge of a bed in their "nighties." The scene was eliminated by the English censors for immoral reasons!

So perhaps Mr. Arliss' dislike of bedroom scenes is typical of his nation.

He has not always been a vegetarian. During one of his early trips to California, he travelled by auto with Mrs. Arliss. A drought was devastating our great pasture states. Cows and sheep tumbled to their deaths before their eyes. Mrs. Arliss said: "If that is the way they treat animals, we eat vegetables."

But they are not fanatics on the subject.

Meat is served to guests in their home. An extra large portion of fish is served the host and hostess during the fish course and the plates not removed for the meat course.

Arliss believes pictures to be the medium to carry messages to the millions. The messages which his name will carry will be the beliefs of George Arliss—not those of Hollywood producers. To him, his beliefs are right.

Perhaps the two pictures a year is the best solution. If writers can find two stories every twelve months which blend the idealism of Arliss with the box-office practicability of his producer, both will be fortunate.

It is interesting to note that George Arliss owns two homes in England and an own-your-apartment in New York. He has always rented in Hollywood. He is too shrewd to invest money in a town which he may decide to leave at any moment!

## Earthquake Blues

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35 ]

ing any moment for it to slosh completely over.

After it was over, Ernest still stood there. A friend walked up. "Don't you think, Ernest," he said, "now that it's over, it would be a good idea to go in and put your pants on!"

Ernest glanced down. The look froze on his face. There he stood in his shirt tail, his long bare legs exposed.

Three prop boys and a dazed carpenter were trampled half silly by Ernest trying to get into his dressing-room again.

A scene from "Captured" was in progress. Leslie Howard, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and fifty extra men were stripping for a "delousing" scene. The set was barred to visitors.

Across the way "The Gold Diggers of 1933" was in progress. With scores of little cuties in a nickel's worth of gold braid standing about on high, overhanging balconies.

Came the shake. The stripped men grabbed towels, shoes, anything and nothing and ran for the open. Electricians stood under the balconies and grabbed blonde cuties as they fell. All rushed to the open.

**S**UDDENLY Dick Barthelmess stuck out his head from an upstairs window. "My Gawd," he screamed, "a nudist cult." And slammed down the window.

Seventeen writers and eight actors have since applied for the job as electrician on the "Gold Diggers" set. So they can stand under balconies and catch cuties.

Ruth Chatterton, George Brent and Ralph Forbes, all in one car, were on their way to Ruth's mother's home for dinner. The earth rocked.

"Jarring a bit," Ruth calmly announced, her accent perfect.

"Rawth-er," Forbes agreed.

"Beastly annoying," said Ruth.

"Fearfully," said Ralph.

"Seems to be an earthquake of sorts," joined in Brent.

"Rawth-er," agreed Forbes.

"Frightfully unnecessary," said Ruthie.

"Oh, frightfully," said Ralphie.

"Quite frightfully," agreed Georgie.

And drove on to mamma's. For dinner.

Arline Judge and husband, Wesley Ruggles, were visiting brother Charlie Ruggles. Two blocks away the new baby slept in his own crib.

Suddenly, the house turned around twice and did a leap frog to the left.

Like a shot, Arline was out of the house and up the street, Wesley after Arline, Charlie after Wesley, the cook after Charlie, the gardener waving the rake after the cook, the dog after the gardener and three stray cats after the whole party.

Up the street they tore like maniacs. "Well," piped Lil Tashman from her upstairs window,

"fine time to be having a parade." And banged down the window.

Kay Francis slept on.

The mountain shook beneath Ann Harding's car. Tightly she hung onto the wheel as the car climbed the dangerous road to her home. At the house Ann found the Chinese boy in his stocking feet on the roof. Waving a loaf of bread.

"Earthquakers," he screamed at Ann.

"How did you know?" Ann called back.

"I felt him in my feet," the Chinese yelled back and went right on waving the loaf of bread.

Will Rogers was in a group seated around a conference table at the studio. The earth rocked and Will looked around through that forelock of hair.

"You know," he said with that slow drawl of his, "I knew as soon as Louis B. Mayer turned Democrat something like this would happen."

Freddie March had gone visiting on the "International House" set and was just holding a match to W. C. Fields' cigarette. "Steady," Fields said when the jerk came. The flame caught Fields squarely on the end of his nose. With a yelp like a dog with a can on his tail, he went tearing around the lot, kicking up his heels. Twenty minutes later he was still yelping and kicking.

While Kay Francis slept on.

Dietrich was just signing an autograph. She had just reached the "D" when the whole world rocked and her pen went slithering across the picture. Doors rattled. Windows shook. Marlene looked around in astonishment. "My heavens," her little hairdresser said, "I'll bet Von Sternberg's back."

**B**ABY LEROY swayed in his baby carriage. First to one side. Then the other. "Da da da," he cooed. Delighted with it all. And then the quake stopped. Immediately LeRoy set up a howl. He wanted more.

So two writers, one director and three executives took turns for three hours. Playing earthquake. For LeRoy.

A meeting of the studio heads was in progress concerning salary cuts and the possibility of shutting down the studios. Suddenly, the earthquake hit and a few minutes later, the phone tinkled.

"Listen," the wag on the other end of the phone said to a trembling executive, "this is St. Peter talking! This is just a sample of what will happen if there are any more cuts. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," the frightened executive gulped and fell in a swoon.

As mild as an April day, Louise Closser Hale strolled into the M-G-M publicity office calmly wiping her glasses. "You know," she said, "I



really must do something about my glasses. It just looks as though everything was going up and down."

Dorothy Wilson was on the floor with a jigsaw puzzle. All day she had worked and figured. Now, only one piece remained. And then! Zowie! The floor rocked and swayed. The puzzle flew to pieces. Dorothy is still hunting parts.

JOHN BARRYMORE grabbed May Robson and stood, nonchalantly lighting a cigar.

"Wh—what is it?" she gasped.

"Just an earthquake, my dear, now let's see—I come in here—"

Rogers and Hart were rehearsing their latest song hit in the music department on the M-G-M lot. Suddenly, the piano went thump, thump, thump. There was a long, sour note. Rogers leaped out the window. Hart leaped after him. While a pop-eyed truck driver leaned from his truck and yelled, "Hey, what's going on in there? You guys is shaking de whole building."

Tom Brown leaped from his tub and, wrapped in a towel, found himself ten minutes later, under a neighbor's davenport, unable to come out as the neighbor's daughter lay on the davenport. He didn't know she was in a dead faint. Six hours later, Tom, sniffing and sneezy, managed to sneak out, unnoticed.

At the Brown Derby that night, a badly shaken up crowd of movie stars sat at dinner.

Suddenly, another heave and Groucho Marx leaped to his feet.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he announced.

"This time tomorrow night—a volcano."

And Kay Francis slept on.

*"Peely" Soles*  
are like skeletons in the shoe closet



Almost every shoe closet has its skeleton—usually the result of "peely" soles... soles with raggedy edges that make comparatively new shoes look as though they should be sent to a rummage sale.

You can avoid the annoyance and embarrassment of "peely" soles by wearing nothing but Compo shoes. Never again need you suffer the sharp ridges and seams that mar foot comfort. Compo shoes are made by a new method which moulds the upper and sole of your shoe into a single unit—and gives it a new softness and flexibility. The next time you shop for shoes, remember the name Compo as your safeguard against "peely" soles.

## You Can't Bury Dead Love

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33 ]

forget about it, Menjou went to the Mayfair—and found his wife seated at the next table! Eventually they saw they were caught in the Hollywood whirlpool, and decided to try again to make a go of marriage.

Bobbe Arnst divorced Johnny Weissmuller. A few days later, still shaken by the experience, she was called to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. She went into the commissary for luncheon. The only table she could find was within a few feet of Weissmuller, lunching with Lupe Velez, then reported to have won Johnny's affections. One can only imagine Bobbe's emotions.

LUPE, the fiery little wildcat of Hollywood, who holds the record for having sweethearts, once turned the full glare of her appeal on John Gilbert. They were "teamed" for a while. Then came Virginia Bruce, now Mrs. John Gilbert.

One bright morning Lupe arrived at the studio to find that she and Virginia had been cast to play opposite each other in "Kongo."

Just another unavoidable reminder of a by-gone love.

If one is inclined to hear a wild tirade from the fast-moving lips of Lupe, all one need do is mention Gary Cooper, whom she cannot help but see frequently. The memory of that torrid love affair comes rushing back, and Lupe doesn't split an infinitive telling the world what she thinks.

The ghost of dead love often becomes a terror, too. Lila Lee and James Kirkwood give an example of this. Although they had called their marriage quits, they were constantly thrown together after their divorce, which included a bitter battle for custody of their son. Not so long ago, Lila visited the Mayfair with Johnny Farrow, the scenario writer.

Kirkwood arrived.

The most reliable shops are selling Compo Shoes this year, millions of pairs, in practically all prices and grades. Compo Shoe Machinery Corporation, Boston, Mass.



A Shoe With  
"peely" sole

Compo Shoe  
SMOOTH SOLE

**COMPO**  
TRADE MARK

A name which stands for a new and improved shoe as made by over 100 leading manufacturers



## EYES GROW CLEAR AND SPARKLING

When Cared For As  
Movie Directors Urge!



JOAN BLONDELL  
a Warner star, soon  
to appear in "Gold  
Diggers of 1933"

It's *care* that makes the eyes of movie players so alluringly clear and bright. Care like that urged by directors of Warner Bros. Pictures, who keep *Murine* always in the studios for use by Joan Blondell, Kay Francis, Barbara Stanwyck, Loretta Young, Bebe Daniels, Bette Davis and other famous stars.

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ARTHUR L. RACE, Managing Director

ON COPLEY SQUARE

Kirkwood danced by her table. He glared at her. Frightened, Lila and Johnny departed. A situation like this could have been avoided in any other town in the world—for one or the other involved could have long since left the community. Kirkwood, actor, and Lila Lee, actress, had to stay for professional reasons.

LILA'S love boomeranged again only a few months ago.

She heard a pounding on the door and went to answer it.

"Miss Lee, I had to come to you. I'm Beatrice Powers, Jim Kirkwood's wife. We've quarreled and—well, you know him so thoroughly that you're the only woman who can advise me. What'll I do?"

"Come inside and wait until he cools off," Lila replied.

And so the first wife was hostess to the second wife for several days. Lila couldn't have escaped the situation—so she had to face it. And she did a brave job.

Helene Costello, after she and Lowell Sherman, her husband, waded knee-deep in mud through a divorce hearing, decided to relax. She went to "The Frolics," a night club. She had not been there long when Sherman and a party of friends entered.

Sherman took one look at her, whirled and stalked out of the place. Since that experience, Helene has been one of those who, faced with the choice of giving up career and friends or remaining in Hollywood to have dead love resurrected by occasional encounters, have gone away.

She married Arturo del Barrio, Cuban lawyer, and fled from her shattered love.

Others have given up careers, friends, homes. This means a tremendous sacrifice to get away from the spot where a troth was plighted or a kiss exchanged. The second Mrs. Walter Huston, aided by a considerable property settlement which couldn't heal her aching heart, went East, leaving Walter with his third wife.

Vivian Duncan deserted the unhappy scenes of her marriage to Nils Asther.

Today, Hollywood wonders about the outcome of two current divorces. What will be the attitude of Lew Ayres and Lola Lane when they meet in public? The impression is that they will face the music, for Lew is a star chained to his work and Lola, who gave up the screen to be a housewife, plans a comeback.

ALTHOUGH they agreed to separate in November, at Christmas they sent gifts to friends with good wishes signed "from Lew and Lola." In January, with the divorce proceedings under way, they were seen at El Mirador at Palm Springs, chaperoned by Bruce Cabot. Janet Gaynor, divorced from Lydell Peck, is at work in "Adorable." Again, because of the small circle that is Hollywood, a dead love refuses to stay covered. It's inevitable that they'll meet, and Hollywood wants to know whether there'll be a friendly greeting or a deliberate snub. For the ghosts of dead love can't remain interred in Hollywood. They're bound to bob up and grin just when movie couples least expect the visit.

## So Clara Did Paris

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53 ]

scrape up \$250 and gave it to the poor thing. When he saw the roll of dough—more than he'd ever seen at once in his life, probably—he got down on his knee and kissed the hem of my skirt, and asked a blessing for me. That sweet face—the sweetest I ever saw—with tears running down his cheeks, was more than I could stand. I had to leave the room. I was crying so hard. . . .

The people here in Europe are walking around the streets without shoes in this bitter cold. It's desperate. We're lucky—we don't know how lucky we are. Why, comparing us to them, there isn't any depression in America.

Pray heaven, it will never be so bad for us as it is for them!

Jan. 10th.—In Reims, the funniest thing is you don't see any people between thirty-five and forty-five years old. That generation was all wiped out.

We decided to visit Reims because Count Vallombrosa gave us a letter to his friend, the Count de Polignac. We lunched with the Count and his brother, the Marquis, one day, and the Count asked us down to Reims to visit his ancestral castle, and go through his wine caves to see how champagne is made. The Count de Polignac owns the Pommery Greno champagne cellars—the largest in the world.

I'd heard a lot about the battlefields, but I'd no idea they looked like what we saw that day.

It was terribly muddy and terribly dangerous to walk around in ordinary clothes. Everything was left just exactly the way it was during the war. Barbed wires all over the place; huge ditches in which you sank waist-deep in the mud; sharp pieces of shell sticking out of the ground—it was terrible!

I put on a pair of the Count's trench boots. They reached right up to my waist.

So I started walking around and looking at this thing called war. I can't help writing about it. I've got to get it out of my system.

Thinking about the horror of it, I just can't go to sleep.

I saw an old shoe stuck in a barbed wire, and all sorts of pieces of clothing, too. There were bayonets sticking out of the ground and broken bits of shell and shrapnel. I just kept on walking around, kind of crying.

I could see those men so clearly—lying there in the trenches (and believe me, they were *some* trenches) waiting for the shrieking noise to stop, or waiting to be blown to bits.

There were bones around too, and skulls, and over by one of the barbed wires I saw a German helmet. Rex and I went over to pick it up. When I stooped down, a barbed wire caught my boot and ripped it right from the ankle straight up to the knee. If I'd been wearing ordinary shoes and stockings, it would have ripped my leg to pieces.

Lord, I kept thinking how awful it must have been to be out in that slime and rain, with shells bursting about one.

I could hardly stand it, so they made me come away.

And, maybe this sounds queer, but I did take a little piece of bone I found there home with me, as a kind of talisman— In the old days, people used to carry bones of the saints around for good luck, and those boys who fell in the war sure seemed to be saints to me.

Visited the military cemeteries. Crosses for miles, as far as you could see! I thought of "Flanders Fields," and the blood-red poppies that grew there, and I thought, "We Americans who didn't have to cross the big pond to fight, don't understand what it was all about." And I kept on thinking all the time I was in Europe how lucky we Americans are.

Jan. 11th.—Last night at dinner, the Count served some Pommery champagne. He and his brother, the Marquis, are charming gentlemen—so cultured. They know so much about everything. They told us many interesting stories about the war.



After dinner the Count showed us around the chateau. I've never seen anything like it in my life. We think we have swell places in Hollywood. Hollywood ought to take a look at this.

Furniture; tapestries; silver with the family crest; a wonderful library (thousands of books, and manuscripts written in long hand); paintings which must have cost a fortune—and everything hundreds of years old. The Count is a great collector, and had an interesting story to tell about everything in his house.

It made me want to work and work so I could come over and retire. And live in a house like this, set in a wonderful park—with lakes and polo fields and tennis courts and a golf course and swimming pools and stables and kennels—

Gee, it was like a dream.

Jan. 12th.—Today we saw the wine cellars. Rex and I had looked forward to this, which is quite natural for us Americans who don't get a chance even to smell the real stuff at home.

Walked down miles of twisting stone steps to the caves underneath the castle where the wine is made. It's a kind of underground cellar that extends for miles.

It's old and dreary like a dungeon, stones above and around you, and everywhere you look. As you walk, it rains all the time—I mean, the water keeps dripping from the rocks. On all sides and on every level of the rocks there were bottles—bottles—bottles, with champagne aging in them— *Ten million bottles* the Count told us were in that cellar then.

They were stacked right up to the ceiling, which was enormously high. Some bottles were as tall as I am, and the Count showed me they were actually filled with champagne. Oh, boy!

Along the stone floor were barrels of the fermenting juice. It remains in them for six months—the first step in making.

In the second step the grape juice (that's what it *really* is) is put in bottles tilted on trays. For seven weeks, every day, men go from one bottle to the other and give them each three rapid twists. This starts the sediment up from the bottom of the bottles to the top. There's an art in giving those bottles just the right twist. Because if it isn't done right, all the sediment doesn't reach the top and that means the quality of the champagne is affected.

Finally, the sediment is scooped off from the top—I forget how exactly—anyway, it's supposed to be done without uncorking the bottle.

Very tricky. Sounds like Houdini to me.

# NO WEDDING BELLS UNTIL



by Timm's

## FRIENDS WHISPERED !

SHE AND TED HAVE BEEN ENGAGED FOR AGES !  
WONDER IF THEY'RE EVER GOING TO GET MARRIED

IT LOOKS TO ME AS IF.....

IT'S ALWAYS BEING PUT OFF



## SHE SUFFERED !

OUR WEDDING POSTPONED AGAIN ! IS TED SIMPLY MAKING EXCUSES ? DOES HE NO LONGER LOVE ME ? I'M WORRIED SICK !



## AT LAST — a clue !

HE KEEPS PUTTING OFF THE WEDDING. I THINK IT'S BECAUSE SHE ISN'T....WELL, AS DAIN'TY AS SHE SHOULD BE. YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN ..... "B.O."



THESE WOMEN ARE TOTAL STRANGERS. THEY CAN'T BE DISCUSSING TED AND ME. I'M SURE I'M NEVER GUILTY OF "B.O." BUT I WON'T TAKE CHANCES

THESE LIFEBOUY BATHS MAKE ME FEEL SO MUCH CLEANER



## NO "B.O." NOW — a bride next week !

JUST ONE MORE WEEK, TED, AND THEN.....!

DARLING, I CAN HARDLY WAIT EVEN ONE WEEK !



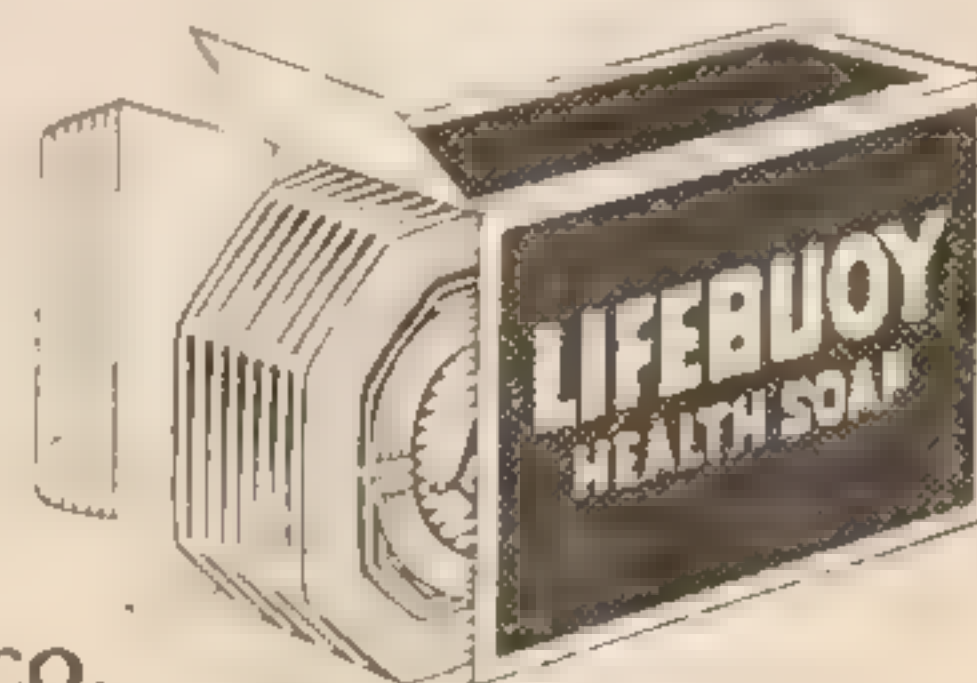
## You risk happiness when you gamble with "B.O."

(body odor)

NO ONE can afford to take chances with "B.O." (body odor). If you offend even occasionally, friendships may cool, romance—love, itself—vanish! Warmer weather increases "B.O." danger. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its pleasant, *extra-clean*, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy is no ordinary toilet soap. Its rich, hygienic lather deodorizes pores—stops "B.O."

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Incidentally, we notice many of our guests are from Hollywood... To some the ESSEX HOUSE is a retreat from business... to others a rendezvous for business... to all a residence of utmost luxury at a cost in tune with the times.

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Persian Coffee Shop  
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(all complexion) shade. Sold Everywhere.  
Send for FREE sample to Ben Levy Co., 125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

Finally they put the clear, sparkling champagne in bottles to age for three years.

Lunch at the castle, afterwards—and more champagne. Wish I could put some in my memory book!

Jan. 15th.—I forgot to write about visiting the cathedral at Reims. They're restoring it now. I sure can understand having religion in a place like that. When the light came through the stained glass windows, I felt all trembly inside. So different from the way I feel outside, living my ordinary life.

The Count says Reims was almost wiped out; all the houses burned to the ground, the big buildings and cathedral bombarded, until parts of the thick stone walls which have been standing for centuries just crumbled to the ground.

During the worst part of the siege, the cathedral was used as a place to put the wounded. And it got so bad that the Red Cross made rows of beds from pallets of straw. They piled French, German and Belgian wounded soldiers on them.

They thought at least the cathedral was safe from bombing.

But it was bombarded anyway. This set the straw on fire and the wounded in the cathedral were all killed. I couldn't help crying at that story—so Rex said, "You mustn't take it so seriously, Punkin—it's over now!"

Thinking over everything I saw in Europe, I think that visit to Reims made a deeper impression on me than everything else I saw or did. Even though it wasn't so much fun as St. Moritz.

I'm certainly going back some day!

## Jackie Is Head Man

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37 ]

The "big break" in the boy's career came when Paramount Studios made "Skippy"—that filmization of the Percy Crosby comic strip that adorns many a newspaper page. Norman Taurog directed "Skippy"—and Norman Taurog is the husband of the sister of Jackie's mother. Jackie was "borrowed" from Producer Hal Roach to play the title rôle in "Skippy."

"SKIPPY" turned him to that floodlighted, press-agent-lined, ballyhoo-cluttered road of unreality—film stardom. It suddenly brought into his household, through his hands, an income of \$1,300 a week. It turned his life and the lives of those with whom he lived topsy-turvy.

And the most significant development of all, so far as the boy is concerned: Jackie Cooper's life ceased to be his own; it became virtually everybody else's!

The State of California stepped in. In the first place, by law, Jackie's \$1,300-a-week contract—Jackie being a minor—had to be okayed by the Superior Court. Jackie's mother's motherhood was not sufficient to permit her to handle Jackie's income. She had to go into court and be appointed legal guardian, as well, to Jackie Cooper, minor, so she could administer his income.

For this, the court set aside for her as salary from her son, \$75 a week. That's her own money. Then the court authorized the paying of another \$75 per week to Jackie's grandmother for services as "companion." That disposed, legally, of \$150 per week of the \$1,300.

THEN a tentative schedule of expenses was drawn up, submitted and finally okayed. It provided \$1,600 per month for necessary expenses—Jackie's clothes, professional requirements, home, household expenses, food. Spending that \$1,600 a month is entirely within the discretion of Mabel Leonard Cooper. But nothing more of Jackie's income may be invested, disposed of, spent in any way without specific approval of the Superior Court.

Like all movie contracts, Jackie's includes a lay-off clause. The \$1,300-a-week salary is for a total of forty weeks during the year—which makes Jackie's annual income \$52,000; about \$4,333 a month. Subtract from that the allowances and you have about \$2,500 per month surplus. What becomes of that?

A large slice of it goes into insurance. There is one \$50,000 endowment policy. Jackie will get the \$50,000 at the age of twenty-one. Another policy indemnifies Jackie's mother to the amount of \$50,000 in case of Jackie's death. This makes a total of \$100,000 in insurance policies, the premiums of which are paid out of that \$2,500.

Then they're buying Jackie a house. It's in Beverly Hills—the "ultra-ultra" section where the richest movie stars live. It's a corner house, and it has a great concrete swimming pool in the backyard, where Jackie can splash around, sometimes with his friend Johnny Weissmuller. It has a big playroom. It has a private bedroom and bathroom for Jackie—other rooms for his mother, his uncle, the servants and Jackie's bodyguard. Oh, yes—he has a bodyguard. They're paying for that house now, out of that \$2,500-a-month surplus.

The rest of it? It's being invested in government bonds. Also with the approval of the court.

And of course you know that Jackie gets only a dollar a week for spending money.

HERE'S the routine of Jackie's day—during those periods when he's not working:

He arises at seven o'clock. Racket begins, and sleep is no more, in that house.

Usually he just slips an old bathrobe over his pajamas; sticks his feet into a pair of bedroom slippers. If he does dress, he gets into a dirty old pair of corduroy pants and a sweater.

He putters around the bathroom and his bedroom, with some toys or his guns—what a collection of "gats" he has!—until eight o'clock. That's breakfast time. Cereal, a couple of eggs, a glass of milk.

Right after breakfast comes a chore. Piano lessons. Jackie hates that. He thinks it'd be much more fun just to sit down and play. But he's a "good boy" and studies his notes and does his practicing.

Then at nine the school teacher comes. The teacher is not paid out of Jackie's money. The studio pays for her, under the California law. As a pupil, his teacher says, he's just an average boy, neither fast nor slow to learn.

Lunch at noon. After lunch, Jackie can do as he pleases until dinner time. All afternoon for play. "Because I was never allowed to play normally, like other children, and I know what it did to me," mother Mabel Leonard, ex-stage-child explains.

How does he play? Oh, much like the average boy. Except that he *must* be the leader in whatever he and his buddies are doing. His playmates are neighborhood kids; for the most part.

NOW and then some other boy in the "gang," resentful of Jackie's determined leadership, pokes the to-be-expected jibe at him: "Aw, just because you're a movie big shot, you needn't think you're the whole works around here!" When that happens, Jackie invariably goes home. Usually he asks his mother: "Maw, why do they think I'm different just because I'm in pictures?"

Jackie has one all-absorbing passion. It's



for guns. His prize possession is a genuine German Luger, which he keeps in the top drawer of the desk in his room. But he has others—all sorts of guns—from rusty old-time pistols, to bee-bee guns, shot-guns, even "gats" carved out of wood. He has holsters everywhere—even one nailed to the hood of a home-made pushmobile he's built. Much of his play deals with gun play.

FOR playthings, during his five-to-six-hour afternoon period, Jackie has no lack, even outside of guns. He has a great collection of boats—from hand-carved little "jobs" to elaborate costly models, one of which was the gift of Joan Crawford. These he floats in regattas, when he feels nautical, in the swimming pool in the Cooper back yard. You see, his toys, his play life, are quite normal.

At five-thirty, Jackie has to be home to do his homework—the same sort of homework public school pupils have to do. Then dinner. Jackie's dinner is not "dieted." He eats just what the others in the house eat—and eats plenty. Too much, in fact. Jackie is now growing so fast that within two months he outgrows new clothing.

After dinner, an hour or so with the family. Then, at eight, to bed. His bedroom is interior-decorated in elaborate detail like the cabin of a yacht—even to the door-locks, and imitation portholes with sea-vistas painted behind them. On his desk are a pair of star-board-and-port ship's lights, red and green, which Jackie turns on with delight. Beside his bed is a tiny radio. When he plops into bed, he turns this on—particularly on Tuesday and Friday nights. Those are prize-fight nights in Los Angeles, and Jackie always listens to the broadcasts of the battles. Once in a while he's allowed to go to the fights with one of his grown-up friends.

Usually, Jackie falls asleep with the radio going. And that's the end of the Jackie Cooper day.

When he's working in a picture, it's different. His studio day is from nine until six. Between scenes, he has his schooling. He eats at the studio lunch-room—usually with Wally Beery or Joan Crawford or some other star. Or, perhaps with an interviewer from a moving picture magazine.

He learns his lines when working, at the breakfast table at home. And at night, after dinner and before bedtime. He works hard. He loves acting, and loves even the work of acting—like learning lines and "business" and such details.

Mabel Leonard Cooper has some very definite ideas about shielding her son from the influence of stardom. But often, these aims of Jackie's mother are naturally thwarted. When he is discovered at a movie show he is surrounded by a mob. Countless people shove cards, papers at him, demanding his autograph. Whether he likes it or not is a mystery. He tells his mother he doesn't. But that he is conscious of his position is demonstrated by this little incident:

He asked Richard Dix once for an autographed picture for his clubroom. Dix gave it to him. Later, he complained to his mother: "Maw, I asked him for his autographed picture and he gave it to me. But he didn't ask me for mine in return!"

TWO years ago, it seemed to this writer, Jackie was quite the normal boy. Everything he said or did was normal boyishness. Today, there is in the things he says and does not so much a sense of normalcy as there is a flavor of acting. This writer feels, in short, that today Jackie Cooper is more *acting* the boy than being the boy.

But, after all, that's merely a personal observation. His own mother herself doesn't know whether she's succeeding in keeping him a boy or not!

"Sometimes he's two years old. Sometimes he's forty-two. I don't quite understand my own son," she says.



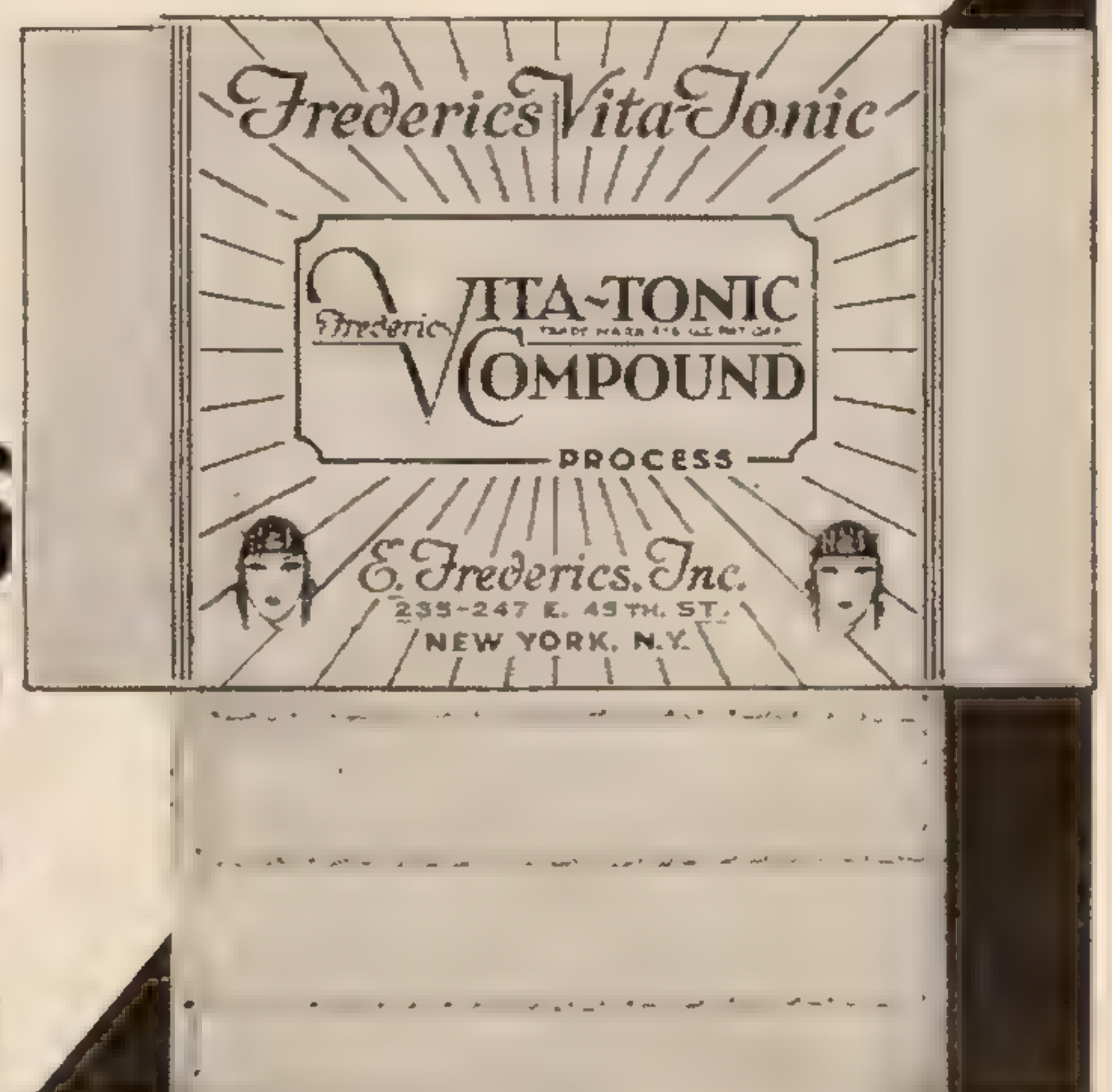
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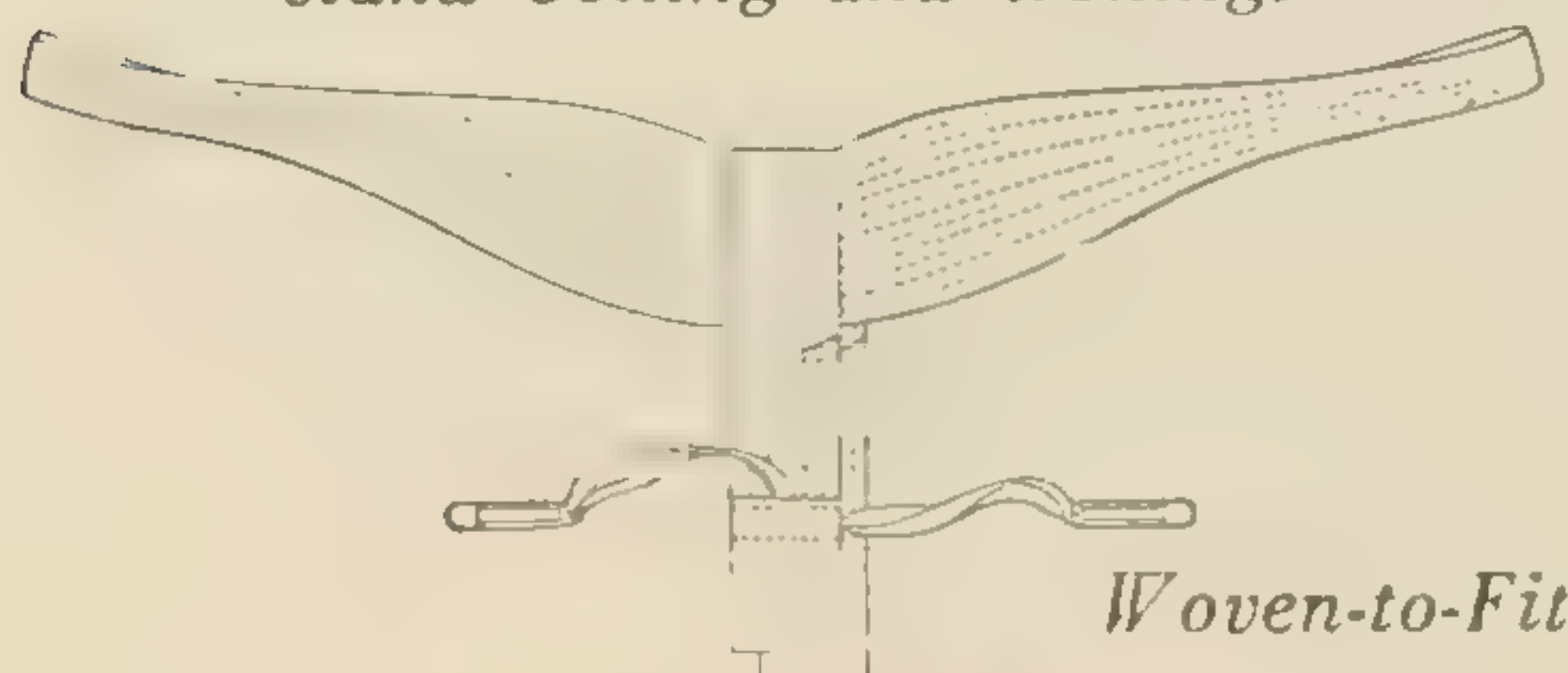
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## Moles

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## The Little Maid of "Cavalcade"

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71 ]

and a half with mighty little encouragement to keep her chin up.

Like the fairy story about Dick Whittington and his cat, Una O'Connor soon found out that the streets of London town were not paved with gold.

And the managers to whom she went insisted that she could not be a character actress at all, but an ingénue.

She was about to give up—had given up, in fact, sending a telegram to her aunt that she was coming home—when the seeming miracle happened.

IN Dick Whittington's case he heard the chime of Bow bells, as he was sitting forlornly upon a curb about to depart, telling him: "Turn again, turn again, Dick Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London." Dick, as you know, did turn again, and did become Lord Mayor of London; but in Una O'Connor's case she heard an agent's voice on the telephone, telling her that he had a job for her.

For two years Una and her aunt toured England. Ordinarily a provincial touring company, instead of being a stepping stone to the London stage, is a barrier against it. But another miracle happened, and a producer who had seen Una's work whisked her out of the third-class railway carriages to the Kingsway Theatre.

There she played the rôle of the prostitute in "Damaged Goods."

But just before her triumph, her aunt, the

faithful, kindly old aunt who had toured constantly with her, died.

It was at that time that Miss O'Connor almost entered a convent permanently as a nun. She walked the streets with her grief; no mother could have meant more to her than did that aunt.

"But even as I contemplated longingly the utter peace of a convent," she explained, "I knew that it was not my calling to become a sister. I would gladly have renounced the world—and yet I could not. I knew that a little later, after time had healed the first shock, my yearning for the stage would return. And once I took that step I could never go back."

BUT ever since that time she has made her periodical retreats into the solacing shrines of convents and emerged the better for them.

It was a long time before Una got her big chance. It came when Noel Coward, the author of "Cavalcade," who himself produced and directed the play in London, saw her and engaged her immediately for the rôle she created.

Naturally, to Una, Noel Coward is a demigod of the theater, standing head and shoulders above all other playwrights and all other producers at the age of thirty-six.

And her next ambition is to portray Americans just as faithfully as she portrayed the little Cockney maid in a picture so essentially British as "Cavalcade."

## Tear-Stained Laughter

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41 ]

to fifteen dollars a week. While it sounded like big money to Stan, he started a nip-and-tuck race with the well-known wolf, with hotel bills and costumes to be paid for out of the insignificant sum. For almost four years Stan tramped the States in what became well-known as "A Night in an English Music Hall."

WHEN the act was disbanded, Laurel stayed in vaudeville as a single. His pantomime, though, was over the heads of the audiences in the dingy houses that gave him spasmodic bookings.

The going got tougher, but Stan refused to say quits.

Sudden cancellation of engagements was widely practiced by managers of that day, and Stan more than once was stranded far from New York, his wallet and change pocket empty. That meant riding the rods back to Gotham for a fresh start.

Oliver Hardy was convinced the world was his oyster when he was called to Jacksonville, Florida, by a film unit that agreed to remunerate him at the rate of \$35 a week. Most of it went home to his mother. Then, without warning, the company went on the rocks.

Hardy was "strapped" and stranded 'way below the Mason-Dixon line. He wired his mother for the fare home.

Stan Laurel, after what to him was an extended run in Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, felt himself a Croesus; he had saved \$800. Aboard a train headed for Binghams, N. Y., he found his coat slit and his "fortune" lifted.

"There was nobody I could ask for money," bewails Stan, "and never before or since have I seen a butcher do such a wholesale slicing as that one did on my coat."

He walked the twelve blocks to the hotel,

only to find that it had no dining room—so he couldn't eat "on the cuff." He played two shows the next day before he could promote an advance for a meal.

And Oliver can tell you how, on blistered feet and an empty stomach he trudged and crawled over fifty miles of Texas railroad ties when a road show manager decamped with the receipts from a Lone Star State village. Two ham sandwiches, bought with his last dime, and raw onions and bread, donated by friendly railroad "hunkies," were his menu on his five-day struggle to the nearest city, El Paso, and hoped-for work.

Hoping union meant strength and steady bookings, Laurel teamed up with another vaudevillian and his wife, but the merger brought little improvement in his finances. Illness, "at liberty" and an insistent tummy ate up the savings of a year's work.

"An immediate engagement right there in New York was all that saved the three of us from becoming public charges," Stan admits.

WHEN Hollywood loomed as the film capital, Stan and Oliver trekked westward via different routes. And the jinx still stuck close to them. Hardy went with a "quickie" concern, but most of his pay-checks contained more rubber than paper. Some of them bounced so hard they still stick among his souvenirs—they couldn't be pried loose. Laurel stuck to producers of greater financial responsibility, but his "calls" were few and far between.

When Stan encountered his erstwhile vaudeville partners in Los Angeles, he raved incessantly about the movies' future and the enormous salaries in Hollywood.

"You're foolish to stay on the road," he told them. "Why, everybody out here is getting rich!"



"Fine!" they responded. "Let's go to supper and talk it over."

"Right-o," shot back Stan, "but you'll have to pay the check. I haven't worked in five weeks and I'm flat."

Failing to win recognition as a film actor, Stan turned to directing, first as an assistant, then in command. Hal Roach hired him to direct four comedies in which Oliver Hardy was playing fairly important parts. With three of the productions "in the can," Hardy suffered a severely burned hand, and Stan donned grease paint again to fill the gap in the cast.

ROACH saw the "rushes"—and yelled for Laurel. "Say," shouted the producer, "you're an actor and don't know it! You're wasting your time as a director!"

"I quite agree with you," answered Stan, "but I had to eat."

Roach then made three comedies using both Stan and Oliver and gradually increasing the size of their rôles. The team "clicked" so hard with audiences (exhibitors even billed them along with big features) that Roach decided to co-star them in "Hats Off." That was in 1927.

Laurel and Hardy were "made"!

While the last five years have worked a magic transformation in their surroundings, Laurel and Hardy have passed through the metamorphosis unchanged and unspoiled. True, stardom has made it possible for them to acquire fine houses in Beverly Hills, but they are homes, not show places. There are costly cars in their garages, but they still drive "flivvers."

Their wearing apparel comes from more exclusive shops, but the size of their hatbands shows no increase.

Their current cronies are the pals who "knew them when."

And Stan makes the startling claim that he has never been inside a Hollywood night club!

"Oliver and I have lived apart from the rest of the movie colony," he explains, "because the hardships of those lean years made too deep an impression on us to let us be wastrels now."

Stan is grateful for the new order mainly because it allows him to shower some of life's luxuries on Mrs. Laurel and Lois, aged five; Oliver, because Myrtle Reeves Hardy, who gave up her own film future to marry him, no longer has to pinch pennies.

Fishing and his flower garden are Laurel's only personal extravagances. A low golf score and a good tailor fully satisfy the splurging proclivities of Hardy.

The real life Laurel and Hardy stand out in sharp contrast to their celluloid characters. Theater-goers see the dumb-panned Stan as the abused victim of the dumb, yet self-satisfied Oliver.

AWAY from the cameras, though, Hardy seeks the background while Laurel takes the lead. Because he handles the team's business, originates the stories for their pictures and assists in direction, Stan draws five hundred dollars a week more than Oliver.

"And he's worth every cent of the additional money," Oliver wants you to know. "It's Stan who puts us over."

Which provides the only point on which they don't agree.

"That's unfair to Oliver," Stan protests, "without him I wouldn't have gotten anywhere in pictures."

Neither can be convinced that what they call their lucky break will continue forever.

Stan sees ahead of him a new career as a director when his acting days are over. Oliver still pores over his law books and expects to hang out his shingle when he puts away his make-up box.

Meanwhile, they're just a couple of serious-minded fellows trying to get along by supplying laughs for the rest of the world.

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## She Even Laughs Off Landslides

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42 ]

lot of troubled people and long faces, and gloom and unhappiness. You're an exponent of the theory that a laugh is the most worthwhile thing in life. Can you reconcile that philosophy with what people are experiencing?"

"Certainly," said Marion.

"Well, why not tell them how?"

"Is this," she asked, "an interview?"

"Uh huh," uh-huhed your interviewer. Marion laughed. "Oh, all right then—but come down to my beach house Sunday afternoon. We can talk better there."

AND that's how it was arranged. About herself, she would never have talked. But appeal to her wish-to-help-others—and Marion fell for it like a—well, like that cliff outside her house did!

It was a peach of an afternoon—one of those soft, warm mild days that brought people out in thousands. The beaches were crowded. Of course, Marion's mammoth beach place is fenced off—but over the walls into the Davies estate came the laughs and cries of beach-players. And at the other side was the towering red-brown height of the Santa Monica palisades, one hundred and fifty feet high, of softish sandstone—or "decomposed granite" as it's more properly called out there.

Atop is a municipal park, and a rustic railing skirts the edge of the cliff, which was always considered firm and solid. Naturally, on this sunny Sunday afternoon, many people promenaded up there, stopped and leaned on the railing to look down on the row of movie stars' homes along the ocean shore.

Marion was on the tennis court, playing a game with another girl, when your interviewer arrived. The very h'English butler showed the way. Marion was in that distinctive shade of blue—"Davies blue" the modistes now call it—in slacks. Between wallops at the tennis ball Marion hailed:

"Oh, h'lo! Be with you in a moment. Don't mind if we finish this game, do you?" While she and her opponent finished what they quaintly called a tennis game, your interviewer marveled at the estate—the colossal swimming pool with the Venetian bridge over the middle of it; the white-marble ocean facade of the huge house, big enough to be a beach club; the kennelful of assorted dogs that Marion loves so—and most of all, Gandhi.

GHANDI is a bandy-legged dachshund who is morose when he isn't at Marion's side, who growls and barks at everybody who approaches her, who will have nothing at all to do with strangers. And by the time Gandhi had growled his opinion of interviewers, Marion was ready.

"Let's go inside," said Marion. So we did, leaving several other guests playing tennis.

Well, once in the library for the interview, all Marion's self-assurance left her. She was like a little kid, scared to death. Odd, isn't it, that this girl who has position, wealth, fame, who is accustomed to mingling with many of the world's greatest and most important figures, should go to pieces before an interviewer? Her tongue constantly got all tangled up with her syllables. Yet she declined to cover up her nervousness with the patently artificial poise and air of condescension to which so many other stars resort. Marion gives one the impression of being just "the li'l girl next door."

"Now, what about this 'laugh' business?" started the talk.

"Well, it is the most worthwhile thing in life. Isn't it?"

"I'm interviewing you. Not you me," she was reminded.

"I mean—that's what I think—er, —uh—"

she got confused. Then she warmed to the subject, and began explaining.

"After all, we're put here on this world for some purpose we certainly know nothing about. But it must be for something good and fine and—that. So why take it with gloom, and a frown, and complaints? Why not, for the time we have here, give to ourselves and to others the benefit of cheer, of laughter?"

"Unselfishly, we owe it to others not to add unhappiness to life. Selfishly, we're cheating ourselves of so much when we cheat ourselves of laughter."

"IT'S fine medicine, for one thing. I've seen plenty of misery in my life—I've seen other people in circumstances that looked black. And I've seen that those who found the heart to laugh were the ones who came through. Those who gloomed, merely accentuated their miseries—and suffered much, much more."

"I know it takes courage to find a laugh when the cards seem stacked against you—but it's just using that courage that helps, you see. It isn't just the laugh alone—that would be a hollow gesture!—but it's what's behind the laugh, what the laugh stands for. That's what makes living worthwhile."

"But Marion," your interviewer stuck in his two-cents' worth, "isn't it all very easy for you, with wealth and fame and everything one might wish for, to say that laughter is the only thing that counts? Suppose—suppose something should happen to you, your beauty, so your screen career should end. Suppose you'd lose all this—everything. Do you think you could still laugh?"

Instantly:

"Certainly! I know I could—because I have. I've known unhappiness and poverty and all those things—and even then, I found I could laugh. Because there's so much in life to give us happiness and laughter. Wealth and fame and position won't—they make life easier, perhaps, but they don't supply laughter. On the contrary, without laughter, wealth and all that would mean absolutely zero."

"But, Marion, what you say is all right when living on the plane of a movie star. What about Mary Jane, or Mrs. John Smith, when little things go wrong?"

"Well, laughter, above all, would help. I know the little annoyances of life. I know how malicious gossip about one can hurt, appear tremendously important. I know how easy it is for a young wife to hear gossip that her husband is two-timing, stepping out on her."

"But, after all, what better weapon against these things than laughter? To take such things seriously, to worry about them, to let them get under your skin—that magnifies such matters. But the woman who can meet malicious gossip, scandal about her husband, with a laugh, is the woman who kills that gossip and scandal. Laughter is her surest weapon against it!"

"I'M not insensible that death and very serious illness are exceptions. We can't expect anyone to laugh in such crises—but at the other extreme, is it fair to go too far in the other direction? It's not easy, but isn't it far fairer to ourselves, to others, even to the memory of the one who's gone, to assure ourselves that death is, as we must believe, the doorway to a something finer, happier?"

She was silent a moment. Then:

"I hope this all doesn't sound too Pollyannaish," she said. "I hate, like everyone else, professional Pollyanna-ing. What I'm saying, I hope will be taken in the spirit I'm trying to express it—practical happiness, not just 'glad' mouthings. I mean it. I practise it."



I think almost anybody, no matter who or what the circumstances, will find life more worthwhile if the courage can be found to laugh."

IT was right here that cries came through the windows—then a rumbling and a roar. More cries. In a moment, the sirens of police motorcycles. . . .

"Something's happened!"—and Marion was up and out of the room. In the hallway, the English butler was dashing for the pantry telephone. "The 'ill's fell down," he gasped to Marion as he puffed by to call the police. The tennis players had left the courts to help dig out two people whose arms and legs protruded from the huge pile of dirt that had rolled to within a few feet of the Davies front gateway. In a moment, the two people—a man and a woman—were being half carried into the Davies house. Outside, police had arrived, were digging lest more victims be buried.

Inside, the couple caught their breath. Stimulants were found. They trembled—tried to tell the story of what had happened. It seemed they were standing at the palisades edge, watching the tennis game in the Davies courtyard. The players had noticed the preliminary slipping of sand and gravel down the cliff. They had waved and shouted from the courtyard to the people up above. But these two had misunderstood.

"We thought you folks were waving at us, and we leaned to wave back at you," said the doctor. "Just then came the slide. . . .

"I thought it was an earthquake. I felt the cliff collapse under me. I had just tried to grab my wife, when it all went down. I thought 'this is the end'—that is all I remember."

HIS nerves were breaking. So were his wife's. They could not hold the glasses that were pressed to their lips. Covered with dirt, their faces streaked, bruised, scratched, they did not know how badly they were hurt.

It was then that Marion, instinctively, stepped into the situation. She'd been talking soothingly to the woman, but it had not helped. Their nerves were cracking. And suddenly, in a quiet second, Marion's voice cracked through:

"Well, anyway, it was awfully nice of you people to *drop in on me* like this!"

There was a shocked silence. It seemed odd that anyone should wisecrack at a moment like this. But then the doctor grinned. So did his wife. They forgot their shock, their nerves. And from inside him, the doctor found the courage to send a laugh right back, "Yes—but next time, we won't take the same short cut! We'll come the long way around!"

It broke the tension. They all laughed. In the hall, a newspaperman was phoning the

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story to a Los Angeles paper. He came back from the phone with another gag—gruesome perhaps—"My city editor says it'd make a better story if we could kill a couple of people instead of just scratching them." They even laughed at that.

Well, that's about all there is to the story. By the time the victims left for home, they were quite cheerful. That night, a phone call

to their home revealed that aside from stiffness and a few bruises, they were all right—and quite thrilled over having a Sunday afternoon visit with a movie star.

And Marion—well, when the slide-victims were gone, she just looked at your interviewer. And your interviewer just looked at her. There was no need for words.

So we just laughed.

## Saved By A Hunch

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57 ]

making 'Bird of Paradise.' I had to fight under water with a turtle weighing three hundred pounds. The old fellow had immense strength. I did the scene three times. Then the director said perhaps we could do it better if we took it once more.

"Something as clear as my own voice said to me, 'Don't do it.' You hate reneging at a time like that. People are likely to say you are yellow, but that voice was too persistent. I told the director I would not take the scene again.

"If it must be shot over, he would have to get a double.

"A DOUBLE was secured, the scene taken, and the double nearly lost his life. He got caught under the forearm of the huge turtle and could not extricate himself. The crew finally got him loose but had difficulty in saving him.

"I *know* that my hunch was the only thing that saved me.

"And about stories, do you remember that everyone with authority in the matter seemed determined that I should play 'Tess of the Storm Country' with Janet Gaynor? From the very first, I had a hunch that that story was not for me. I was so positive about it that I argued my own studio, the Fox studio, and all my personal friends out of the notion. You see how it turned out. Charlie Farrell, in the same part, was so unhappy over the outcome that he decided he could not continue playing such rôles, and asked to be released from his contract."

There are a number of players who feel that their hunches have guided them at every turn of their professional lives.

As witness, Lee Tracy. Against the advice of every friend he had, Lee signed a contract for the stage production of "Roaring Forties," which later, under the name of "Broadway," carried him to fame and Hollywood. He'd do almost anything now that his hunch dictates.

When Carole Lombard gets a hunch about a story, she stands pat.

Even the studio admits that the few mistakes in Carole's career could have been avoided if she had been allowed to follow her hunches.

JOAN BLONDELL has had many uncanny experiences with regard to premonitions. Since she was a child, Joan has been saved a number of times from serious accidents by listening to something which said, "don't."

The same applies to her work. She has heeded her hunch, time and again, and signed contracts which everyone thought would be professional suicide. She's doing all right so far, thank you.

"The best hunch I ever had was to marry George Barnes," she said.

"Too early to get the results on that," I answered. "I'll interview you again ten years from now."

When I asked Madge Evans about it, I found she has a positive reverence for that "inner voice."

"I never call them hunches," she said. "That doesn't seem important enough.

Whether they are spiritual leadings or not, I cannot say, but before I was born my mother was always guided by her powerful intuitions.

"I had a powerful hunch about my M-G-M contract. I rejected an offer from Paramount before M-G-M had even made me a proposition. I said, 'If Metro does not offer me a contract, I shall not go in pictures this year.' I felt my place was with them, and so it has proved."

Mervyn LeRoy, the director, looks like a juvenile leading man and talks with the wisdom of middle age.

He's the brilliant fellow who made "Little Caesar" and "I'm a Fugitive From a Chain Gang."

"Nobody pays more attention to their hunches than I do," he told me. "I have no explanations to offer, but I wouldn't think of ignoring such warnings as come.

"ONE specific instance of where it saved my life took place in San Francisco some years ago. I was living there at the time and always took the front car of the train which meets the ferry to Oakland, because I wanted to see everything.

"One night I had taken my seat in the front car of the train as usual when suddenly I *knew* I must not remain seated there another minute.

"It was such a strong conviction that I grabbed my coat and almost ran to the other extreme of the train.

"I had scarcely gotten seated when the front cars left the track and were completely wrecked.

"The same applies to my studio work. When I read a story, I get a *feel* as to whether it is the picture for me to make or not. Frequently, I insist upon making a story that the producer is not enthusiastic about. If my hunch says it's good, I stick by my guns. In the case of 'I'm a Fugitive,' three directors had turned down the story before I read it. As soon as I got hold of it, I *knew*, intuitively, it was my story and begged to be allowed to make it."

There are so many other players who have experienced hunches that saved them from physical and professional harm, there isn't room to list them all.

But it takes the exception to prove the rule, and our exception in this case is none other than that most fascinating of Frenchmen, Maurice Chevalier.

"*Mais non, non, non,*" he protested in answer to our question about hunches, sixth senses, premonitions, etc.

"I HAVE not developed a sixth sense at all. No 'hunch' has ever helped me out of a difficulty.

"Once or twice I have felt that I should not do a certain thing, *but I have done it*. And it turned out swell.

"I had a very strong conviction that I should not come to America. I simply *knew* that the American people would not care for my broken English.

"I made myself come over here, and now you see, again it has turned out swell."

So folks, take your choice.



# Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

**"AFTER THE BALL"**—GAUMONT BRITISH-FOX.—From the story by J. O. C. Orton. Adapted by H. M. Harwood. Directed by Milton Rosmer. The cast: *Elissa Strange*, Esther Ralston; *Jack Harrowby*, Basil Rathbone; *Larila*, Marie Burke; *Peter Strange*, George Curzon; *Victorine*, Jean Adrienne; *Albuera*, Clifford Heatherley.

**"BABY FACE"**—WARNERS.—From the story by Mark Canfield. Screen play by Gene Markey and Kathryn Scola. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Lily*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Trenholm*, George Brent; *Stevens*, Donald Cook; *Ann Carter*, Margaret Lindsay; *Carter*, Henry Kolker; *Jimmy McCoy*, John Wayne; *Brakeman*, James Murray; *Brody*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Doorman*, Harry Gribbon; *Lulza*, Arthur DeKuh; *Cragg*, Alphonse Ethier; *Nick*, Robert Barrat; *Chico*, Theresa Harris; *Sipple*, Arthur Hohl; *The Girl*, Renee Whitney; *Stolwich*, Nat Pendleton.

**"BARBARIAN, THE"**—M-G-M.—From the story by Edgar Selwyn. Screen play by Anita Loos and Elmer Harris. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: *Jamil*, Ramon Novarro; *Diana*, Myrna Loy; *Gerald*, Reginald Denny; *Powers*, Louise Closser Hale; *Cecil*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Achmed*, Edward Arnold; *Mrs. Hume*, Blanche Friderici; *Marthe*, Marcelle Corday; *American Tourist*, Hedda Hopper; *German Tourist*, Leni Stengel.

**"BEDTIME STORY, A"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Roy Horniman. Adapted by Benjamin Glazer. Directed by Norman Taurog. The cast: *Rene*, Maurice Chevalier; *Sally*, Helen Twelvetrees; *Francois*, Edward Everett Horton; *Max*, Earle Foxe; *Paulette*, Adrienne Ames; *"Monsieur," Baby LeRoy*; *Robert*, Ernest Wood; *Suzanne*, Betty Lorraine; *Gabrielle*, Leah Ray; *Henry Jourdain*, George MacQuarrie; *The General*, Reginald Mason; *Louise*, Gertrude Michael; *Concierge*, Paul Panzer; *Police Agent*, Henry Kolker.

**"CENTRAL AIRPORT"**—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story "Hawk's Mate" by Jack Moffitt. Screen play by Rian James and James Seymour. Directed by William A. Wellman. The cast: *Jim*, Richard Barthelmess; *Jill*, Sally Eilers; *Neil*, Tom Brown; *Blonde Girl*, Glenda Farrell; *Dark man*, Harold Huber; *Eddie*, James Murray; *Mrs. Blaine*, Claire McDowell; *Mr. Blaine*, Grant Mitchell; *Weather man*, Irving Bacon; *Man in Wreck*, Charles Sellon; *Chef*, Robert Craig; *Waitress*, Lucille Ward; *Manager*, Willard Robertson; *Manager*, Douglas Dumbrille.

**"CROSS FIRE"**—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Harold Shumate. Directed by Otto Brower. The cast: *Tom Allen*, Tom Keene; *Patricia Plummer*, Betty Furness; *Ed Wimpy*, Edgar Kennedy; *Bert King*, Eddie Phillips; *Daniel Plummer*, Lafe McKee; *Jonathan Wheeler*, Charles French; *Dr. Stiles*, Nick Cogley; *Judge Wilson*, Jules Cowles; *Charles Rudolph*, Tom Brower; *Sheriff*, Murdock MacQuarrie; *Kreuger*, Stanley Blystone.

**"DER BRAVE SUENDER"** (The Upright Sinner)—ALLIANZ TONFILM PROD.—Directed by Fritz Kortner. The cast: *Leopold Pichler*, Max Pallenberg; *Willek*, Heinz Ruehmann; *Hedwig*, Dolly Haas; *Ludmilla*, Josephine Dora; *Klapka*, Fritz Gruenbaum; *Karl*, Peter Wolff; *Manager of the Engel bar*, Julius Brandt; *Commissioner Krull*, Louis Ralph; *Director Haeril of the Intrig*, Ekkehard Arendt.

**"DEVIL'S BROTHER, THE"**—HAL ROACH-M-G-M.—Based on the opera "Fra Diavolo" by Auber. Adapted by Jeanie MacPherson. Directed by Hal Roach. The cast: *Stanlio*, Stan Laurel; *Olivero*, Oliver Hardy; *"Fra Diavolo"*, Marquis De San Marco; *Dennis King*, Lady Pamela; *Thelma Todd*, Lord Roberg; *James Finlayson*, Zerlina; *Lucile Browne*, Lorenzo; *Arthur Pierson*, Malteo; *Henry Armetta*, Francesco; *Matt McHugh*, Lieutenant; *Lane Chandler*, Francesco.



NANCY—"I have to leave. I can't stand another minute, even for this divine music. My feet are burning like fire."

JEAN—"Take my chair, darling. I can stand forever without tiring, in these Natural Bridge Shoes."

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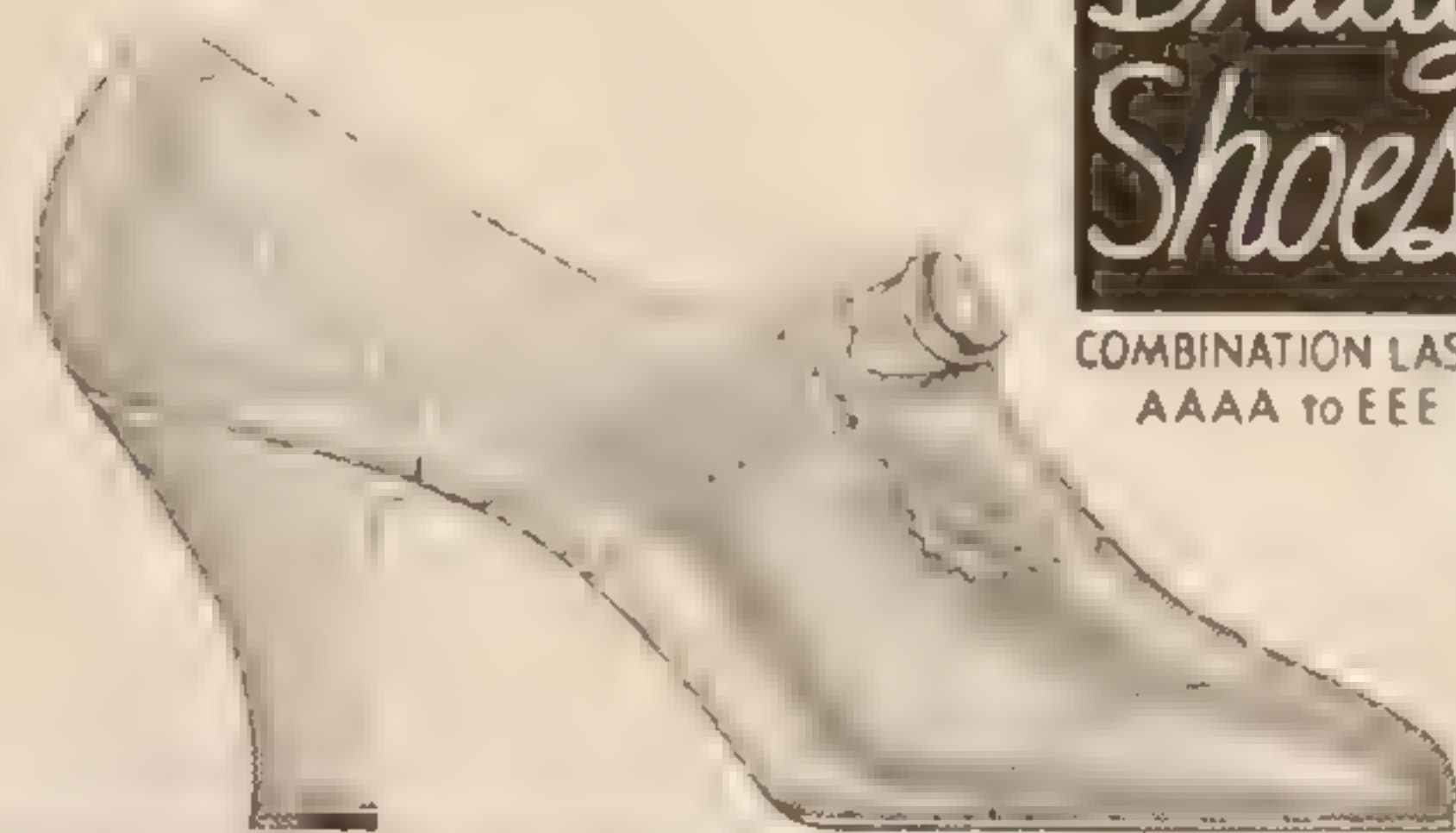
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Rita, Nena Quartaro; Alessandro, Wilfred Lucas; First Woodchopper, James C. Morton; Second Woodchopper, Carl Harbaugh.

"DUDE BANDIT, THE"—ALLIED.—From the story by Jack Natteford. Directed by George Melford. The cast: Ace Cooper, Hoot Gibson; Betty Mason, Gloria Shea; Skeeter, Skeeter Bill Robbins; Al Burton, Hooper Atchley; Jack Hargan, Neal Hart; Brown, Lafe McKee; Dad Mason, Gordon DeMain; Sheriff, Fred Burns; Jim Saxon, Fred Gilman.

"ELMER THE GREAT"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Ring Lardner. Screen play by Tom Geraghty and Whitney Bolton. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: Elmer, Joe E. Brown; Nellie, Patricia Ellis; Evelyn, Claire Dodd; Nick, Sterling Holloway; Sarah Crosby, Jessie Ralph; Mrs. Kane, Emma Dunn; Walker, Preston Foster; Bull Wade, Charles Wilson; Col. Moffitt, Berton Churchill; Healy High-Hips, Frank McHugh; Ben Beeson, Lloyd Neal; Jerry, J. Carrol Naish; Stillman, Douglas Dumbrille; Noonan, Gene Morgan.

"FIRES OF FATE"—POWERS PICTURES.—From a story by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Directed by Norman Walker. The cast: Col. Egerton, Lester Matthews; Nora Belmont, Kathleen O'Regan; Kay Byrne, Dorothy Bartlam; Miss Byrne, Jean Cadell; Sir William Royden, M. D., Donald Calthrop; Rev. Mark Royden, Hubert Harben; Filbert Frayne, Jack Raine; Mr. Braddell, Arthur Chesney; Abdulla, Clifford Heatherley; Capt. Archer, Garry Marsh.

"GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE"—M-G-M.—From an anonymous novel. Screen play by Carey Wilson. Directed by Gregory La Cava. The cast: Hon. Judson Hammond, Walter Huston; Pendola Molloy, Karen Morley; Harilek Beekman, Franchot Tone; Jasper Brooks, Arthur Byron; Jimmy Vetter, Dickie Moore; Nick Diamond, C. Henry Gordon; John Bronson, David Landau; Dr. Eastman, Samuel Hinds; Borell, William Pawley; Alice Bronson, Jean Parker; Nurse, Claire DuBrey.

"GIRL MISSING"—WARNERS.—From the story "Blue Moon Murder Case" by S. S. Van Dine. Screen play by Don Mullaly and Carl Erickson. Directed by Robert Florey. The cast: Henry Gibson, Ben Lyon; Kay Curtis, Glenda Farrell; June Dale, Mary Brian; Daisy, Peggy Shannon; Raymond Fox, Lyle Talbot; Kenneth Van Dusen, Guy Kibbee; Jim Hendricks, Harold Huber; Crawford, George Pat Collins; Inspector McDonald, Edward Ellis; Julie, Louise Beavers; Alvin Bradford, Ferdinand Gottschalk; Mrs. Brad-



Hoot looks a little surprised and it may be because his wife, Sally Eilers, said she'd dine with him at the Beverly Wilshire. They're separated, y'know, and with divorce rumors rumbling, everybody's wondering now about the future plans of that popular film couple, Mr. and Mrs. Hoot Gibson



ford, Helen Ware; Toko, Mike Marita; Detective, Fred Kelsey.

"HELL BELOW"—M-G-M.—From the story "Pigboats" by Commander Edward Ellsberg. Adapted by Laird Doyle and Raymond L. Schrock. Directed by Jack Conway. The cast: *Lieut. Thomas Knowlton*, U. S. N., Robert Montgomery; *Lieut. Comdr. T. J. Toler*, U. S. N., Walter Huston; *Joan*, Madge Evans; *"Plomaine," Ship's Cook*, Jimmy Durante; *MacDougal, Chief Torpedo Man*, Eugene Pallette; *Lieut. (JG) "Brick" Walters*, Robert Young; *Herbert Standish, Flight Comdr.*, Edwin Styles; *Lieut. (JG) "Speed" Nelson*, John Lee Mahin; *Lieut. (JG) Radford*, David Newell; *Seaman Jenks*, Sterling Holloway; *Buck Teeth Sergeant*, Charles Irwin.

"HERTHA'S ERWACHEN" (Hertha's Awakening)—UFA.—From the story by Hertha von Gebhardt. Directed by Gerhard Lamprecht. The cast: *Karl Christians*, Hans Brausewetter; *Mr. Barthels*, Erwin Kalser; *Hertha, his daughter*, Toni van Eyck; *Gertrude, her chum*, Ruth Hellberg; *Gertrude's mother*, Elsa Wagner; *Mr. Haber*, Fritz Odemar; *Miss Berghuhn*, Hedwig Schlichter; *"Old Schultheiss,"* Eduard Rothauser.

"HUMANITY"—Fox.—From the story "The Road to Heaven" by Harry Fried. Screen play by Bradley King. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: *Dr. William MacDonald*, Ralph Morgan; *Nancy Moore*, Boots Mallory; *Bill MacDonald*, Alexander Kirkland; *Olive Pelton*, Irene Ware; *Sam*, Noel Madison; *Farley*, Wade Boteler; *Schmiddy*, Christian Rub; *Rosie*, Betty Jane Graham; *Mrs. Bernstein*, Ferike Boros; *Dr. Van Buren*, George Irving; *Mr. Pelton*, Crauford Kent; *Mrs. Pelton*, Nella Walker.

"LITTLE GIANT, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Robert Lord and Wilson Mizner. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *"Bugs" Ahearn*, Edward G. Robinson; *Ruth Wayburn*, Mary Astor; *Polly Cass*, Helen Vinson; *John Stanley*, Kenneth Thomson; *Edith*, Shirley Grey; *Al Daniels*, Russell Hopton; *Donald Cass*, Berton Churchill; *Gordon Cass*, Donald Dillaway; *Mrs. Cass*, Louise Mackintosh; *Frankie*, Helen Mann.

"LOOKING FORWARD"—M-G-M.—From the play "Service" by C. L. Anthony. Screen play by Bess Meredyth. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: *Benton*, Lionel Barrymore; *Gabriel Service, Sr.*, Lewis Stone; *Isabel*, Benita Hume; *Caroline*, Elizabeth Allan; *Michael*, Phillips Holmes; *Geoffrey*, Colin Clive; *Birkenshaw*, Alec B. Francis; *Mrs. Benton*, Doris Lloyd; *Fellow*, Halliwell Hobbs; *Willie*, Douglas Walton; *Elsie*, Viva Tattersall; *Endicott*, Lawrence Grant; *Tressitt*, George K. Arthur; *Burton*, Charles Irwin; *Barker*, Billy Bevan; *Gabriel Service, Sr., 1st*, Holmes Herbert.

"LOVE IN MOROCCO"—GAUMONT BRITISH.—From the story "Baroud" by Rex Ingram and Benno Vigney. Directed by Rex Ingram and Alice Terry. The cast: *Si Allal*, (Caid of Illouel), Felipe Montes; *Zinah, his daughter*, Rosita Garcia; *Si Hamed, his son*, Pierre Batchoff; *Andre Duval*, Rex Ingram; *Mabrouka*, Arabella Fields; *Si Amarok*, Andrews Engelman; *Captain Labry*, Dennis Hoey; *Arllette*, Laura Salerni.

"M"—NEORFILM.—From the story by Thea von Harbou. Directed by Fritz Lang. The cast: *The Murderer*, Peter Lorre; *The Mother*, Ellen Widmann; *The Child*, Inge Landgut; *The Safebreaker*, Gustaf Grundgens; *The Burglar*, Fritz Gnass; *The Card Sharper*, Fritz Odemar; *The Pickpocket*, Paul Kemp; *The Confidence Trickster*, Theo Lingen; *The President of Police*, Ernest Stahl-Nachbaur; *The Minister*, Franz Stein; *Superintendent Lohman*, Otto Wernicke; *Superintendent Groeber*, Theodor Loos; *The Blind Beggar*, Georg John; *Counsel for the Defense*, Rudolf Blumner; *The Watchman*, Karl Platen; *The Criminal Chief*, Gerhard Bienert; *The Landlady*, Rosa Valetti.

"MADE ON BROADWAY"—M-G-M.—From the story "Public Relations" by Courtenay Terrett. Adapted by Courtenay Terrett. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Jeff*, Robert Montgomery; *Mona*, Sally Eilers; *Claire*, Madge Evans; *Terwilliger*, Eugene Pallette; *Mayor Starling*, C. Henry Gordon; *Adele*, Jean Parker; *Ramon*, Ivan Lebedeff; *Mayor's Secretary*, David Newell; *Mr. Lepedis*, Vince Barnett; *Schultz*, Joseph Cawthorn.

"MUSSOLINI SPEAKS"—COLUMBIA.—Edited by Jack Cohn. Narrated by Lowell Thomas.

"OBEY THE LAW"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Harry Sauber. Screen play by Arthur Caesar. Directed by Benjamin Stoloff. The cast: *Tony Pasqual*, Leo Carrillo; *Dickie Chester*, Dickie Moore; *Grace Chester*, Lois Wilson; *"Big Joe" Rierdon*, Henry Clive; *Bob Richards*, Eddie Garr; *Giovanni*, Gino Corrado; *Kid Paris*, Ward Bond.

"PHANTOM BROADCAST, THE"—MONOGRAM.—From the screen play by Tristram Tupper. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Norman Wilder*, Ralph Forbes; *Elsa Evans*, Vivienne Osborne; *Grant Murdoch*, Arnold Gray; *Laura Hamilton*, Gail Patrick; *Sandy Higgins*, Big Boy Williams; *Dr. Brooks*, Paul Page; *Nancy*, Pauline Garon; *Broadcast Manager*, Harland Tucker; *Joe Maestro*, Rockliffe Fellowes.

"PICK UP"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Vina Delmar. Screen play by S. K. Lauren and Agnes Brand Leahy. Adapted by Sidney Lazarus. Directed by Marion Gering. The cast: *Mary Richards*, Sylvia Sydney; *Harry Glynn*, George Raft; *Jim Richards*, William Harrigan; *Muriel Stevens*,

Lillian Bond; *Sam Foster*, Clarence Wilson; *Magnolia*, Louise Beavers; *Artie Logan*, George Meeker; *Tony*, Brooks Benedict; *Jerome Turner*, Robert McWade; *Mr. Brewster*, Charles Middleton; *Matron*, Eleanor Lawson; *Warden*, Oscar Apfel; *Johnson*, Reporter, Al Hill; *Freda*, Florence Dudley; *Sadie*, Patricia Farley; *Don*, Eddie Clayton; *Sally*, Alice Adair; *First Pantry Girl*, Lona Andre; *Second Pantry Girl*, Gail Patrick; *Prosecuting Attorney*, Purnell Pratt; *Peggy*, Dorothy Layton.

"PICTURE SNATCHER"—WARNERS.—From the story by Danny Ahearn. Screen play by Allen Rivkin and P. J. Wolfson. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Danny*, James Cagney; *Patricia*, Patricia Ellis; *Alison*, Alice White; *McLean*, Ralph Bellamy; *Casey Nolan*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Fireman*, George Pat Collins; *Leo*, Tom Wilson; *Jerry*, Ralf Harolde; *Grover*, Robert Barrat.

"PLEASURE CRUISE"—Fox.—From the play by Austen Allen. Screen play by Guy Bolton. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: *Shirley Poole*, Genevieve Tobin; *Andrew Poole*, Roland Young; *Richard Taversham*, Ralph Forbes; *Mrs. Signus*, Una O'Connor; *Henry*, Herbert Mundin; *Judy*, Minna Gombell; *Murchison*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Alf*, Frank Atkinson; *Crum*, Robert Greig; *Rollins*, Arthur Hoyt.

"REBEL, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Luis Trenker and Walter Schmidtkunz. Screen play by Edwin Knopf. Directed by Edwin Knopf. The cast: *Severin Anderlan*, Luis Trenker; *Erika Riederer*, Vilma Banky; *Magistrate Riederer*, Paul Bildt; *Captain Leroy*, Victor Varconi; *Anderlan's Mother*, Olga Engel; *Anderlan's Sister*, Erika Danhoff; *Lieutenant*, Angelo Ferrari; *Bavarian Sergeant*, Fritz Greiner; *General*, Arthur Grosse; *General's Wife*, Anna Halfers; *Young Peasant Leader*, Clause Clausen; *Krahvogel*, Reinhold Bernt; *Hagspiel*, Emmerich Albert; *Rabensleiner*, Luis Gerold; *Panzl*, Panzl.

"SHRIEK IN THE NIGHT, A"—ALLIED.—From the story by Kurt Kempler. Screen play by Frances Hyland. Directed by Albert Ray. The cast: *Patricia Morgan*, Ginger Rogers; *Theodore Rand*, Lyle Talbot; *Wilfred*, Arthur Hoyt; *Russell*, Purnell Pratt; *Janitor*, Harvey Clark; *Augusta*, Lillian Harmer; *Martini*, Maurice Black.

"STRANGE PEOPLE"—CHESTERFIELD.—From the story by Jack Townley. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *Burton*, Hale Hamilton; *Jimmy Allen*, John Darrow; *Helen Mason*, Gloria Shea; *Edwards*, Michael Visaroff; *Insurance Man*, Lew Kelly; *Radio Man*, Walter Brennan; *Plumber*, Jack Pennick; *Mrs. Jones*, Mary Foy; *Mrs. Reid*, Jane Keckley; *Barber*, Jerry Mandy; *Burke*, Stanley Blystone; *Kelly*, Frank LaRue.

"TERROR ABOARD"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Robert Presnell. Screen play by Harvey Thew and Manuel Seff. Directed by Paul Sloane. The cast: *Blackie*, Charlie Ruggles; *Kreig*, John Halliday; *Cowles*, Neil Hamilton; *Lili*, Shirley Grey; *Cordoff*, Jack LaRue; *Millicent Hazlitt*, Verree Teasdale; *Lena*, Leila Bennett; *Morton Hazlitt*, Morgan Wallace; *Captain Alison*, Thomas Jackson; *Wilson*, William Janney; *Boatswain*, Paul Hurst; *Captain Swanson*, Stanley Fields; *Larson*, Frank Hagney; *Ship's Doctor*, Clarence Wilson; *Chef*, Paul Porcasi; *Sparks*, Marty Faust; *First Seaman*, Clem Beauchamp; *Male on Yacht*, Peter Hancock; *Cross-Eyed Sailor*, Bobby Dunn.

"TODAY WE LIVE"—M-G-M.—From the story by William Faulkner. Screen play by Edith Fitzgerald and Dwight Taylor. Directed by Howard Hawks. The cast: *Diana*, Joan Crawford; *Bogard*, Gary Cooper; *Claude*, Robert Young; *Ronnie*, Franchot Tone; *McGinnis*, Roscoe Karns; *Applegate*, Louise Closser Hale; *Major*, Rollo Lloyd; *Eleanor*, Hilda Vaughn.

"TRICK FOR TRICK"—Fox.—From the play by Vivian Cosby, Shirley Warde and Harry Wagstaff Gribble. Screen play by Howard Green. Directed by Hamilton MacFadden. The cast: *Azrah*, Ralph Morgan; *La Tour*, Victor Jory; *Constance Russell*, Sally Blane; *Albert Young*, Tom Dugan; *Melzger*, Luis Alberni; *Mr. Russell*, Edward Van Sloan; *Sergeant Lombard*, James Burtis; *Boldy*, Adrian Morris; *Magician's Assistant*, John George; *Dr. Frank Fitzgerald*, Willard Robertson; *Prof. King*, Herbert Bunston; *Susie Henry*, Dorothy Appleby; *Jed Dobson*, Booth Howard; *David Adams*, Clifford Jones; *Chinaman*, Jimmy Leong.

"WORKING MAN, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Edgar Franklin. Screen play by Charles Kenyon and Maude T. Howell. Directed by John Adolph. The cast: *Reeves*, George Arliss; *Jenny*, Bette Davis; *Benjamin*, Hardie Albright; *Henry Davidson*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Tommy Hariland*, Theodore Newton; *Briggs*, Edward Van Sloan; *Pettison*, Gordon Westcott; *Haslitt*, Charles Evans; *Judge Larson*, Frederick Burton; *Stenographer to Reeves*, Pat Wing; *Secretary to Benjamin*, Claire McDowell; *Mrs. Price*, Ruthelma Stevens; *Buller*, Edward Cooper; *Hammersmith*, Wallis Clark; *Dunwiddie*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Maid*, Gertrude Sutton; *White*, Clarence Wilson.

"ZOO IN BUDAPEST"—Fox.—From the story by Melville Baker and Jack Kirkland. Screen play by Dan Totheroh, Louise Long, and Rowland V. Lee. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. The cast: *Eve*, Loretta Young; *Zani*, Gene Raymond; *Dr. Grunbaum*, O. P. Heggie; *Paul Vantor*, Wally Albright; *Heinie*, Paul Fix; *Garbosh*, Murray Kinnell; *Katrina*, Ruth Warren; *Karl*, Roy Stewart; *Elsie*, Frances Rich; *Mr. Vantor*, Niles Welch; *Miss Murst*, Lucille Ward; *Roski*, Russ Powell.



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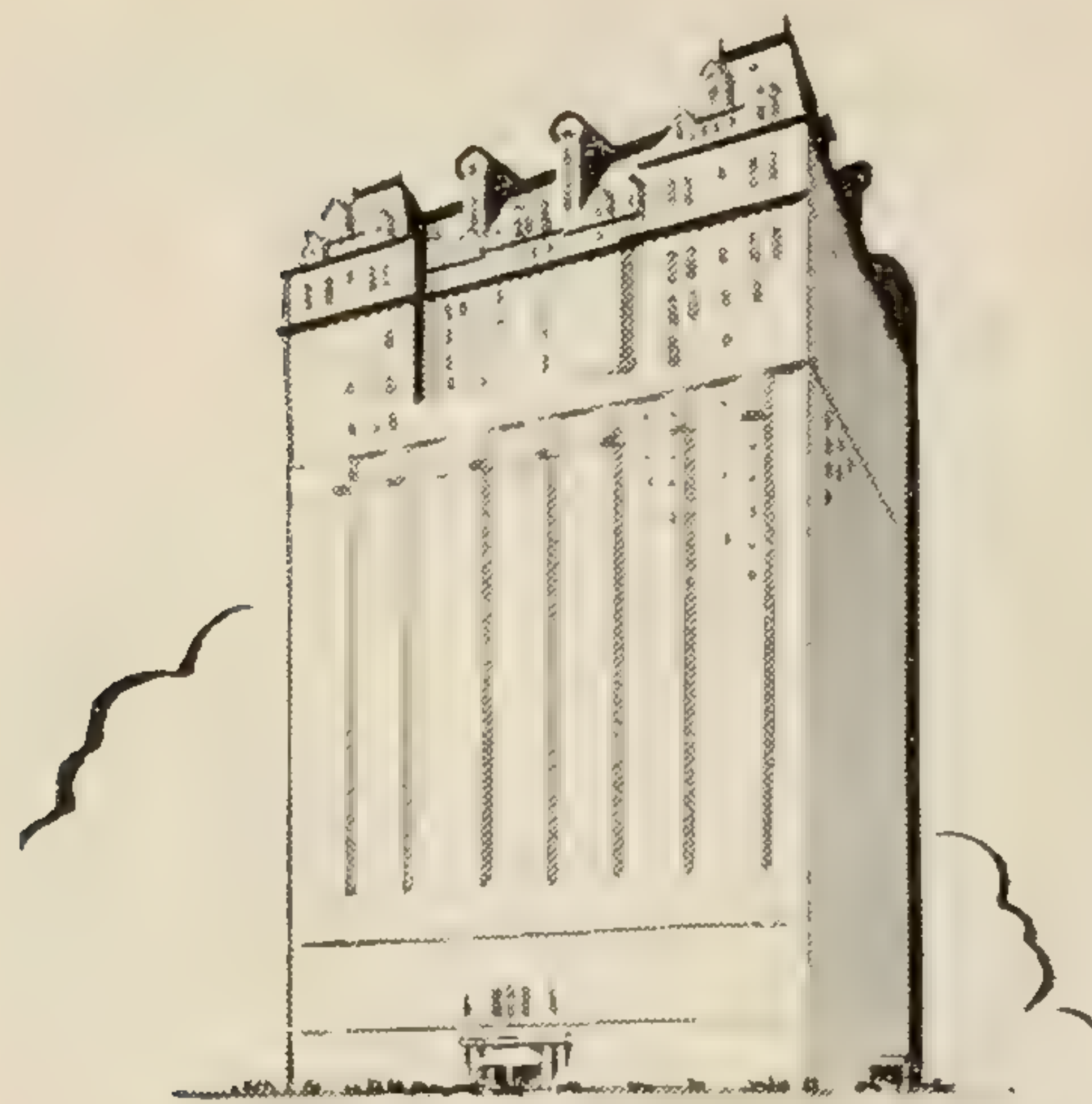
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# Screen Memories From Photoplay

## 15 Years Ago

OUR issue of June, 1918, showed that once wartime limitations were removed, motion pictures were due for a great transformation. Griffith had started it with his "Birth of a Nation" and "Hearts of the World"—and the age of super-spectacles and super-stars was due to dawn.

As our contribution we told what we thought would make stars eligible. Mary Pickford headed our list, because best able to make likeable rôles live, while Doug Fairbanks headed the list of stars who did well with good but not subtle parts. Of all those studied, only these two and Charlie Chaplin are still in the public eye. Every interpreter of "real life" and tragic emotion has gone. We guessed that and said why, about some "imports" from grand opera and the stage, such as Mary Garden and Maxine Elliott. And we predicted that Theda Barism would have to change mightily, too.



Carmel Myers

Among newer players, we commended Milton Sills and had an article telling how he had wanted to be a college professor. Carmel Myers had just clicked, so we revealed how she first drew notice. She was playing a hard, gum-chewing waitress — and added the business of pulling the gum. Billie Burke was in with her new baby, and elsewhere we told how she gave the Red Cross some forty dollars in small coins sent by children for her photographs and autographs.

Those were the days of fervent hunts for German spies and German propaganda—and many of our readers wrote of "discoveries" in the films. We thought the government able to tend to that, and were warring instead on smut in films. However, of all the thirty-nine pictures reviewed, only five drew fire.

As a last word on the "new art" scheduled for the movies, we hailed Director Maurice Tourneur. Olive Tell on the cover.

## 10 Years Ago

IN June, 1923, we revealed an odd fact about the hit of the year—"The Covered Wagon." It started life as a simple Western; but after the outdoor shots had been taken, Director James Cruze and others realized that the long train of wagons winding West had gripping appeal, and expanded the film to the classic it proved.

And what a group of "costumes" and "historicals" was in the making, now that public taste had set that way! Mary Pickford in "Rosita"; Charles Ray in "The Courtship of Miles Standish"; "Scaramouche," with Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry; to mention a few. Incidentally, Rex Ingram told how he "discovered" Novarro, Alice Terry and Rudolph Valentino (who was still off-screen, because he objected to his rôles).

Among news of players, a landmark was our favorite, Pearl White. Success-weary, she had



Pearl White

taken refuge in a convent somewhere in Europe, there to seek the peace and contentment which her world-wide acclaim had tended more to destroy than supply. And a fine picture reminded us that another star was soon to pass—Strongheart, first of dog stars.

Of newcomers, perhaps Anna May Wong led the list. Our account revealed that she had never been to China, and that her father still had his business nearby.

Reginald Denny had achieved notice in "The Leatherpusher" series. Dick Barthelmess was happy over a new "find"—Dorothy Mackaill; and we showed him.

Pola Negri's first American picture—"Bella Donna"—was reviewed, and we said they'd tamed Pola too much. But we hailed that classic comic, Harold Lloyd's "Safety Last!" Doug Fairbanks, Jr. was preparing his screen début. The cover—May McAvoy.

## 5 Years Ago

TRULY the Golden Age of Hollywood was in full bloom in June, 1928! It cost \$100,000 no less, and often more—to woo and marry a baby star. Ruth Taylor furnished particulars.

Mack Sennett was tearing down his famous old studio—the one that had nurtured Charlie Chaplin, Gloria Swanson, Mabel Normand, Ben Turpin, and many others—as no longer useful; and Tom Mix was telling about making his first million. Millions seemed commoner than mortgages are these days.

As appropriate setting to all this the scintillant Greta Garbo, finishing her autobiography for us, told of her landing, unknown, in New York City just three years before, and of staying in a dingy hotel for two months, prior to reporting for duty in Hollywood. (Imagine her being able to do that now!) She told also of how it eased her bewilderment to find opposite her in "Flesh and the Devil,"



Mary Pickford

her second picture, an inspiring actor named John Gilbert—and as an accompanying note, Jack started his autobiography for us that month.

There were gray notes, however, among the glitter. Mary Pickford and Doug, we told, had just sailed for Europe, following the death of Mary's mother, April 21. Pola Negri, whose advent we had hailed five years before, was breaking up her two Western homes, having abandoned further picture activity; and yet with it all, the burning, throbbing question of the day seemed to be, "Would Mary, or would she not, bob her hair?"

Doug Jr., whose début was foreshadowed five years before, was shown playing tennis with Joan Crawford, and a marriage was in prospect for the fall. George Belden, bit player in Westerns, replaced a dismissed actor, and was renamed Rex Bell. Marion Davies on the cover.



# Addresses of the Stars

## Hollywood, Calif.

### Paramount Studios

Brian Aherne  
Adrienne Ames  
Lona Andre  
Richard Arlen  
George Barbier  
Richard Bennett  
Mary Boland  
Clive Brook  
Kathleen Burke  
Nancy Carroll  
Maurice Chevalier  
Claudette Colbert  
Gary Cooper  
Ricardo Cortez  
Buster Crabbe  
Frances Dee  
Marlene Dietrich  
Stuart Erwin  
Patricia Farley  
Wynne Gibson  
Cary Grant  
Shirley Grey  
Verna Hillie  
Miriam Hopkins

Roscoe Karns  
Jack La Rue  
Charles Laughton  
John Davis Lodge  
Carole Lombard  
Fredric March  
Sari Maritza  
Herbert Marshall  
Marx Brothers  
Jack Oakie  
Gail Patrick  
George Raft  
Charlie Ruggles  
Randolph Scott  
Silvia Sydney  
Alison Skipworth  
Kate Smith  
Sir Guy Standing  
Kent Taylor  
Jerry Tucker  
Helen Twelvetrees  
Mae West  
Dorothea Wieck  
Elizabeth Young

### Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Heather Angel  
Frank Atkinson  
Warner Baxter  
Joan Bennett  
John Boles  
Clara Bow  
El Brendel  
Marion Burns  
Henrietta Crosman  
James Dunn  
Sally Eilers  
Norman Foster  
Henry Garat  
Janet Gaynor  
Minna Gombell  
Lilian Harvey  
Clifford Jones  
Miriam Jordan  
Victor Jory  
Alexander Kirkland  
Howard Lally

Elissa Landi  
Wm. Lawrence  
Alan Livingston  
Boots Mallory  
Philip Merivale  
Jose Mojica  
Ralph Morgan  
Herbert Mundin  
George O'Brien  
Una O'Connor  
Gene Raymond  
Kane Richmond  
Will Rogers  
Charles (Buddy) Rogers  
Raul Roulien  
Genevieve Tobin  
Merle Tottenham  
Spencer Tracy  
June Vasek  
Irene Ware  
Harry Woods

### RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Constance Bennett  
Bill Boyd  
Bruce Cabot  
Joseph Cawthorn  
Chic Chandler  
Dolores Del Rio  
Richard Dix  
Irene Dunne  
Betty Furness  
William Gargan  
Hale Hamilton  
Ann Harding  
Katharine Hepburn  
Dorothy Jordan

Arline Judge  
Tom Keene  
Edgar Kennedy  
Francis Lederer  
Eric Linden  
Anita Louise  
Helen Mack  
Mary Mason  
Joel McCrea  
Gregory Ratoff  
Bert Wheeler  
Dorothy Wilson  
Gretchen Wilson  
Robert Woolsey

### United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor  
Charles Chaplin  
Ronald Colman  
Douglas Fairbanks

Al Jolson  
Mary Pickford  
Gloria Swanson  
Fay Wray

### Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Walter Connolly  
Donald Cook  
Jack Holt  
Tim McCoy

Adolphe Menjou  
Toshia Mori  
Jessie Ralph

## Culver City, Calif.

### Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase  
Billy Gilbert  
Oliver Hardy  
Stan Laurel  
Dorothy Layton

Lillian Moore  
Our Gang  
ZaSu Pitts  
Thelma Todd

## Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Tad Alexander  
Elizabeth Allan  
Nils Asther  
Ethel Barrymore  
John Barrymore  
Lionel Barrymore  
Wallace Beery  
Charles Butterworth  
Mary Carlisle  
Virginia Cherrill  
Mae Clarke  
Jackie Cooper  
Joan Crawford  
Marion Davies  
Marie Dressler  
Claire DuBrey  
Jimmy Durante  
Madge Evans  
Muriel Evans  
Clark Gable  
Greta Garbo  
C. Henry Gordon  
Lawrence Grant  
William Haines  
Louise Closser Hale  
Jean Harlow  
Helen Hayes  
Jean Hersholt  
Phillips Holmes  
Jean Howard

Benita Hume  
Walter Huston  
Muriel Kirkland  
Myrna Loy  
Ben Lyon  
Margaret McConnell  
Una Merkel  
John Miljan  
Robert Montgomery  
Colleen Moore  
Frank Morgan  
Karen Morley  
Conrad Nagel  
David Newell  
Ramon Novarro  
Maureen O'Sullivan  
Jean Parker  
May Robson  
Ruth Selwyn  
Norma Shearer  
Martha Sleeper  
Lewis Stone  
Franchot Tone  
Lee Tracy  
Ernest Truex  
Johnny Weissmuller  
Ed Wynn  
Diana Wynyard  
Robert Young

## Universal City, Calif.

### Universal Studios

Lew Ayres  
Vince Barnett  
Tala Birell  
Una O'Connor  
Gene Raymond  
Kane Richmond  
Will Rogers  
Charles (Buddy) Rogers  
Raul Roulien  
Genevieve Tobin  
Merle Tottenham  
Spencer Tracy  
June Vasek  
Irene Ware  
Harry Woods

June Knight  
Paul Lukas  
Ken Maynard  
Gloria Stuart  
Slim Summerville

## Burbank, Calif.

### Warners-First National Studios

Hardie Albright  
Loretta Andrews  
George Arliss  
Richard Barthelmess  
Joan Blondell  
George Brent  
Joe E. Brown  
Lynn Browning  
James Cagney  
Maxine Cantway  
Ruth Chatterton  
Bebe Daniels  
Bette Davis  
Claire Dodd  
Ruth Donnelly  
Ann Dvorak  
Patricia Ellis  
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.  
Glenda Farrell  
Preston Foster  
Kay Francis  
Geraine Gear  
Eleanor Holm  
Ann Hovey  
Harold Huber

Alice Jans  
Allen Jenkins  
Ruby Keeler  
Guy Kibbee  
Lorena Layson  
Margaret Lindsay  
Aline MacMahon  
Helen Mann  
Frank McHugh  
Paul Muni  
Theodore Newton  
Dick Powell  
William Powell  
Edward G. Robinson  
Barbara Rogers  
Jayne Shaddock  
Barbara Stanwyck  
Lyle Talbot  
Sheila Terry  
Helen Vinson  
Renee Whitney  
Warren William  
Pat Wing  
Loretta Young

## Hollywood, Calif.

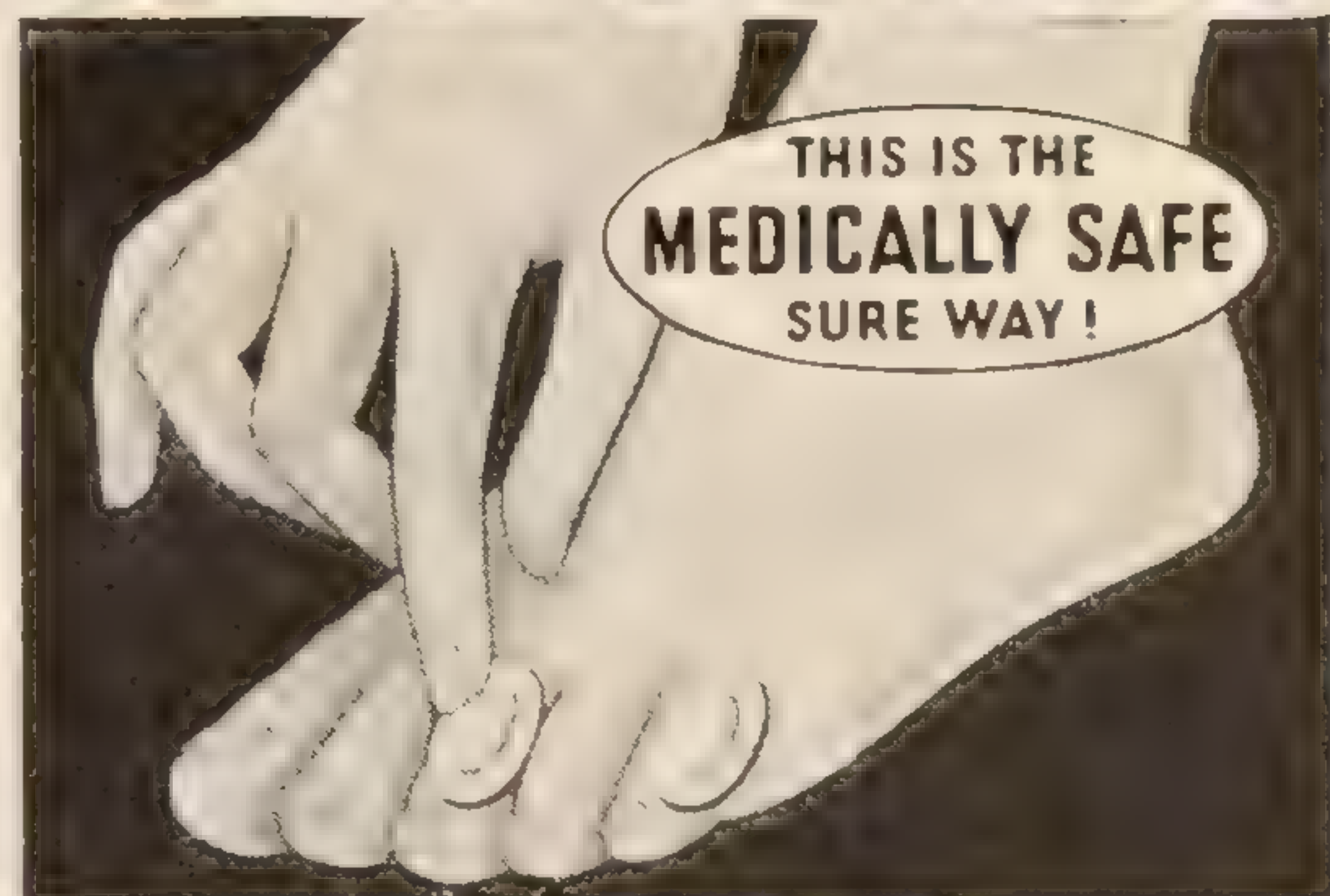
Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.  
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.  
Lane Chandler, 507 Equitable Bldg.  
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.  
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.  
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.

## Los Angeles, Calif.

Neil Hamilton, 9015 Rosewood Ave.  
Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.  
Ruth Roland, 6068 Wilshire Blvd.  
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

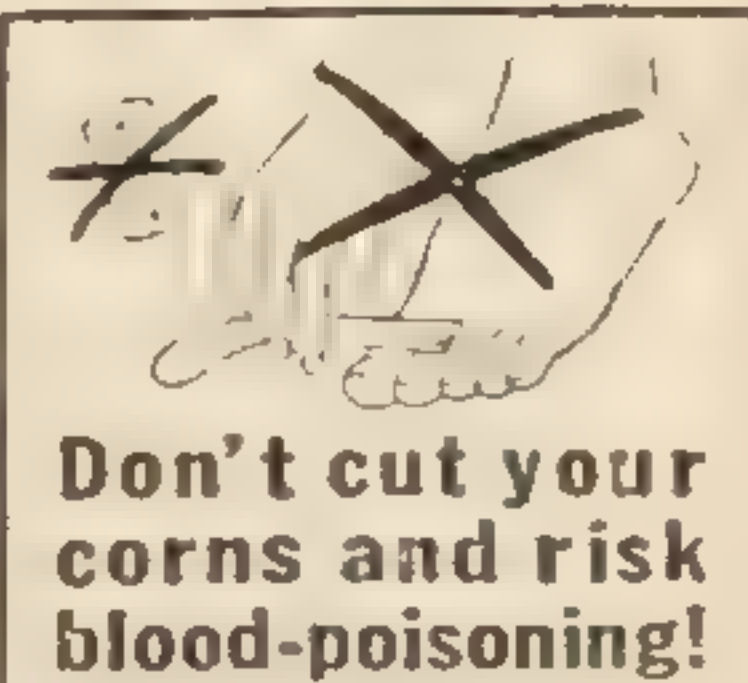
George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.  
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

# CORNS



## ENDS PAIN AT ONCE!

Be on your guard. Old-time methods for treating corns are unsafe. They don't remove the cause and can't prevent corns from coming back again. The modern, medically safe



treatment is Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These cushioned, soothing, healing, protective pads end pain in ONE MINUTE; stop shoe friction and pressure; heal sore toes overnight; prevent blisters and keep you rid of corns. Used with the separate *Medicated Disks*, included at no extra cost, Dr. Scholl's

### Quickly Remove Corns and Callouses

Special sizes and shapes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Soft Corns between the toes. Get a box today. At all drug, dept. and shoe stores. For every foot trouble there is a specific Dr. Scholl Appliance or Remedy.



# Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

DON-A-CAP  
PATENTED  
No. 300



25c IT TIES 25c  
TRADE MARK  
YOUR WAVE PROTECTION

FORM-FITTING marcel cap made of net; beautiful pastel shades; medium and large sizes. If unable to get them in your store, mail us coupon and 25c for each cap desired.

### COUPON

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....  
Color..... Med. [ ] Large [ ]  
Name of Your Store.....  
DONA MANUFACTURING CO.  
San Diego, California



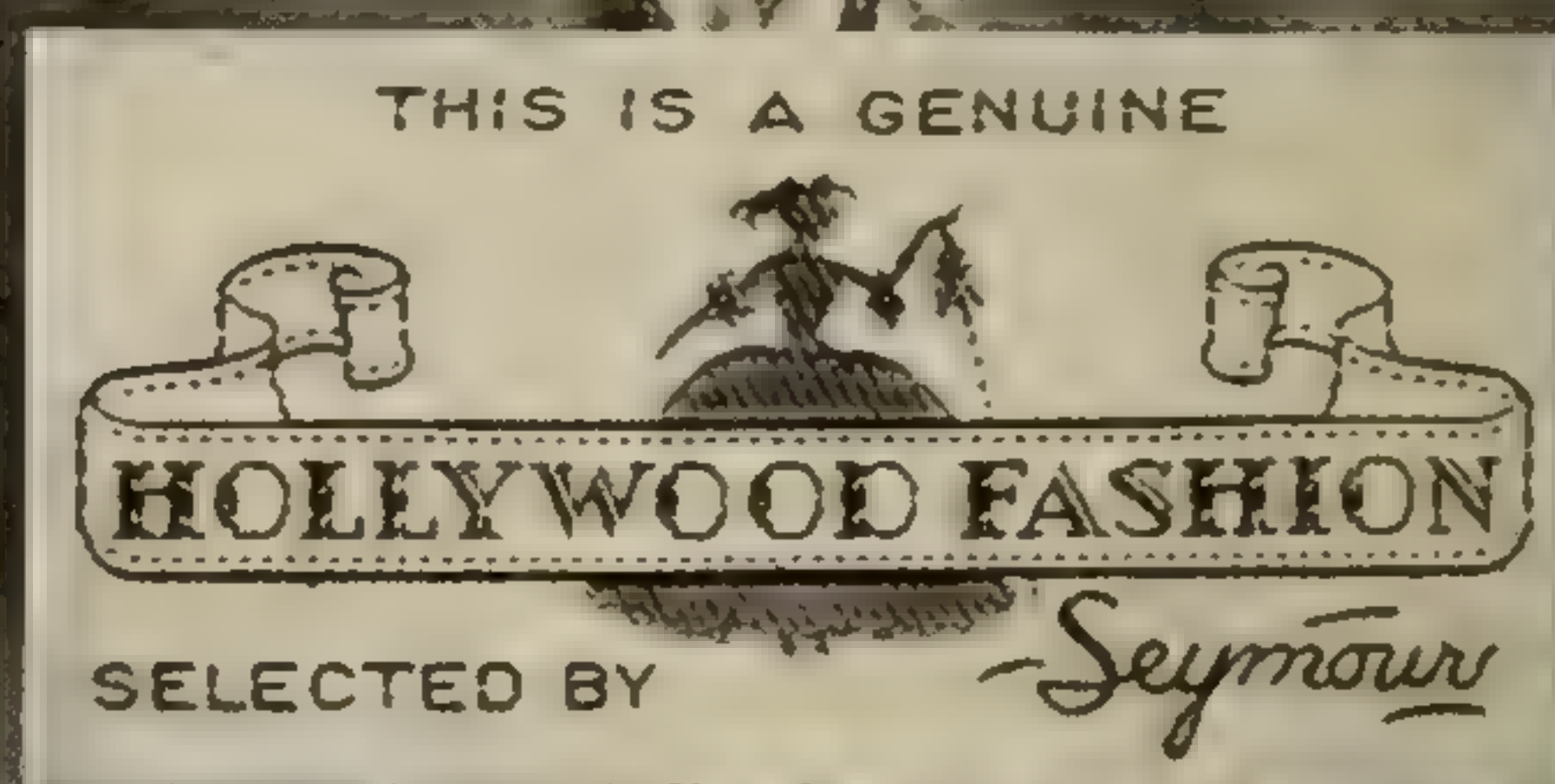
# Now! Hollywood Fashions for Everygirl's Wardrobe!

WATCH THE NEW PICTURES FOR THE  
STYLES OF YOUR FAVORITE STARS!

Right: See this chic "Hollywood Fashion," as Miss Maritza wears its gay original in the new Paramount play, "International House"...an exciting comedy of plot and counter-plot, as fascinating as it is smart!



*Yesterday*, the glory that is Hollywood's was unobtainable; only the stars wore "Hollywood Fashions." Today, you too may wear the fashions of the films! On display in many stores (page 117) are the smartest styles of the most fashionable actresses...of which this clever frock, worn by Sari Maritza in "International House," is only one! (Pages 64-69)



Only genuine "Hollywood Fashions"  
Bear the Signature of Seymour,  
Stylist for Photoplay, as Above.

**PHOTOPLAY**  
*Magazine*

919 N. MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO  
In Association with WAKEFIELD & O'CONNOR, Inc.

*If "Hollywood Fashions" Are Not Sold in Your City*

SEND PHOTOPLAY YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND THE STORE YOU PATRONIZE, ON THE MARGIN BELOW



# Hollywood Fashions

by Seymour

Here is a list of the representative stores at which faithful copies of the smart styles shown in this month's fashion section (Pages 64 to 69) can be purchased. Shop at or write the nearest store for complete information.

## ALABAMA—

ODUM, BOWERS & WHITE,  
BIRMINGHAM.

## CONNECTICUT—

G. FOX & COMPANY, INC.,  
HARTFORD.

## ILLINOIS—

G. C. WILLIS, DRY GOODS,  
CHAMPAIGN.

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY,  
CHICAGO.

LINN & SCRUGGS DRY GOODS Co.,  
DECATUR.

CLARKE & COMPANY,  
PEORIA.

OWENS, INCORPORATED,  
ROCKFORD.

S. A. BARKER COMPANY,  
SPRINGFIELD.

## INDIANA—

WOLF & DESSAUER,  
FORT WAYNE.

L. S. AYRES & COMPANY, INC.,  
INDIANAPOLIS.

ROBERTSON BROS. DEPT. STORE, INC.,  
SOUTH BEND.

## IOWA—

THE KILLIAN COMPANY,  
CEDAR RAPIDS.

M. L. PARKER COMPANY,  
DAVENPORT.

YOUNKER BROTHERS, INC.,  
DES MOINES.

## MARYLAND—

HOCHSCHILD, KOHN & COMPANY,  
BALTIMORE.

## MASSACHUSETTS—

WM. FILENE'S SONS COMPANY,  
BOSTON.

WM. FILENE'S SONS COMPANY,  
WORCESTER.

## MICHIGAN—

THE ERNST KERN COMPANY,  
DETROIT.

WURZBURG'S,  
GRAND RAPIDS.

L. H. FIELD COMPANY,  
JACKSON.

## MINNESOTA—

THE DAYTON COMPANY,  
MINNEAPOLIS.

THE FANDEL COMPANY,  
ST. CLOUD.

## MISSOURI—

SCRUGGS-VANDERVOORT-BARNEY  
DRY GOODS Co.,  
ST. LOUIS.

## NEW JERSEY—

QUACKENBUSH COMPANY,  
PATERSON.

## NEW YORK—

THE MORTON COMPANY,  
BINGHAMTON.

ABRAHAM & STRAUS,  
BROOKLYN.

J. N. ADAM & COMPANY,  
BUFFALO.

THE GORTON COMPANY,  
ELMIRA.

B. FORMAN COMPANY,  
ROCHESTER.

DEY BROTHERS & COMPANY,  
SYRACUSE.

## NORTH CAROLINA—

J. B. IVEY & COMPANY,  
CHARLOTTE.

## OHIO—

THE A. POLSKY COMPANY,  
AKRON.

THE STERN & MANN COMPANY,  
CANTON.

THE JOHN SHILLITO COMPANY,  
CINCINNATI.

THE LINDNER COMPANY,  
CLEVELAND.

THE MOREHOUSE-MARTENS Co.,  
COLUMBUS.

THE RIKE-KUMLER COMPANY,  
DAYTON.

THE LASALLE & KOCH Co  
TOLEDO.

THE STROUSS-HIRSHBERG Co.,  
YOUNGSTOWN.

## PENNSYLVANIA—

GIMBEL BROTHERS,  
PHILADELPHIA.

JOSEPH HORNE COMPANY,  
PITTSBURGH.

PENN TRAFFIC COMPANY,  
JOHNSTOWN.

## TENNESSEE—

THE JOHN GERBER COMPANY,  
MEMPHIS.

CASTNER-KNOTT COMPANY,  
NASHVILLE.

## WISCONSIN—

HENDERSON-HOYT COMPANY,  
OSHKOSH.

## DOMINION OF CANADA—

THE T. EATON COMPANY, LTD.,  
CALGARY.

THE T. EATON COMPANY, LTD.,  
EDMONTON.

THE T. EATON COMPANY, LTD.,  
HALIFAX.

THE T. EATON COMPANY, LTD.,  
HAMILTON.

THE T. EATON COMPANY, LTD.,  
MONCTON.

THE T. EATON COMPANY, LTD.,  
MONTREAL.

THE T. EATON COMPANY, LTD.,  
SASKATOON.

THE T. EATON COMPANY, LTD.,  
TORONTO.

THE T. EATON COMPANY, LTD.,  
WINNIPEG.



ROCHELLE  
HUDSON  
POPULAR STAR

## WHO IS SHE?

Wherever she goes, women envy her—men admire and whisper eagerly, "Who is that girl with the wonderful hair?"

Such hair is a precious possession. Yet there is no mystery about it. Just one Golden Glint Shampoo can make *your hair* lovelier than you ever hoped—no matter how dull and lifeless it may seem to you now! More than an ordinary shampoo. In addition to cleansing, it adds a subtle "tiny-tint"—not much—hardly perceptible. But what a vast difference it makes! 25c at your dealers', or send for free sample.

### FREE

J. W. KOBI CO., 630 Rainier Ave., Dept. F  
Seattle, Wash. \* \* \* \* Please send a free sample.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Color of my hair \_\_\_\_\_

## THE • SMART • HOTEL • OF •

THE • TOWN • HOUSE



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• SOUTHERN • CALIFORNIA •

HERE is one hotel deliberately planned to offer the utmost privacy and luxury. Its quiet dignity and atmosphere of refinement appeal to transients and residents alike. • On Wilshire Boulevard at Commonwealth..... convenient to everything.

Cuisine Unexcelled  
Continental Service

The  
**TOWN HOUSE**  
LOS ANGELES

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# Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92 ]

"OH, no I'm not superstitious," Marlene Dietrich confided. "Not a bit." And then, almost in the same breath, she spoke of her reasons for liking America. "My little girl likes it. She is so healthy here." And immediately Marlene leaned over and tapped on wood three times.

AND there is that nifty one which Estelle Taylor relates. She was teaching the alphabet to her niece.

"And what comes after O?" Estelle inquired.

"Yeah!" replied the tiny niece.

DIANA WYNYARD was making a scene for "Reunion In Vienna." She had been lying in bed for one entire day for that one scene. Barrett Kiesling, publicity man, walked onto the set; approached her.

"What a cinch you have lying in bed all day!"

"You're the fifteenth fellow to say that to me today. Supposing you try lying in bed all day on *one* side. Not allowed to move an inch for fear of getting out of the camera angle and spoiling a shot. Not allowed to move a leg for fear of wrinkling a sheet so that the wrinkles in *this* take wouldn't be like those in the last. You can't twist your head for fear of upsetting the pillow. Just you try lying in bed for a camera!"

DURING the bank holiday, George Arliss paid Jenner, his valet, in cash. "There you are, Jenner," he said, "probably at this moment the richest man in Hollywood."

NANCY SMITH, press-agent for some of Hollywood's most famous, went to Sears, Roebuck to buy some little sleeping garments for her grandson, Dorothy Dwan's child.

Dorothy asked her mother to return them. She was afraid the child might hurt himself on the buttons. The saleswoman snorted: "You don't need to be afraid. I sold Connie Bennett a dozen for *her* little boy just before *she* went to Europe!"

EVER hear of the soup supper? Well, it's the latest fad in Hollywood. Helen Twelvetrees started it by asking her friends to a Sunday night buffet soup supper.

The guests were led before three steaming tureens of hot soup, one rice and chicken broth, another meat and vegetable soup and one French onion with rounds of toast and grated cheese shaken over it, and told to help themselves. Sandwiches of all kinds were also served with the soup.

JACK OAKIE and Peggy Hopkins Joyce had a date and Peggy, as usual, was late. Jack paced up and down, waiting for Peggy. At

last, very, very late, Peggy arrived.

"Wait here," Jack said and dashed out. Fifteen minutes later, he returned with a huge dollar watch which he proceeded to tie on the amazed Peggy's wrist.

"Now let's go," Jack said, "and be on time, next time."

Off they went, the watch dangling from Peggy's arm.

ROBERT YOUNG, M-G-M leading man, married Betty Lou Henderson, his High School sweetheart, in Santa Ana. "The ceremony will be a cinch for me," Bob kept telling the future Mrs. Young, "for, you see, I'm experienced at repeating lines."

So the ceremony began and Bob commenced floundering about saying "With this wing I thee red," until it took both the bride and the minister to get him straightened out.

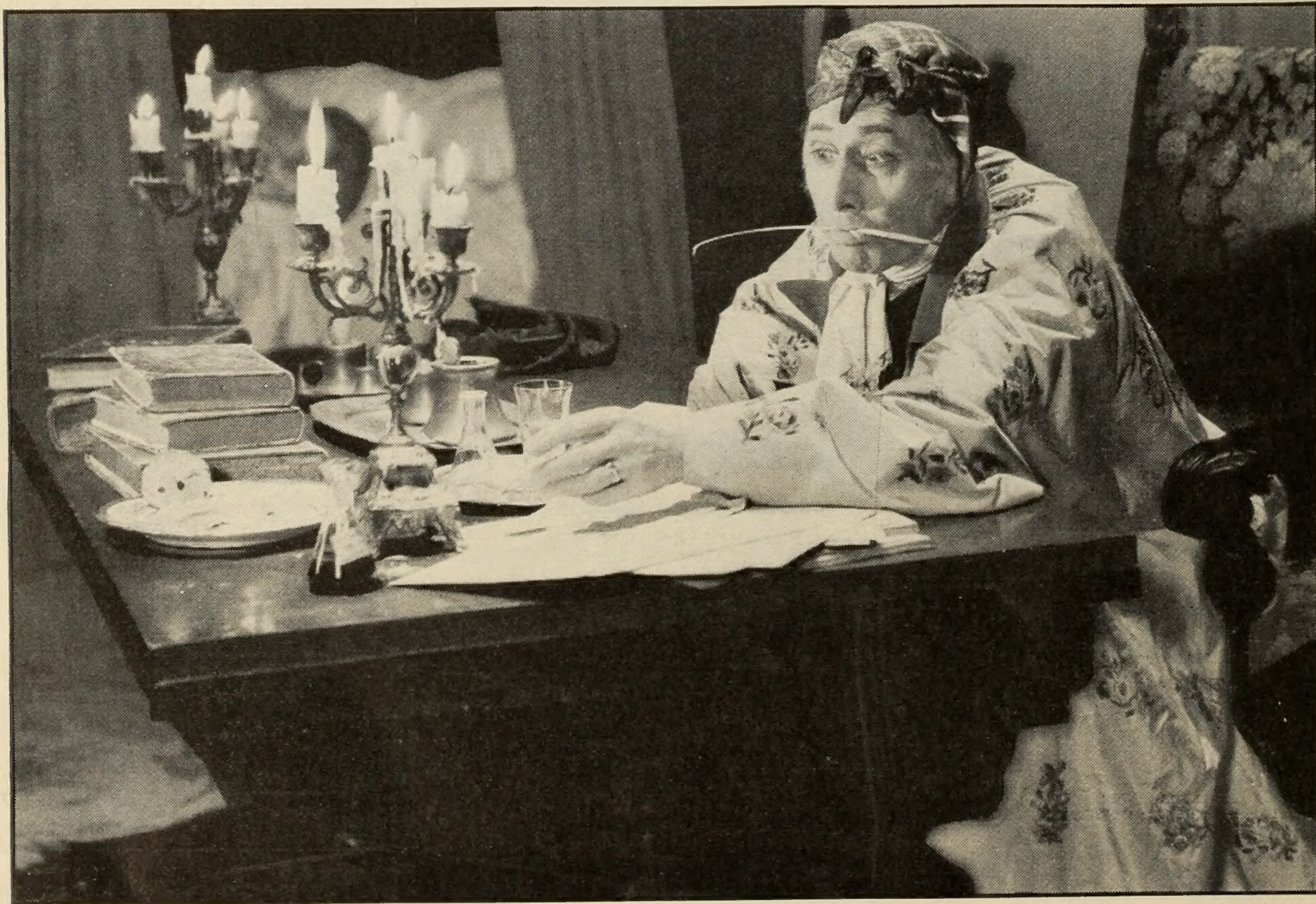
Was Robert embarrassed?

JACK LARUE has sent for his mother and one of his five sisters to join him in Hollywood.

If Paramount takes up his next option, he will send for one more sister.

And at each option time, he will import another until all five are here helping each other to keep house for him.

In other words, he's bringing them as fast as he can afford them.

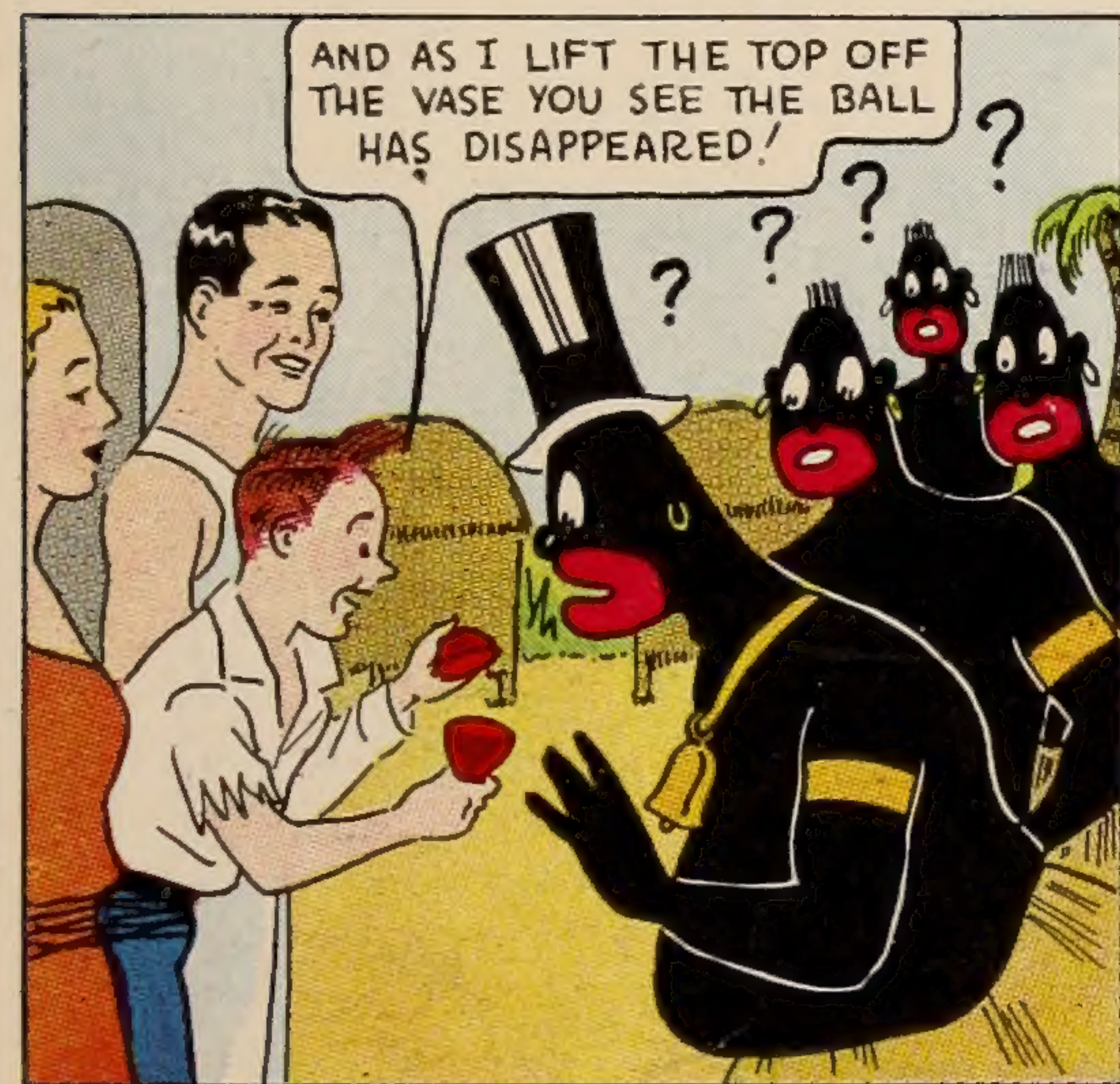
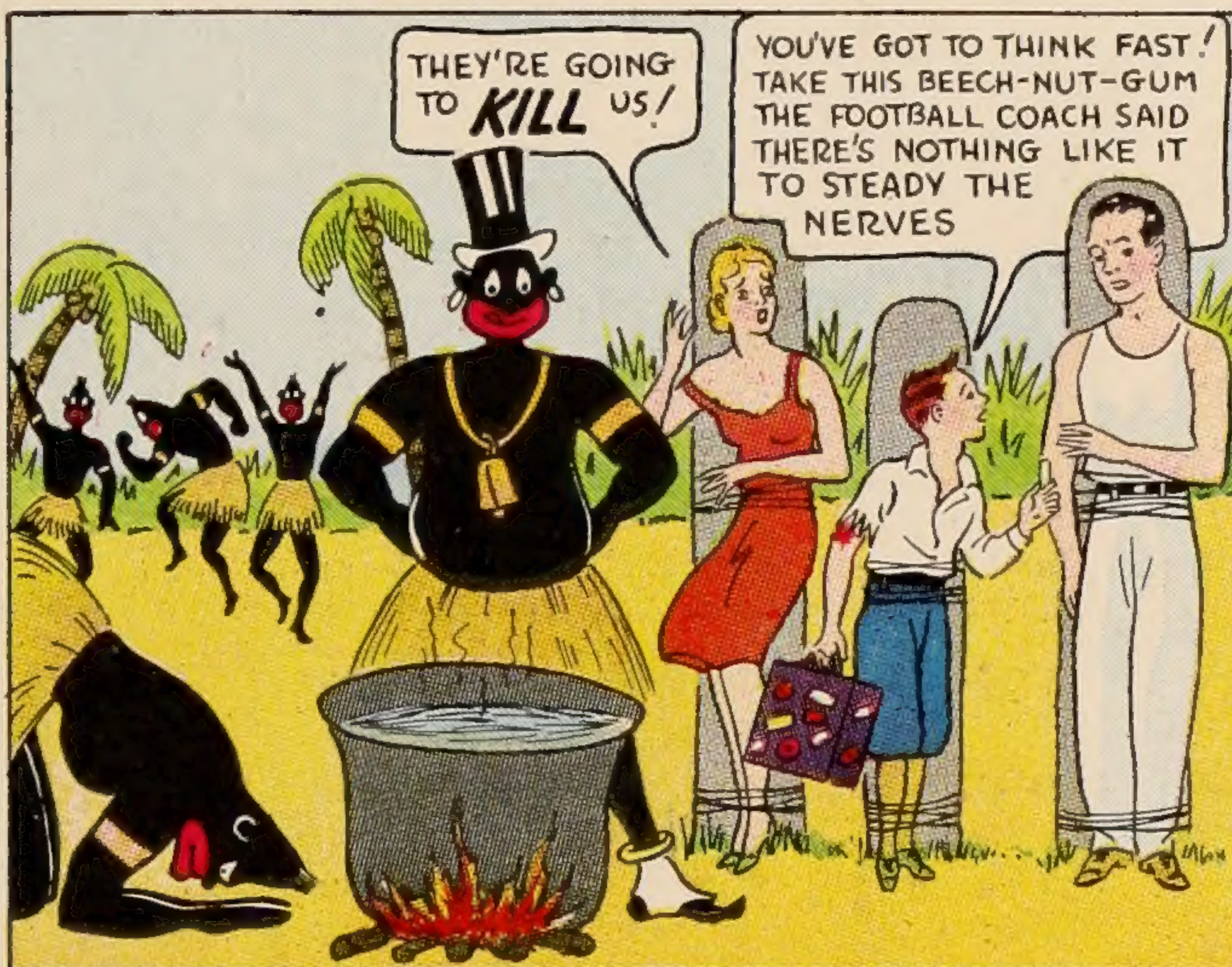


George Baxter

As *Voltaire*, that scathing debunker of 18th Century rackets—George Arliss is creating one of the greatest character rôles of his career. And they say he's the splitting image of the eccentric old French satirist



# BOBBY TURNS THE TRICK



Get the trick that saved Bobby



5¢ Beech-Nut Gum

**FREE!**

HERE'S HOW you can get the Magic Ball and Vase trick! Save *five* outside wrappers from any package of Beech-Nut Gum, Fruit Drops, Chocolate Drops, or Luster-Nut—Canada, N. Y. You'll receive the trick promptly—and then the fun begins.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_

**CLIP THIS COUPON NOW!**



# Something to Say

*not just saying something*



A friend of CHESTERFIELD writes us of a salesman who had "something to say":

"I dropped into a little tobacco shop, and when I asked for a pack of Chesterfields the man smiled and told me I was the seventh customer without a break to ask for Chesterfields. 'Smoker after smoker,' he said, 'tells me that Chesterfields click . . . I sell five times as many Chesterfields as I did a while back.'"

Yes, there's something to say about Chesterfields and it takes just six words to say it—"They're mild and yet they satisfy."

*they Satisfy*

